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DAYBREAK IN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA*

By Henry van Dyke

WHAT makes the lingering Night so cling to thee?
Thou vast, profound, primeval hiding-place
Of ancient secrets,—gray and ghostly gulf
Cleft in the green of this high forest land,
And crowded in the dark with giant forms!
Art thou a grave, a prison, or a shrine?

A stillness deeper than the dearth of sound
Broods over thee: a living silence breathes
Perpetual incense from thy dim abyss.
The Morning-stars that sang above the bower
Of Eden, passing over thee, are dumb
With trembling bright amazement; and the Dawn
Steals through the glimmering pines with naked feet,
Her hand upon her lips, to look on thee.
She peers into thy depths with silent prayer
For light, more light, to part thy purple veil.
O Earth, swift-rolling Earth, reveal, reveal!
Turn to the East, and show upon thy breast
The mightiest marvel in the realm of Time!

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'Tis done,—the morning miracle of light,—
The resurrection of the world of hues
That die with dark, and daily rise again
With every rising of the splendid Sun!

Be still, my heart! Now Nature holds her breath
To see the vital flood of radiance leap
Across the chasm; and crest the farthest rim
Of alabaster with a glistening white
Rampart of pearl; and flowing down by walls
Of changeful opal, deepen into gold
Of topaz, rosy gold of tourmaline,
Crimson of garnet, green and gray of jade,
Purple of amethyst, and ruby red,
Beryl, and sard, and royal porphyry;
Until the cataract of color breaks
Upon the blackness of the granite floor.

How far below! And all between is cleft
And carved into a hundred curving miles
Of unimagined architecture! Tombs,
Temples, and colonnades are neighbored there
By fortresses that Titans might defend,
And amphitheatres where Gods might strive.
Cathedrals, buttressed with unnumbered tiers
Of ruddy rock, lift to the sapphire sky
A single spire of marble pure as snow;
And huge aërial palaces arise
Like mountains built of unconsuming flame.
Along the weathered walls, or standing far
In riven valleys where no foot may tread,
Are lonely pillars, and tall monuments
Of perished æons and forgotten things.

My sight is baffled by the close array
Of countless forms: my vision reels and swims
Above them, like a bird in whirling winds.
Yet no confusion fills yon awful chasm;
But spacious order and a sense of peace
Are wide diffused. For every shape that looms
Majestic in the throng, is set apart
From all the others by its far-flung shade,—
Blue, blue, as if a mountain-lake were there.

How still it is! Dear God, I hardly dare
To breathe, for fear the fathomless abyss
Will draw me down into eternal sleep.

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What force has formed this masterpiece of awe?
What hands have wrought these wonders in the waste?
O river, gleaming in the narrow rift
Of gloom that cleaves the valley's nether deep,—
Fierce Colorado, prisoned by thy toil,
And blindly toiling still to reach the sea,—
Thy waters, gathered from the snows and springs
Amid the Utah hills, have carved this road
Of glory to the Californian Gulf.
But now, O sunken stream, thy splendor lost,
'Twixt iron walls thou rollest turbid waves,
Too far away to make their fury heard!

At sight of thee, thou sullen laboring slave
Of gravitation,—yellow torrent poured
From distant mountains by no will of thine,
Through thrice a hundred centuries of slow
Fallings and liftings of the crust of Earth,—
At sight of thee my spirit sinks and fails.
Art thou alone the Maker? Is the blind
And thoughtless power that drew thee dumbly down
To cut this gash across the layered globe,
The sole creative cause of all I see?
Are force and matter all? The rest a dream?

Then is thy gorge a canyon of despair,
A prison for the soul of man, a grave
Of all his dearest daring hopes! The world
Wherein we live and move is meaningless,
No spirit here to answer to our own!
The stars without a guide! The chance-born Earth
Adrift in space, no Captain on the ship!
Nothing in all the universe to prove
Eternal wisdom and eternal love!
And man, the latest accident of Time,—
Who thinks he loves, and longs to understand,
Who vainly suffers, and in vain is brave,
Who dupes his heart with immortality,—
Man is a living lie,—a bitter jest
Upon himself,—a conscious grain of sand
Lost in a desert of unconsciousness,
Thirsting for God and mocked by his own thirst.

Spirit of Beauty, mother of delight,
Thou fairest offspring of Omnipotence,
Inhabiting this lofty lone abode!
Speak to my heart again and set me free
From all these doubts that darken earth and heaven!

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Who sent thee forth into the wilderness
To bless and comfort all who see thy face?
Who clad thee in this more than royal robe
Of rainbows? Who designed these jewelled thrones
For thee, and wrought these glittering palaces?
Who gave thee power upon the soul of man
To lift him up through wonder into joy?
God! let the radiant cliffs bear witness! God,
Let all the shining pillars signal—God!
He only, on the mystic loom of light,
Hath woven webs of loveliness to clothe
His most majestic works: and He alone
Hath delicately wrought the cactus-flower
To star the desert floor with rosy bloom.
O Beauty, handiwork of the Most High,
Where'er thou art He tells his Love to man,
And lo, the day breaks, and the shadows flee!

How far beyond all language and all art
In thy wild splendor, Canyon Marvellous,
The secret of thy stillness lies unveiled
In wordless worship! This is holy ground,—
No grave, no prison, but a shrine thou art.
Garden of Temples filled with Silent Praise,
If God were blind thy Beauty could not be!

PASADENA,
February 24–26, 1913.

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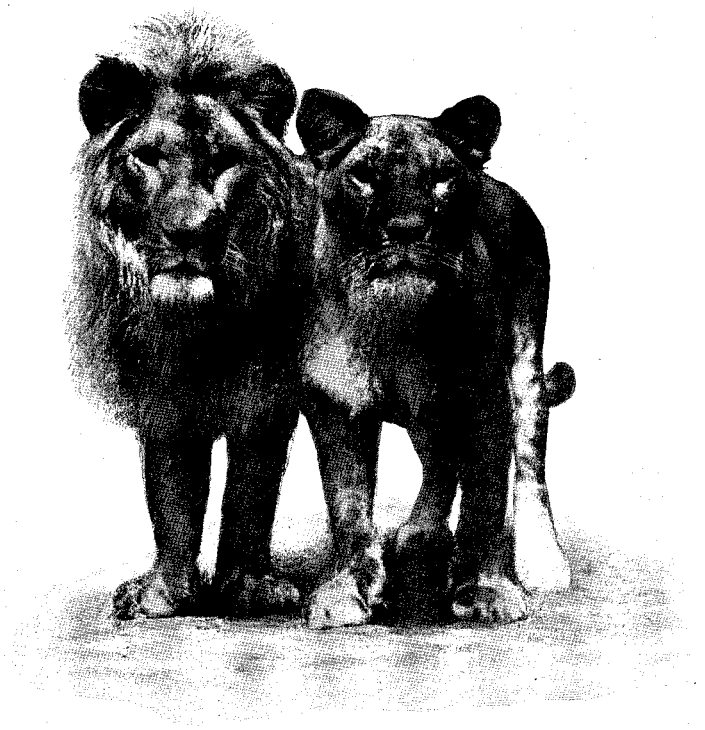

Lion and lioness from Nairobi, British East Africa.
Presented to the Washington Zoological Park by W. N. McMillan.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN LION

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This and the following articles are in no sense hunting articles. I have elsewhere described the chase of the big game. Far more interesting than the chase itself is the observation, the study of the life histories of the strange and wonderful creatures of the wilderness. These articles represent an attempt to present the life histories of the most interesting among the beasts of the African jungles; they are based mainly on first-hand observation, but are also in part based on the cumulative observations of many other men.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE lion is common throughout all the portions of East Africa which we visited except on the high, wet plateaus and in the dense forests; we did not come across it in Uganda, but it was found in the Lado and less commonly along the White Nile to the Sobat. There are geographical varieties; but the presence or absence of the mane, and its color—black, tawny, or mixed—represent individual and not specific or subspecific variation; black and yellow maned lions come from the same litter, and the fulness of the mane may vary greatly among males from the same litter, although it is apt to be heaviest where the climate is cold.

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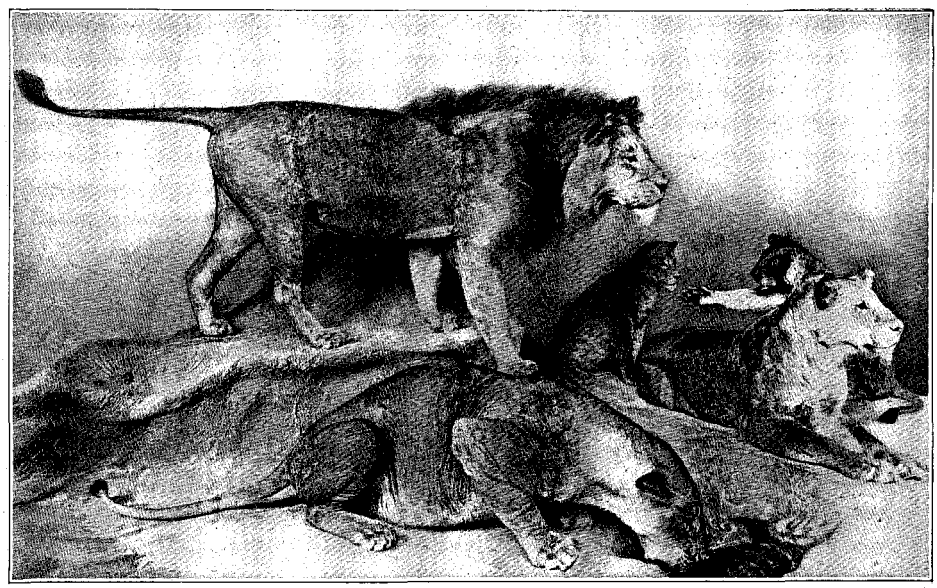

From a photograph by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

The first completed group of the lions shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
In the United States Museum, Washington, D. C.

The litters are certainly born at various times. Judging by the cubs we saw, one litter must have been produced by a lioness on the Kapiti Plains in January, and another on the upper Guaso Nyiro of the north about the first of June, and in each there were in the immediate neighborhood of the litters of comparatively young cubs—three or four months old—other young lions probably three or four months older. This must mean that in East Africa litters may be born at almost any season of the year. The lying-in place of the lioness is sometimes in a cave, sometimes in thick brush or long grass. Normally the cubs remain where they were born for a few weeks, the mother leaving them to hunt and returning sometimes after an absence of forty-eight hours; but they make no noise even when left thus long. If game is abundant they may keep to the original lair for several months, but if game is scarce, or for other reasons, the lioness may shift her quarters when her young ones are not much bigger than tom-cats, and the family may then be seen travelling long distances, until another suitable place for a lair is reached. When the cubs are three months old or so, they habitually travel with the mother; then, instead of the lioness eating her fill at a kill, and afterward returning to the cubs, the latter run up to the kill and feed at it with their mother. I found flesh and hair in the stomachs of two cubs; for they begin to eat flesh long before they stop suckling. While still very young they try, in clumsy fashion, to kill birds and small animals. By the time they are four or five months old they sometimes endeavor to assist the mother when she has pulled down some game which is not formidable, but has not killed it outright before they come up; and soon afterward they begin to try regularly to help her in killing, and they speedily begin to help her in hunting and to attempt to hunt for themselves. Evidently in their first attempts they claw and bite their prey everywhere; for I have found carcasses of zebra and hartebeest thus killed by family parties which were scarred all over.

Lions are sometimes monogamous and sometimes polygamous, and there is much variety in the way they conduct their family life. It is a common thing for an old male to be found alone, and it is no less common for two adult males to be found in company, living and hunting together; the two famous man-eaters of Tsavo, which for a time put a complete stop to the building of the Uganda railroad, were

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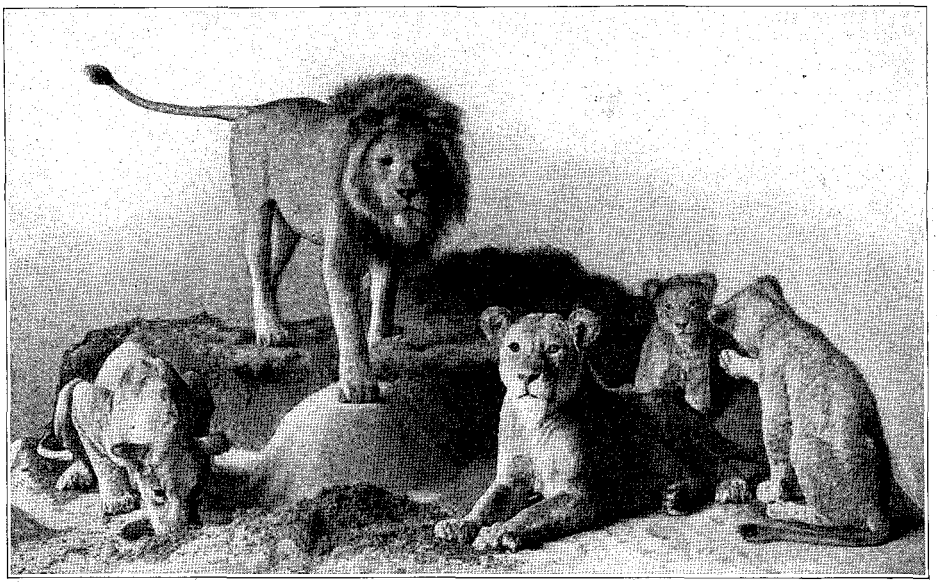

From a photograph by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

Front view of Roosevelt group shown on opposite page.

in the latter category. A lion and a lioness are often found together, and in such case a strong attachment may be shown between them and the union be apparently permanent; at least this would seem to be the case from the fact that such pairs will often remain together just before the birth of the cubs and while the latter are very little, the lion lying up during the day in the neighborhood of his mate and her litter. But it is a frequent thing to find a party of lions consisting of one old male, of two or three or four females, and of the cubs of some of the latter; and these parties are well known to the Wakamba and 'Ndorobo hunters, and their association is permanent, so that these cases evidently afford instances of polygamy. Two or three lionesses sometimes live in companionship, with perhaps the cubs of one or more of them, and a single lioness may be found either by herself or with the cubs of one litter, or of two litters. On one occasion I found a lioness associating with a young male, not yet quite fully grown but already much bigger than she was, and a couple of young cubs, perhaps two or three months old; now, from information given me by the natives, I am inclined to think (although, of course, I am not certain), that the young male was one of her cubs of a former litter, and the father of the cubs that were with them. Finally, it may happen that lions join temporarily in larger parties, which may contain two or three adult males, several females, and young animals of various ages; but I am inclined to believe that these associations are short-lived, being due to peculiar conditions, such as great local abundance of game—for lions often hunt together in order to profit by mutual support.

Lions are noisy animals where they have not been much molested; but, for some reason or other, if they are so hunted that their numbers are much thinned, the survivors seem to roar less frequently than formerly. The roaring is done at night; but once in the Lado I heard a lion roar after sunrise. There is no grander sound in nature than the roaring of a troop of lions. The old male begins and the others chime in, at first with low moans, that grow louder and louder until the full-lunged roaring can literally be heard for miles; then the roars gradually die away into gasping grunts. The volume of sound is extraordinary and can not possibly be mistaken for any other noise if reasonably close; but of course if far enough distant it becomes only partially audible, and may then resemble the booming of an

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ostrich heard near by; and in thick cover the grunt or growl of a lion, indistinctly heard, may be mistaken for the grunt of a buffalo or the occasional growl—I know no other word to describe the sound—of an elephant, a beast which sometimes utters the queerest and most unexpected noises. It has been asserted that the lion never roars when hungry, because to do so would frighten his prey, and that his roaring is a sign that he is full fed; this sounds plausible; and yet as a matter of fact I doubt if it is true. Unquestionably, after a successful chase lions roar freely; I have most often heard them between midnight and morning. But I have also heard regular roaring—not mere moaning, or the panting noise occasionally indulged in by a hungry questing beast—soon after dark, and this was persevered in at intervals for an hour or so. I am inclined to think that generally lions are silent until they have killed, but that occasionally, whether as signals to one another or from mere pride and overbearing insolence, they roar at intervals on their way through the darkness from their resting-place to their hunting-field. Of course, when they reach the actual place where they are to hunt they become quiet; unless they deliberately try to stampede the animals by roaring, or unless several are hunting together, spread out around a herd of zebra or antelope, when one may roar or grunt to scare the animals toward the others. Ordinarily lions make no sound that can alarm their prey; yet even when actually hunting an occasional hungry lion may utter a kind of sigh or moan—an eerie sound when heard close by in the pitchy darkness. On rare occasions a lioness deprived of her cubs or one of a pair of lions whose mate has been shot will roar savagely after nightfall, perhaps in the neighborhood where the loss occurred, perhaps while travelling about. Old males may roar again and again in answer to one another as if challenging; and if one party begins to roar it will often bring an answer from any lion within hearing. At bay a lion utters a continuous growling, broken by muttered roars; and he grunts loudly as he charges. When disturbed a lion grunts as he gallops away.

Lions do not go into heavy forest, although they make their day lairs along the edges. They like to lie up for the day in patches of jungle which border on open plains, in bushes in open scrub, in clumps of reeds, in any thick bit of cover in the open thorn forests which are so plentiful in much of the game country; and perhaps especially in a strip of cover along a river, or one of the dense masses of brush and trees, of small extent, which are found along the watercourses. They also lie in tall grass. Occasionally they lie, throughout the day, right out in the open, on a mound or the side of an ant-hill, or under a low bush or tree that does not shield them from sight. If the grass is very tall they find it easy to get close to their prey and to evade human observation; and where the brush is thick or the open forest fairly continuous it is almost a chance if one comes on them. If much molested they become strictly nocturnal; otherwise, under more natural conditions, although they spend most of the day sleeping, they may sometimes be seen leisurely strolling in the open, and they often return to their resting-places after sunrise, and leave them before sunset—although even under such circumstances it is only exceptionally that they hunt except under cover of darkness. Once we came on a big male lion in mid-afternoon walking back across the open plain to a zebra he had killed on the previous night; and once, at the same time of day, we came on a lioness leading her cubs back to the carcass of a wildebeest, also slain over night. On another afternoon we came across a lion and lioness gazing intently at an old bull wildebeest which was returning their stare, very much on the alert, at a distance of sixty yards.

Except when resting, and in the breeding-season, the whole career of a lion may be summed up in the single word, rapine. For all the creatures of the wilderness, save the full-grown elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, he is the terror that stalks by night. His prowess is extraordinary. His tactics are stealth, surprise, and sudden overwhelming fury of attack. Occasionally he hunts by day, but in the great majority of cases by night; and the darker the night the bolder he is and the more to be feared. If an animal passes close to his resting-place in the daytime he will often attack it; and in wild regions he may if hungry begin to hunt early in the afternoon or continue to hunt late in

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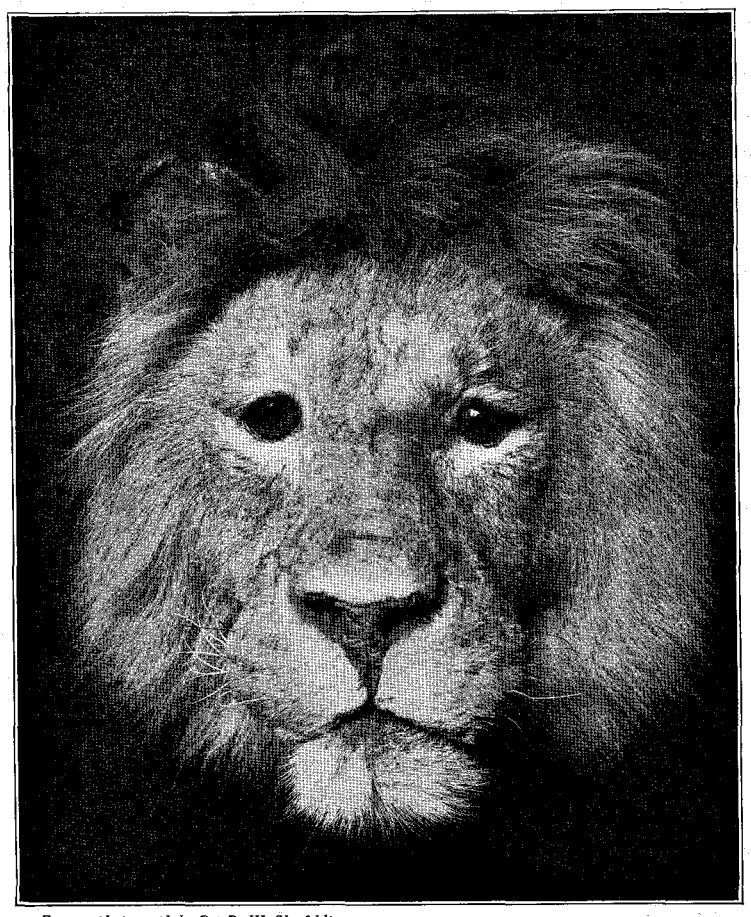
the morning; but that this is not common seems to me to be shown by the fact that if lions are abroad in the daytime the game does not seem especially disturbed by their proximity; hartebeests, zebra, marauders if they believe themselves safe; their moments of mad and panic terror are only when the foe actually charges, especially if he has been hitherto unseen. Animals of the open plain, which trust in



From a photograph by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

Head of male lion in Roosevelt group.

and gazelle will keep a watch on a lion thus moving by, and will not go very near it, but show no special alarm or excitement. Where game swarms, and beasts of prey are abundant, and, therefore, often seen, the animals that are preyed on are so constantly exposed to assault that although always on the watch and often very nervous if they suspect the presence of a lion or leopard without being able to place it exactly, they yet grow to reckon their chances with coolness if the creature they dread can be seen, and show a curious indifference to the presence of the their speed, seem unconcerned about the presence of a lion if far enough from him to avoid his first rush. Animals of the bush are even more confident in his presence, or at least this is true of the smaller ones, which are adepts at dodging and twisting through the bushes and among the tree-trunks. Once we found a reedbuck lying up in a large patch of reeds which also contained a lioness; the two animals were spending the day in peaceful rest not fifty yards apart. On another occasion we found a bushbuck at home in a thick bit of jungle, by a small

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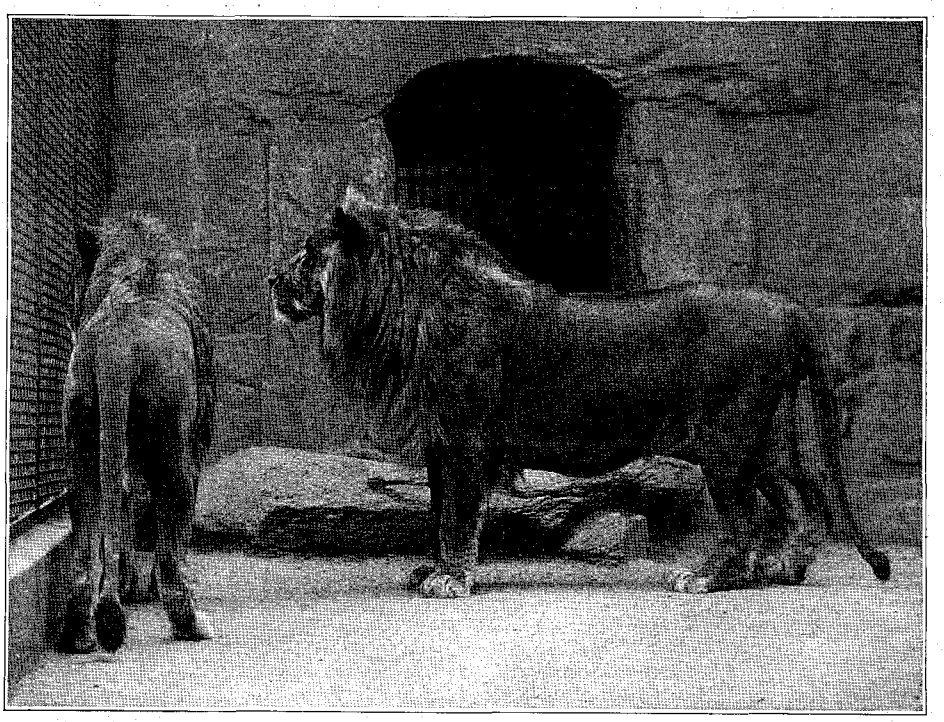

The McMillan lions from Nairobi, British East Africa.
In the Washington Zoological Park.

river, which jungle contained a quantity of lion-dens, although only one lion was at home at the time. This lion made off along a dim trail, passing by the bushbuck within ten yards; but these ten yards were filled with small tree-trunks, tough, close-growing bushes, and vines, and the bushbuck, although much on the alert, evidently did not think it worth while to move.

The lion's coloration, taken as a whole, is undoubtedly concealing. Considering all conditions, white is probably the most conspicuous of all colors, and next to white among mammals comes black; while a countershaded yellow dun or dull gray is probably the least conspicuous, the most concealing. Town-dwellers, or unobservant persons, are sometimes surprised to learn that even at night a black animal is ordinarily and taking the average of all conditions (although not always) more easily made out than a dull-gray or khaki-colored one; but all Western cowboys know that on the average a white horse is most conspicuous at night, a pied horse next, and then a black horse; while the claybanks or yellow duns, or the dull grays, are the hardest to see. In the old days, while night-herding on the Western cattle ranches, there would, of course, be nights when I could see nothing, or when all the animals looked alike until I was within arm's length of them; but on the average the colors of the horses and cattle were conspicuous in the order above given. Donkeys, gray and countershaded, were the hardest of all animals to see, even harder than the only less invisible dun horses; at the time I attributed their greater invisibility purely to their inferior size, my attention not having been drawn to the question of countershading, which may have some effect.

The lion's general coloration, then, is concealing, as concealing as the general body color of an eland, oryx, roan antelope or buck of the big gazelle. The body coats of all these animals have a concealing value in their ordinary surroundings. As regards the antelopes mentioned, their habits, and in particular their habitual con-

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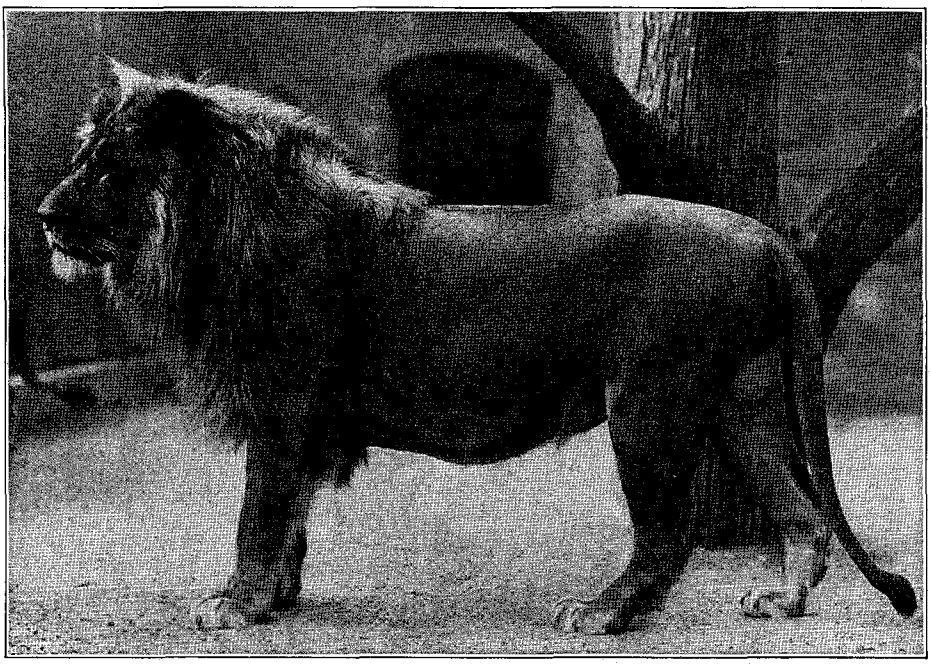
spicuous uprightness of attitude, are such that the concealing quality of their coats is of no consequence. When they stand in their ordinary attitudes the countershading has probably some little effect in increasing the concealing quality of their coloration; nevertheless they never seek to conceal themselves and never profit by concealment. But, unlike the big grass-eaters of the open plains which always stand upright, the lion invariably squats and crouches when seeking to elude observation, so that in its case the effect of the countershading disappears at all critical moments, and is doubtless entirely negligible as an element in the beast's concealment. But this is not all. Even with a lioness the black-tipped ears are revealing, and so is the seemingly involuntary waving of the black-tipped tail. The male lion has some strongly revealing bodily attributes. His mane is conspicuous, and when it is black it has a highly revealing quality. Yet the black-maned lions are generally beasts in high condition; apparently neither the presence of this highly revealing black mane in some males, nor the absence of all mane in the females, has any effect one way or the other in helping or hampering the animal against its prey. Therefore, neither the revealing quality of the black mane, nor the concealing quality caused by its absence has any effect as a survival factor. The slightest reflection will convince every one of the truth of this statement; but very few seem to perceive its apparent meaning; for it is difficult to account for this evident fact except by the admission that the lion's coloration is really a wholly minor, and probably a wholly negligible, element in enabling it to approach its prey unperceived,—in other words, that the undoubtedly concealing quality of the lion's coloration is of interest chiefly as a coloristic fact, and plays little real part and probably no part at all in the animal's success in life.

The lion sometimes lies in wait at a drinking-place, especially in seasons of drought when the water-holes are few in number, and when the game is obliged by thirst to come to each of them. But of the numerous kills we came across, several hundred in number all told, only a few were by the drinking-places. The



McMillan lion from Nairobi.
In the Washington Zoological Park.

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great majority were out on the plains. Evidently the lion far more frequently kills his game by stalking, still-hunting, or driving on the plains than by lying in wait at a watering-place. Unquestionably a party of lions will sometimes drive game; they spread out and those to one side, by grunting, or merely by their smell, stampede the game so that those on the other side may catch it. Ordinarily, however, the lion crouches motionless as his prey grazes toward him, or himself crawls toward it, with almost inconceivable noiselessness and stealth. The darker the night the bolder the lion; under the bright moonlight a lion is apt to be somewhat cautious, whereas there is almost no limit to its daring in black, stormy weather. No matter how pitch-dark the night, the lion seems to have no difficulty in seizing his prey in such manner as to insure its well-nigh instant death. Except full-grown elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, there is no animal in Africa which the lion does not attack, and it preys on the young of all three creatures and in altogether exceptional instances parties of lions have been known to attack and master nearly full-grown cows or half-grown young bulls of all three of them. The giraffe is occasionally killed. In parts of Africa the buffalo is a common prey; but where other game is plentiful lions prefer to avoid combat with such formidable quarry, and they rarely attack a buffalo bull in full vigor unless several of them are together. On Heatley's ranch near Nairobi lions sometimes laid up in a big papyrus bed which sheltered a herd of buffalo; but zebra and hartebeest and other buck swarmed near by, and during our stay the lions never meddled with the buffalo except on one occasion when a lion and a lioness together killed a young cow which they found by itself. At Meru Boma I met a visiting district commissioner, Mr. Pigott, who a few months previously had found the remains of a big buffalo bull which had been attacked and overpowered by a party of lions; the struggle had been terrific; and near by lay the body of a lioness, her flank ripped open by one of the buffalo's horns. A full-grown male lion, however, will kill a cow buffalo single-handed, and when sharp-set by hunger has even been known to kill a full-grown bull, usually after a hard struggle. Of course, in such a case the lion owes his success to surprise, the attack being delivered with terrific rapidity, and the quarry taken completely unawares. Even a cow buffalo if on her guard would have a good chance of beating off a lion, and a bull would almost certainly do so. But if the lion can bound on his victim, fixing the claws of one fore paw on its face or muzzle, while the other holds it by the shoulder and the great fangs tear at the neck, feeling for the bone, he is very apt to win. In such a case the buffalo is so hampered that it can not exert its full strength, and with its head twisted to one side there is a fair chance of its breaking its neck in one of its headlong plunges; and unless it can shake off the lion, sooner or later the latter's teeth meet through the spinal marrow and the fight is over. When several lions attack jointly they apparently interfere with one another, or else embolden one another, so much that the quarry is less scientifically seized, and is usually clawed and bitten all over. Probably lions occasionally strike heavy blows with their massive, powerful forearms; but this is certainly not common; personally I have never known it to be done; ordinarily the claws are merely used to hold the animal and the killing is done with the teeth. Thick brush, and to an even greater degree long grass, favor a lion's attack, enabling him to make his rush so close up that the prey has little chance of escape; but on a bare plain the game may get just the second's time necessary to escape, and if it is a big, powerful, even though unwarlike animal, like an eland, it may wrench itself free from a bad hold, where its head or neck has not been seized, and escape. The great majority of the kills that I saw were zebras and hartebeests; but I also came on the carcasses of eland, wildebeest, oryx, waterbuck, warthog, kob, impalla, and gazelle, which had fallen victims. Usually it was impossible to tell just how the killing had been done; twice I found zebras with the big fang marks on the back of the neck; I found a hartebeest which had been seized by the throat; several animals showed claw marks on their faces; a young waterbuck cow had been bitten through the head—I think, but, of course, can not be certain, that this was

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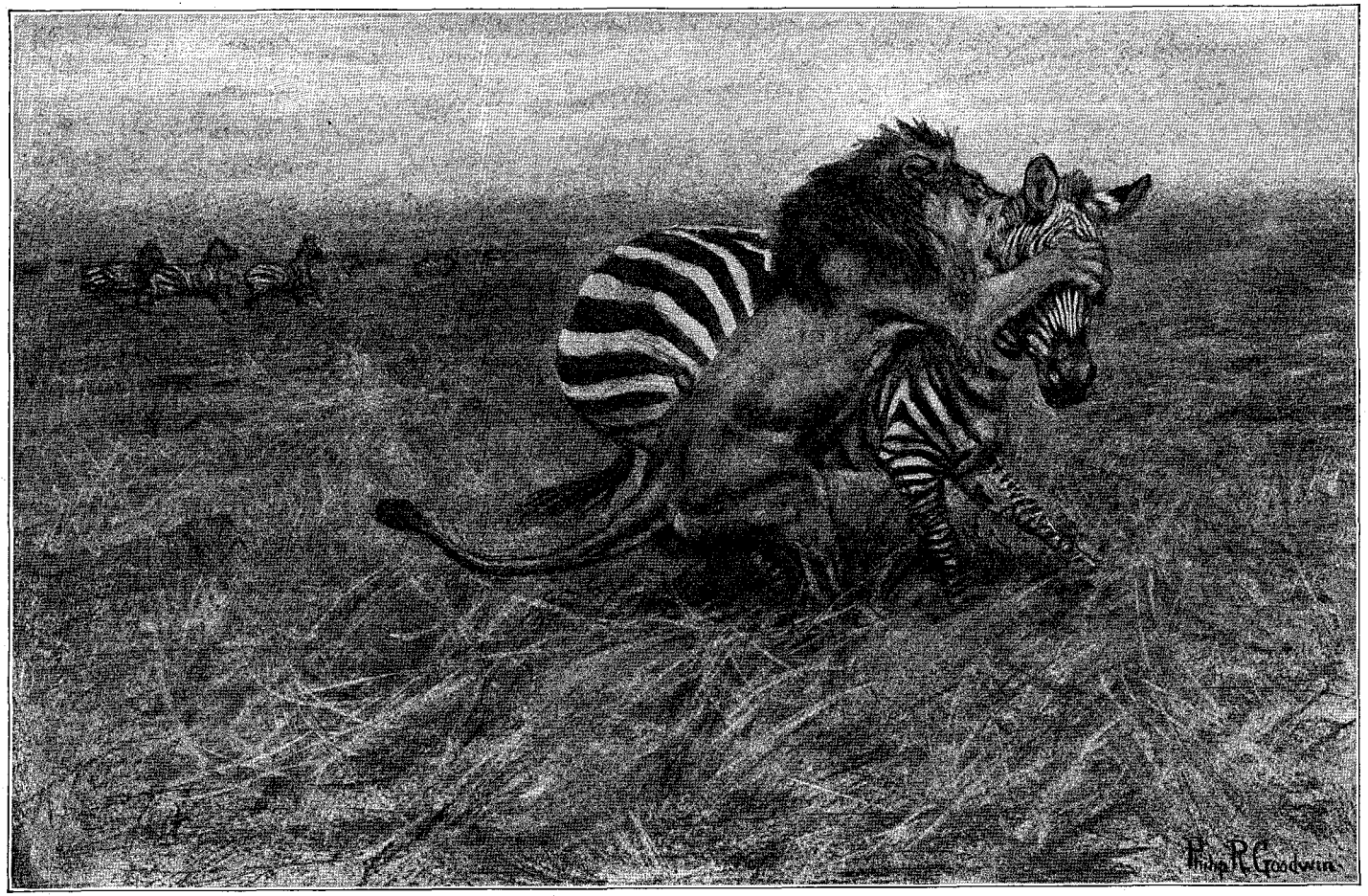

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Method of a lion's attack on a zebra.

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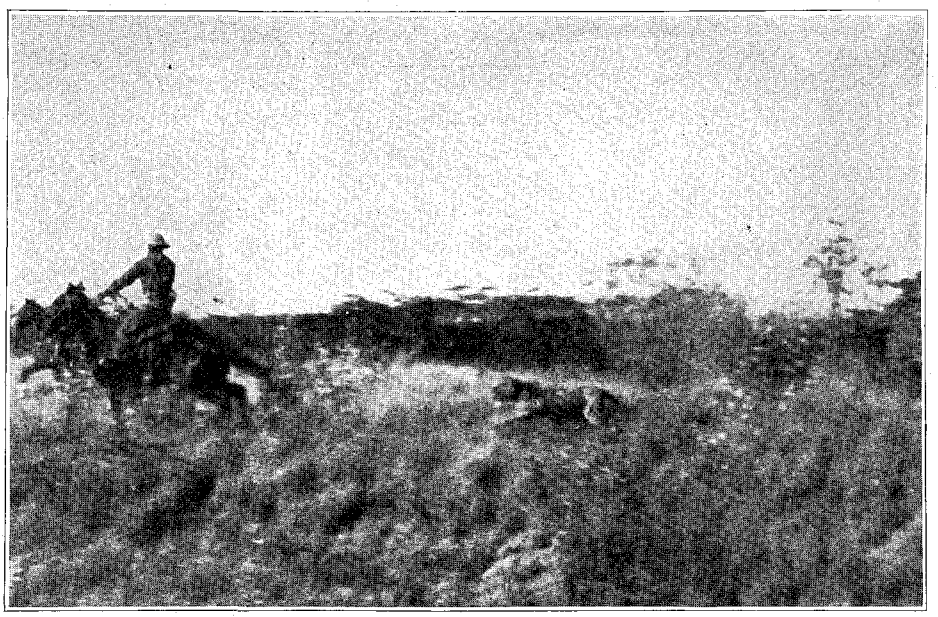

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Cowboys with Buffalo Jones roping a lioness.

the way she was killed. With none of these game, not even the plucky oryx and wildebeest, did I find the slightest evidence of resistance or of anything in the nature of a fight. The oryx is said at times to defend itself against the lion; but, although along the Guaso Nyiro of the north I came on a number of oryx killed, I never saw one instance in which there had been more than the usual scuffle. Evidently the surprise had been complete, and the sudden rush and immense strength and ferocity of the assailant had left no time for resistance. Young and clumsy lions, or very old and weak lions with poor teeth, may occasionally meet with misadventures in tackling a big zebra or antelope; but in East and Middle Africa, of the animals habitually preyed on by full-grown lions in their prime, only the buffalo are dangerous to them. Lions kill camels, horses, donkeys, cattle, sheep, goats, and tame ostriches; but where zebra and hartebeest swarm, as in much of East Africa, they find it so easy to catch them that as a rule they do not seriously interfere with the flocks and herds of the natives and settlers. But even under these circumstances an occasional lion will take to cattle-killing and to ravaging the flocks of tame ostriches. Ordinarily in killing their prey lions keep their hind feet on the ground; but in one case where a horse was killed the lion leaped on its back; the hoof-prints showed that the horse had run for sixty yards or so before falling and during this distance not a paw of the lion had touched earth. The marks on the dead horse showed that the lion's hind claws had dug deep into the haunches, while the fore paws grasped the shoulders, and the teeth bit into the neck until the bone was crushed.

Man-eating lions have always been fairly common in East Africa. The most noted, but far from exceptional, case was that of the two man-eaters which for a time stopped the building of the Uganda railroad by their ravages among the workmen; until they were finally shot by the engineer in charge, Mr. (afterward Colonel) Patterson. Another lion, after killing several men around a station on the railroad, carried off and ate the superintendent of the division; the latter had come down in his private car, which was run on a siding, and he sat up at a window that night to watch for the lion; but he fell asleep and the lion climbed on the platform, entered the car by the door, and

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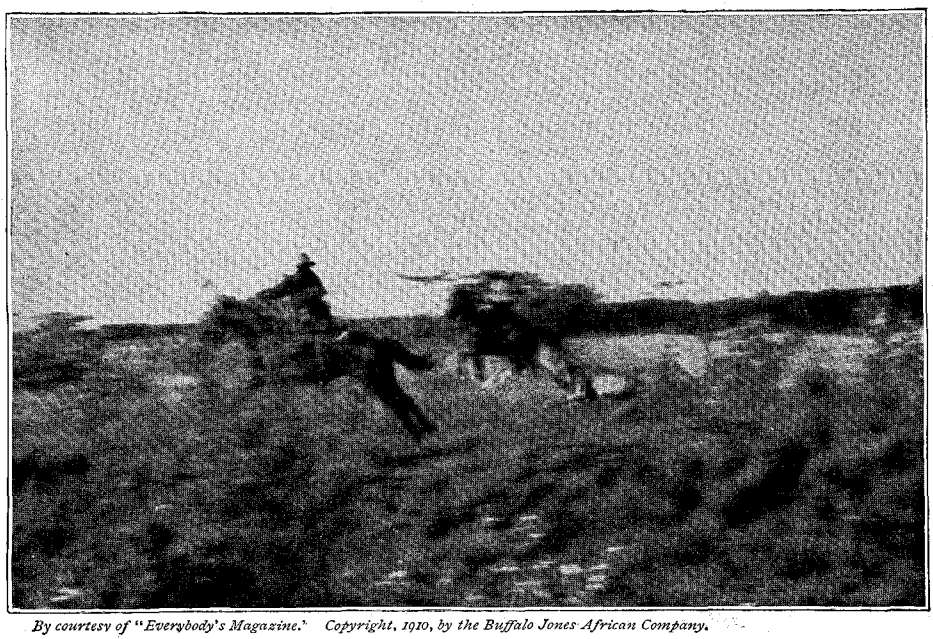

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The lioness charging the cowboys at full speed.—Page 297.

carried off his would-be slayer through the window. In the summer of 1909 a couple of man-eating lions took to infesting the Masai villages on the plain around the head waters of the Guaso Nyiro west of Kenia, and by their ravages forced the Masai to abandon the district, and the native travel routes across it were also temporarily closed. A few weeks later I was hunting in the district; we kept the thorn boma round our camp closed at night, with a fire burning and askaris on guard, and were not molested. Near Machakos-boma a white traveller was taken out of his tent by a man-eater one night, a good many years ago; a grewsome feature of the incident was that on its first attempt the lion was driven off, after having seized and wounded its victim; the wounds of the latter were dressed, and he was again put to bed, but soon after he had been left alone the lion again forced his way into the tent and this time carried the man off and ate him. Every year in East Africa natives are carried off from their villages or from hunting-camps by man-eating lions. Occasionally one hears of man-eating leopards, which usually confine themselves to women and children, and there are man-eating hyenas; but the true man-eaters of Africa are lions and crocodiles. As has long been known, man-eating lions are frequently very old individuals, males or females, which have lost many teeth, and are growing too feeble to catch game, whereas they find it easy to master man, who is the feeblest of all animals of his size, and the one whose senses are dullest, and who has no natural weapons. But it is a mistake to think that all man-eaters are old and feeble animals. Where lions are much hunted it is doubtless true that they grow so wary of man that only the dire want produced by utter feebleness can make them think of preying on him; but where they are less molested their natural ferocity and boldness make it always possible that under favorable conditions a hungry lion, not hitherto a man-eater, will be tempted to kill and devour a man, and will then take to man-killing as a steady pursuit. Many noted man-eaters —those killed by Mr. Patterson, for instance—have been full-grown male lions in the prime of life and vigor. It is worth noting, by the way, that Mr. Patterson states that in advancing to the attack on the railway camps the lions always roared loudly to one another until within a mile

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By courtesy of Jungle Film Co., proprietors of Paul J. Rainey African Hunt pictures.

Paul Rainey's pack of American bear hounds holding a lion at bay.—Page 293.

or so, but were absolutely silent during the hour that preceded the actual seizure of some unfortunate man. The attack of a man-eater is always delivered at night, and is practically always by surprise; but, if the first attack fails, a bold lion will sometimes persevere and do his best to seize another victim. Even a man-eater thoroughly realizes that men are dangerous; he is no more apt to make a hard fight when himself hunted than is any other lion of like vigor, and when he is the hunter he always retires with his victim, as soon as he has caught it, out of reach of vengeance, although he may only go for a distance of a few hundred yards, being confident in the shelter yielded by a dark night. This is entirely unlike the lion's conduct with other prey; if a zebra or hartebeest is killed, the lion stays on the spot with his victim, and may eat it where it has fallen or drag it a few yards to a more convenient spot. Save in very wild places the lion leaves its prey at or before dawn, and may then travel some miles to its resting-place; it will probably come back the second night, unless it has been molested or has had its suspicions aroused. Lions feast on any dead animal they find, from an elephant to a dikdik, and even eat carrion. When they kill game of any size they first neatly disembowel the body, usually burying the entrails, and then either eat the heart, lungs, and brisket, or else begin straightway at the hind quarters. Sometimes, however, they do not disembowel the prey. They feed greedily, bolting strips of the hairy hide with their meat; but in one case I heard from an eye-witness of a lion's striking a dead zebra's body with its spread paws, and clawing off big patches of hide before beginning its feast.

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Except man, the lion has few or no regular enemies in his prime. He will get out of the way of either an elephant or rhinoceros, and a herd of cow elephants with calves will charge any lion they find lurking in their neighborhood, and would undoubtedly kill it if it could not get into cover. Very probably a buffalo herd might, under exceptional circumstances, behave in the same way. Hyenas hang around lions to get the offal of any beasts the latter slay; and it is no uncommon thing to find the body of a hyena which has itself been slain by a lion when it has incautiously or over-boldly ventured too near the killer's feast. Ordinarily a vigorous lion has nothing to fear from hyenas, and pays no heed to them; but hyenas are powerful brutes and, in spite of being normally abject cowards, they possess a latent ferocity which, when they are in sufficient numbers, at times renders them foes to be feared. Once Donaldson Smith, watching from a thorn boma at night, saw a regular pitched battle between several lions and a big mob of hyenas, in which the latter got rather the best of it. On one occasion, while lying near an elephant carcass, with Carl Akeley, I heard the hyenas which had been feeding on it throughout the night become roused to a fury of noisy defiance by a lion which approached the dead elephant a little before dawn, uttering the moaning sighs so characteristic of a hungry lion; the hyenas yelled, screeched, growled, laughed, and cackled, and apparently actually bluffed the lion, which did not venture to come to close quarters. Moreover, I am inclined to think that very old and feeble or badly wounded lions find their normal ends in the maws of hyenas. On one occasion Lord Delamere and one of his Somalis were desperately wounded by a lion he had attacked. They had to camp directly where the accident had occurred, and the lion, also very badly wounded, lay in the bushes but a couple of hundred yards away. Soon after nightfall the hyenas began to gather round the wounded lion, and eventually attacked it; the lion roared and fought fiercely, and a long battle ensued, but in the end he was overcome and eaten. The hunting dogs, or wild hounds, also attack lions, and are much bolder in doing so than are the hyenas. Mr. Paul Rainey saw a small pack of them harrying a big lion, which was skulking off in much alarm; whether the wild hounds ever actually kill a lion I can not say, but they certainly sometimes harass and cow them, and force them to slink off in terror. Lions have been known to eat leopards. With the other man-eaters, the crocodiles, relations are more equal. Unquestionably, lions have on rare occasions been seized, dragged under, and drowned by big crocodiles; a big hungry crocodile accustomed to seizing animals while they are drinking at the water's edge would seize a lion as soon as an ox. But the lion also at times kills crocodiles, catching them while they are lying on the shore. A trustworthy elephant-hunter whom I know writes that in the neighborhood of Lake Rudolf he found a number of skeletons of crocodiles which had evidently been killed by lions, and the natives assured him that at this point lions frequently pounced on and ate crocodiles. Doubtless the lion, like other animals, varies in character and habits from place to place, and if by any chance a single lion in some particular locality learns how to prey on an animal not ordinarily attacked, other lions may readily learn to follow his example. At any rate, it sometimes happens that lions in one district as compared with those in another district have entirely different customs as to what game they prey on; as I have said above, in some places they make buffalo their special quarry, whereas in others they never molest the formidable wild cattle if zebra and hartebeest are to be obtained. This is like the American grizzly bears, which in some localities feast on carrion, and in others attack cattle at times, and kill game; whereas in yet other localities they never kill anything larger than a gopher, and pay no attention to the carcass of a dead animal.

It is unsafe with any animal, and especially with an animal of such high and varied development as a lion, to try to lay down invariable rules. Speaking generally, lions are bold and dangerous to men at night, and exactly in proportion to the darkness of the night; in black and stormy nights a lion's daring is sometimes almost incredible. Even where there are no confirmed man-eaters a solitary man is never safe after nightfall if walking through a

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country where lions are numerous; if one is encountered, it will probably get out of the way, but there is always the chance that it will attack. For instance, in photographing lions with the flash-light at night, there is always danger in going out to reset the flash-light; if a lion is in the immediate neighborhood, it is always possible that it may charge. Mr. Coolidge, of Boston, is one among several men I have known who have had such experiences. In daytime there is usually no danger whatever in meeting unwounded and unharassed lions, unless they are actually stumbled on in thick cover; they may growl or stand and stare ominously, but if unmolested they will almost always retire. But two of the friends I met in Africa, Mr. Percival the game-ranger and Mr. Harold Hill, have had uncomfortable times with lions which they met in broad day and which followed them although without actually venturing to attack.*

When hunted the lion certainly stands high in the category of dangerous game. There has been endless discussion and endless variety of opinion, among experienced hunters, as to which animal is the most dangerous. Nor is this discussion confined to African game; the same diversity of opinion as to the relative danger of hunting on foot the tiger, the Indian elephant, and the various wild oxen, such as the buffalo, obtains among men who have hunted in Asia; and this is likewise true when we consider the grizzly bear and jaguar. Enough attention is not paid to the wide differences of character among individual animals of the same species—just as among individual men; and, moreover, the surroundings under which one kind of animal is dangerous may be the very surroundings under which another, normally more dangerous, would be less dangerous. On a level open plain a fighting buffalo bull, or even a fighting tusker—elephant—would be rather more dangerous than a lion or leopard, because harder to stop—at least the buffalo would certainly be harder to kill, turn, or stop than either of the big cats, and the tusker very much harder to kill or cripple, although perhaps easier to stop or turn. On the other hand, the buffalo would be less apt to charge than the elephant, and very much less apt to charge than either the lion or leopard. In most kinds of cover, however, the lion or leopard would from every standpoint be more dangerous than the buffalo or elephant, unless it was cover that would not hamper either of these big animals and would hamper anything smaller. There is thus every allowance to be made for changed conditions, and for the wide variation of temperament among individuals. Moreover, there can be no doubt that in certain localities all the animals of a given species show an unusual development of certain traits, compared to the aggregate of individuals dwelling in another locality; and so in one locality the buffaloes, elephants, rhinos, leopards, or lions may be much more dangerous than in another locality.

Taking the average of individuals and the average of surrounding circumstances, I consider the lion more dangerous to the hunter than any other game. The leopard is an even greater adept at hiding, is even quicker and more reckless in its charge, and is smaller and more difficult to hit; therefore I consider that a fighting leopard is a trifle more likely than a lion to get home when it charges; but it is so much smaller and less powerful that it is far less likely to kill its antagonist—very few hunters have been killed, although many have been mauled, by leopards—and a few good dogs will not only stop but themselves kill a leopard, so that with dogs it can be hunted with entire impunity. Under many, perhaps most, conditions, a fighting bull buffalo offers a rather harder proposition than a fighting lion, because the huge massive creature is far more difficult to stop when he does charge, and because he usually shows the most vindictive and ferocious resolution when after being wounded he finally makes up his mind to fight; but under ordinary circumstances a buffalo is not nearly as apt to charge as a lion, and is far more easily seen and far less quick in his movements, and in most cover is more easily evaded; so that on an average I do not consider that the buffalo is as dangerous. Elephant are much more apt to charge than buffalo; a herd will charge under circumstances when even lions would slink quietly off; and in consequence to hunt them seems to me about

*See "African Game Trails," p. 68.

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as dangerous as to hunt buffalo; but the actual charge of a single elephant does not seem as dangerous as the actual charge of a lion or buffalo. The rhinoceros I regard as on the average much less dangerous than lion, leopard, elephant, or buffalo; in fact as only about as dangerous as, or very little more dangerous than, the grizzly bear. But it must be remembered that these are only my personal views; and while I believe that they are shared by the majority of the big-game hunters most competent to speak on the subject, I am well aware that many equally experienced and observing hunters are on record as expressing widely different views. Good authority can be produced for the statement that the buffalo, or the elephant, or even the rhinoceros, is the most dangerous, and the lion or the leopard the least dangerous; and different observers have arranged the five animals in every conceivable order, as adversaries. The truth is that in this matter there is such wide individual variation, both among the hunters and the hunted, that every general statement must be made with full knowledge of the many exceptions that exist thereto. There are circumstances or occasions under which the chase of each of the five animals—six including the white rhinoceros—may be very dangerous; while under other conditions a number of each kind may be killed with the minimum of risk. They are the only kinds of African game the chase of which can ever be properly described as dangerous. A hippopotamus, however, will sometimes charge a boat, both unprovoked and when it has been wounded; and, of course, many other animals in Africa, as elsewhere, will show fight, if cornered and rashly approached too close. The roan antelope when wounded will charge savagely from some little distance, and is then more dangerous than any American animal except the grizzly bear, and more dangerous than any European animal whatever; the sable is almost as dangerous; then comes the oryx; then the wildebeest or gnu. Probably none of the deer of northern lands are as dangerous as any of these. The bushbuck, in spite of its small size, and the koodoo, waterbuck, hartebeest, and also the zebra and wart-hog, will turn at bay, but I consider them as formidable only in the sense that a bull moose or wapiti is formidable; that is, under all normal conditions the element of danger in their chase is entirely negligible. Eland and giraffe are exceptionally mild-tempered; yet the giraffe will drive both the big zebra and the oryx from a water-hole, although giving way to rhinoceros and elephant.

The chase of the lion, if fairly followed, is an enthralling but certainly a dangerous pastime. Of course, a few lions may be killed under such circumstances that the hunter is practically in no danger whatever; and in certain forms of hunting lions, such as sitting in a tree or a high thorn zariba and waiting for them to approach a carcass or a tethered domestic animal, the element of danger is eliminated. Moreover, the experience of Mr. Paul Rainey, who, in company with Mr. Heller, took to Africa a pack of American bear hounds and fighting dogs, and by their aid killed about sixty lions, shows that with thoroughly trained dogs of the right temper lions and leopards can be pursued by good hunters with the minimum of risk and almost the certainty of success. But the man who on foot or on horseback, without dogs, follows lion-hunting as a steady pursuit, will not kill many of them without being viciously and resolutely charged, and if he persists long enough his life will be put in jeopardy. During the last twenty years scores of white hunters have been killed by lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos in East and Middle Africa; and the lions have killed much more than half of the total number. Except Mr. Rainey, who worked with dogs, Lord Delamere has killed more lions than any other man I know—fifty-three; he was badly mauled on one occasion, and has now given up hunting them, stating that no man can count on killing more than fifty lions without himself being killed or fatally injured. Kermit and I killed only seventeen lions between us, two being cubs and two not much more than half-grown; and thirteen full-grown lions are too few to permit of free generalization as to their fighting capacity. Three of these thirteen lions—two big-maned males and a lioness—charged with the utmost resolution from a distance of nearly two hundred yards when wounded and brought to

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bay by the pursuing horsemen; three others (all male lions) were at bay and were about to charge—one had begun to trot forward—when killed; five were killed or disabled under circumstances that gave them no opportunity to charge; two (both lionesses) were killed close up, after being wounded, under circumstances which seemed to invite a charge, yet they made no effort to charge. Only one other lion was shot by any other member of our party, a lioness killed by Alden Loring; she charged with the utmost resolution when mortally wounded, and died while still charging. This short experience taken by itself would tend to show that a full-grown male lion is rather more apt to charge, and is rather more resolute in charging, than is likely to be the case with a full-grown lioness (save where the latter has young cubs); but it is impossible to generalize on such insufficient data. Tarlton, who was with me, a noted lion-hunter of long experience, was inclined to think that on the average the lioness was a little more apt than the lion to charge. Probably the difference in this respect between the sexes is not great, while the amount of variations among the individuals of each sex is very great indeed. A beginner might readily kill three or four lions without danger; and he might be charged and killed by the first one he attacked. If the sport is persevered in, the man who achieves success must possess coolness, wariness, resolution, and reasonable skill with the rifle; and now and then he will need to show all these qualities.

Lions can be hunted in many ways, aside from lying in wait for them at night and from hunting them with dogs. The three most satisfactory ways are to trail them in the early morning, just after they have begun their return to their day lairs, to drive them out of thick cover by a line of beaters toward the previously stationed hunter, and to gallop them down on horseback, usually after having roused them from the shelter of some patch of bush, trees, reeds, or long grass in which they have been lying. Often, moreover, especially just after sunrise or before sunset, alert and energetic hunters will stumble on them by accident, or run across them when they are just ending or beginning their night rambles. There is luck in all hunting; but more in lion-hunting without dogs than in the chase of any other big animal of the regions where it dwells except the leopard, for the lion is far harder to find and see than any of the big grass-eaters that live under similar conditions. One man may never see a lion in a year's hunting; another in the same time may come across a couple of score.

In both tracking and driving the hunter is, of course, on foot. Tracking can only occasionally be employed with lions, as their spoor is so much more difficult to follow than that of hoofed animals, and as they are experts at hiding and skulking. But it can occasionally be employed in the early morning when the dew is heavy on the grass; and in long grass it often pays to follow a band of lions for some time, as they make fairly distinct trails, and frequently move slowly off before the hunter, grunting now and then. A shot at an unwounded animal under these conditions is not very dangerous, for the animal has not been harassed or injured, and rarely charges until hit, while the shot is usually taken at a distance that ought to enable the shooter to kill or cripple his game. Driving is followed in the usual fashion, a rocky hill, a valley of long grass, a reed-bed, a fringe of trees, or a patch of scrub being beaten through by a line of shouting natives. The lion rarely charges back at the beaters, although it is always well to have a man with a rifle accompany them. The hunter himself, in these cases, is very rarely charged before shooting, for the lion has not been baited and does not feel that it is cornered. But of course, as the hunter is on the ground, perhaps seventy or eighty yards from the lion, it behooves him to use straight powder.

Riding lions, as it is termed, that is running them on horseback until they turn to bay, and then shooting them on foot, is a more exhilarating, a less fatiguing, and, on the whole, a more dangerous sport. Usually two or more mounted hunters go out together. They may spy a lion in the open, or they may rouse him from his day lair. In either event they run him hard over the open plains, until he comes to bay—either in the bare open or in a bush. When he is thus brought to bay he is far more apt to charge than is the case with an unwounded lion shot by a man on foot.

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In any such case, and of course especially in the case of a wounded lion or of one suddenly surprised at very close quarters, if the lion is approached too close it may charge without any warning. If a man on horseback gallops too close behind a fleeing lion it may whip round and charge him without a moment's pause. But when brought to bay, and when the hunter is some distance off, the lion usually spends some little time in threatening and in working itself up to the final pitch of fury. It stands erect, the head held lower than the shoulders, the tail lashing from side to side, and all the time it growls hoarsely, the lips drawn down over the teeth like those of an angry bear, or, more rarely, drawn back in a prodigious snarl. When just on the point of charging, the tail is usually thrown stiffly up two or three times, and if it changes its course during the charge the tail is slewed to one side like a rudder. The animal may break into a gallop at once, or it may begin by trotting with the tail erect. One of the lionesses that charged us came on with occasional great bounds; but all the other lions galloped like huge dogs. The pace is very rapid for one or two hundred yards; a horse which is standing but a hundred yards distant may be caught before it has time to get into a full gallop. Usually the lion, when it does charge, charges with the utmost determination; and, as I have said, it is more apt to charge when brought to bay on horseback than in other kinds of hunting; but it is also comparatively easy to kill under these conditions, for it advances from some distance in open country upon a man fully prepared and expectant. Moreover, it is much more easily killed or crippled than is the case with the heavier kinds of dangerous game. A fair shot, who is cool-headed and has a good rifle, ought under these conditions to be reasonably certain of stopping the lion before it can get to close quarters. Occasionally, if a man stands stock-still, even with an empty gun, a lion after running straight at him will at the last moment swerve; this is not ordinarily true, however; but if of two men together one runs when the lion is close it will usually seize the runner. When it comes to close quarters it may rear and strike with its fore paws, but far more often it runs in on all fours, like a dog, knocks the man down as it seizes him, and then lies on him, using the claws to hold him and doing the killing with its great fangs. If it seizes him by the throat or head he is killed instantly; but in the hurly-burly of the mellay the beast seems to lose somewhat of its "instinct for the jugular" and bites repeatedly at any part that is nearest—arm, leg, side, or chest. In consequence, if help is at hand, the lion can usually be killed or driven off before it has killed the man; although the latter may die of his wounds later. While in East Africa we met many more men who had been badly bitten and clawed by lions, but who had recovered, than we heard of men who had been killed by them or who had died of their wounds. The wounds should be cauterized at once, to avoid blood-poisoning, as the lion's teeth and claws often seem to contain some poisonous element, perhaps minute particles of dead matter. Moreover, the lion often bites deep, and with closed jaws pulls the muscle loose from the bone, thus causing the deep-seated tears which become sources of corruption. Finally, the shock of the bite is tremendous, the full muscular power of the great jaws being brought into play. Many men die from the shock. On the other hand, it so numbs them that at the moment little pain is felt. I saw a dozen men who had been bitten. One, on whom the lion had lain for some time while biting him had suffered much; all the others assured me that at the time, and for several minutes afterward, they did not suffer at all. The process of healing is long and painful. Most of the men who are not killed outright but who die from lion wounds die from blood-poisoning several days after being mauled, and not directly from the mauling.

The hunter should never go near a lion until it is dead, and even when it is on the point of death he should not stand near nor approach its head from in front; for a lion at its last gasp will summon all its energies for one final attack, flinging itself on the man who has thus incautiously approached it, especially if it can see him, and spending its last dying moments in biting him. Necessarily, lion-hunting has elements of danger, if legitimately fol-

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lowed; for a slight deviation in aim—possible enough to any marksman when the target is coming on at a gallop—may mean a mauling; but most accidents occur because of some bit of carelessness or recklessness, some lack of caution or preparation, of the kind that ordinarily brings no retribution but which it is always possible will invite disaster.

The fault may lie in the over-eagerness and ignorance of a beginner; it may be due to lack of nerve or timidity—and sometimes vanity will induce timid men to venture into a field for which they are totally unfit; or the mischance may occur to a keen, experienced hunter whose skill, hardihood, and prowess have finally led him to feel an unwarranted contempt for the game. This last was the cause of the lamented death of George Grey, the brother of Sir Edward Grey the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was killed by a lion the year after I left East Africa, while out hunting with Sir Alfred Pease and Mr. Harold Hill, the two men in whose company I killed my first six lions, and not more than half a mile from where my first big male lion was killed. We had met George Grey in Africa and again in London; he was a singularly fine type of man, very modest, utterly fearless, as hard as nails, and probably as good a man in a serious emergency as was to be found in all Africa. Shortly after Kermit killed his two bongo, a cow and a yearling, Grey killed a bongo bull, which he gave us to complete our group for the National Museum. He had done much hunting of dangerous game and was so fearless and possessed such prowess that he underestimated their dangerous qualities; elephants he held in some slight respect, but we heard him say that he did not regard buffalo as more dangerous than tame cattle, and he cared but little for lion and nothing for rhinoceros.

Pease, who was out with him, is an exceptionally good hunter, a fine rider and shot, very hardy and cool. He has killed very many lions, a number of them under circumstances of great hazard; and being a close observer he has been struck by the wide variety of conduct among them, and the occasional great danger from them; and he combines to an unusual degree extreme boldness with very good judgment. After I left him, in East Africa, he wrote describing two lion-hunts in which he had taken part, Harold Hill and his brother Clifford being along. In one a lioness literally behaved like a cur; she got into a thicket and would not go out until he fired buckshot into it, and even then, although slightly wounded, she ran like a rabbit and was killed like one. In the other hunt a big-maned lion fought with savage ferocity, charging the mounted men again and again, almost escaping, and finally being killed in full charge at the distance of a few feet by the rifles of his three pursuers. Pease then went back to England, but returned to Mombasa early in 1911 in company with George Grey, who went with him expressly to try riding lions on the Kapiti plains. The fatal hunt occurred on the 29th of January.

I do not entirely agree with Pease about the rifles proper to use for lions. He explicitly states that even a 10-bore, reinforced by a powerful 400-cordite, both hitting a charging lion at short range in the head but missing the brain, failed to stop him for even a moment. Surely this shows that even the most powerful rifles may do no more than lighter ones, under the very—and only—circumstances when the big rifles are supposed to be superior. A Springfield with the pointed bullet, or a Winchester 405 with a soft-nosed bullet could not have done any worse than the two big rifles in the above instance, and I believe they would have done better; at any rate, even at close range they are almost if not quite as good as the very heavy rifles, and at all ordinary ranges are far superior. Personally I regard the mere fact of a rifle being a magazine gun as conclusively establishing its superiority over a double barrel for lion-hunting, if both are good modern weapons. While I was in East Africa a Mr. Williams, a friend of Mr. McMillan, was badly bitten by a lion, because with his two barrels he slightly wounded it at a distance, and was seized before he could reload; whereas if he had been using a magazine rifle he would probably have stopped his assailant.

The experiences of the two cowboys, Loveless and Means, who with Buffalo Jones roped the lioness, south of Kijabe, a few months after I was there, shows that a lion can not catch a really good horse,

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already at full speed, even if it has only a few yards' start. Doubtless a lion can catch an ordinary African hunting pony which is standing or has to wheel when the lion starts, if it is under a hundred yards off. But the cow-punchers with Jones were riding big American cow horses of the best type, fast, agile, and thoroughly trained. The lioness was at bay under a bush, and the punchers kept riding by her at a run, throwing the rope; the bush always prevented the noose going over the lioness, and she would charge at full speed (as the photos show); she was only the length of the rope behind when she started, and gained for the first fifteen or twenty yards, but never quite succeeded in catching the horse. Only the best and coolest riders, on the best horses, could have performed the feat, however. The lioness finally became cowed, crouched in a donga, and was roped, thanks to the nerve of Jones and the extreme skill of the cow-puncher who did the actual roping.

Light, agile men, who keep some distance from the lion when he is at bay, can leap on their horses and ride off after shooting, if the lion charges. Personally, I was too old and stiff to try this, and on the occasions when I was riding and dismounted to shoot at the lion, I left the horse, advanced as close as I thought the lion would stand without charging, and then trusted to straight powder and my repeating rifle. I stopped one lion while in full charge, another as it began its charge but while it was only trotting, and another just as, I believe, it was about to charge; and I killed a wounded lioness in tallish grass, which ought to have charged but did not, and at eight yards merely wounded a lioness, which I ought to have killed outright, but which galloped away instead of charging, so that a minute or two later I got an even closer shot and bagged her. Thus I personally met with no adventures and neither did Kermit, although when in company with Leslie Tarlton he one afternoon galloped a party of eleven lions and killed five; one of them, a lioness, charged with fierce determination.

I do not regard marksmanship as the most important quality in the chase of dangerous game; but it is very important, and of course no man has a right to follow dangerous game at all unless he is a good shot, while if he is a really first-class game-shot his task is very much simplified. Pease, Delamere, Tarlton are all of them excellent shots. Stewart Edward White in his trip to East Africa in 1911, during the course of which he killed a dozen lions with his little Springfield rifle, was with my old friend and hunting companion Cuninghame; and Cuninghame wrote me that of all the hunters, of every description, whom he had ever seen in Africa White was the best shot. Among other noted lion-hunters, Selous, Akeley, Stigand, Rainey are all good shots. Of the above, Delamere and Stigand have been mauled by lions; Akeley was mauled by a leopard and nearly killed by an elephant. Mrs. Akeley and Mrs. McMillan—whose husband is among the successful lion-hunters—have both of them killed lions to their own rifles.

Occasionally lions are killed with the rifle, where the conditions are such as to imply high prowess on the part of the hunter, and the running of grave danger. Normally, however, of course, lion-hunting with a modern rifle does not mean danger of the kind incurred by coming to close quarters. Such a feat as that of Jones, Means, and Loveless in roping the lioness implies much greater daring, skill, and risk than is normally attendant upon shooting a lion. The same is true of killing a lion with spears, after the fashion of the Masai and Nandi. In this kind of hunting, however, much depends on the type of spear. It happens that the long, very heavy, narrow spear-heads of the East African cattle-owning foot-nomads are much better suited for this particular sport than the light spears of the equally fearless and gallant Zulus to the south of them and Somalis to the north of them. In Somaliland the lions subsist largely, and often mainly, on the flocks and herds of the Somalis, and frequently become man-eaters; but the Somalis only attack them under exceptional circumstances, for their spears, formidable enough against men, are too light for lions and the danger to the lives of the hunters in the contest is very great. The Zulus also ring and kill lions with their spears, in the Nandi and Masai fashion, but their spears are for this purpose much inferior, and in the

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fight men are far more often killed and mauled than is the case in middle East Africa. I saw the Nandi spearmen kill a big-maned lion; he mauled two of their number; but a couple of days previously they had killed two lions without getting a scratch. Akeley saw ten lions thus killed and only one man was hurt. Men are rarely killed in these contests. This is because the Nandi and Masai spears are so heavy that they drive right through the lion, and into his life, from any angle; the first spear I saw driven into the big-maned lion above mentioned entered at his left shoulder and came out through his right flank near the hip. In consequence, a single spear will not infrequently kill a lion. For lighter and more agile foes the spear is too heavy and slow, and for this reason the Nandi and Masai find the leopard more formidable than the lion in this kind of hunting. The Masai or Nandi spear is made of soft iron and is given a fine saw edge by whetting on a stone. This is a most effective cutting edge, being so sharp that it cuts its way through the toughest hide.

Among the horse-owning tribes of northern Africa there are a few in which it is customary to kill not only the lion but the elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo from horseback with the spear or sword; some using one weapon, some the other. Of course the spears and swords used in such hunts are not dull and blunt like ordinary cavalry sabres kept in metal scabbards; they have fine, carefully guarded points and razor edges.

A THRENODY

IN MEMORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE THAT DESTROYED MESSINA

By Louis V. Ledoux

WAIL thou, great Muse, the dear Sicilian land!
Now greater grief is thine than when of old
Young Adon in the Cyprian's arms lay cold,
And Daphnis' years were told.
Take thou the lyre from Time's enfeebled hand;
Hushed is the music of Empedocles,
Of splendid Pindar, pure Simonides,
Bion and Moschus and Theocritus,
And those who unto us
Nameless, yet live as human memories.
Hushed is the last of all that laurelled band,
Hushed, or on Charon's strand
Urging in vain petition dolorous,
To pass where Pan, his boyish pipings done,
Stands wistful, while the nymphs, by fear made bold,
Cling with their long lithe arms about his knees.
Wail thou, great Muse! or loose from Acheron
Some worthy bearer of the singing bough
Whose madness whirls me now
On melting wings too near the southern sun.
Yet why for aught on earth should grief be loud,
Since all that is, is born to pass away?
Hero and maiden to the urn are vowed,
And beauty saves not when the debt falls due;
Apollo with the darker gods has died,

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And Gæa at the last shall be as they.
O Helen of the soul! O golden isle!
By beauty doomed, by beauty sanctified,
Thou too canst not abide,
But like all else shalt last a little while—
A little longer than the falling spray—
Then pass as planet dust or gaseous cloud,
To build new cosmos, gnawed by new decay.
Earth's senseless atoms ever clasp and whirl,
Unclasp again to form in mazes new;
And ever on the white cliff stands some girl
With dead eyes gazing on the sailless blue.
Earth's roses die, but still the rose lives on,
The song survives the swift Leucadian leap;—
A dream of immortality is ours.
Where golden Daphnis in the morning shone,
Fresh sprung from Helicon,
New shepherds singing lead their careless sheep
Above the graves of Athens, Carthage, Rome,
Vandals and Saracens, and Northern Powers
That filled their destined hours,
And fed in turn the rich Sicilian loam,
Building, like coral insects from the deep,
Enchanted islands that till earth is gone,
Swept back to chaos in the atom swirl,
Shall be the seeker's light, the spirit's home.
Though Etna crumble and the dark seas rise
Sowing the uplands with their sterile brine,
Still shall the soul descry with wistful eyes
Sicilian headlands bright with flower and fruit;
Still shall she hear, though all earth's lips be mute,
Sicilian music in the morning skies.
Yea, deep within the heart of man it lies,
This visioned island bright with old romance,
A race inheritance
Of rest and joy and faith in things divine,
That shall endure awhile through change and chance,
And have the meaning of a childhood shrine,
Remembered when the faith of childhood dies.
Now fails the song, and down the lonely ways
The last low echoes die upon the breeze.
I lay my lyre upon the moveless knees
Of her who by the hollow roadway stays,
In anguish waiting for her children slain
That shall not come again
With springtime, leading the new lambs to graze.
They come no more; but while o'er hill and plain
The twilight darkens, and the evening rose
Aloft on Etna glows,
Silent she sits amid the sodden leas,
With eyes that level on the ocean haze
Their unobserving stare, as seaward gaze
The eyes of stolid caryatides.

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A GALLIC VICTORY

[1871]

By Maarten Maartens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IT was in the days of the great war, now half-forgotten. No, not forgotten. Unknown to the young: nearer than yesternight to the old.

I am of the old. I remember the war as the fiercest fever of my youth. We were neutral, squeezed between the two contending parties. My foreign cousins fought on both sides.

One of these, a few months afterward, related the following episode. He was bronzed: he was scarred: he was glorious! I sat at his feet. I wonder, can I still catch, in this revival, some reminiscence of the thrill in his voice, of the flash in his eye?

The thing happened when the acknowledged fighting was over. There was peace. If the stupid vanquished had only accepted it. The treaty of Frankfort had been signed. The ceded provinces were annexed. The army of occupation gathered toward the new eastern frontier, waiting for the war-indemnity to be paid. There should, perhaps, have been silence, the silence of resignation or, at worst, of despair. But there was not. All through the yet occupied zone about the lost provinces was a murmur of murderous hate.

And a tumult of scarce subsiding strife. As the waves eddy wearily and angrily down, under foam and wreckage, when the storm is spent. The clouds, exhausted, drooping, with no more strength to beat the breakers, disentangle their gloom round a chilly returning sun.

The smitten and bedraggled of the tempest, sullenly staggering to their feet, turned their backs on the watery rays. Hid their faces for shame, from the East, where the orb of peace rose over the glitter of Prussian helmets in the French towns with the new German flags.

"Not peace," they whispered. "War to the end. The sun is blood-red."

They were powerless, these down-trodden of the invasion. They whispered. Over yonder, at Tours, at Bordeaux, their unshackled brethren might yell.

It was at Féry-le-Coultinois, in the very thick of concentrating repression. The victorious armies, rolling back from the humiliated capital, heaped themselves up between Paris and Metz, daily expecting the payment of the first two milliards, as agreed. Féry-le-Coultinois lies in Seine-et-Marne, thirteen miles from Provins, the home of "Provence" roses. The hamlet, embowered in vineyards and gardens, depends largely, as does the townlet, on the culture of blooms for the famous shaving-soap. Like most of these localities within hail of the metropolis, it is, under ordinary circumstances, almost unpleasingly prosperous, living in animal comfort, by bread, —and such good bread, too!—alone.

The "bread alone" includes fragrant sausages, creamy omelets, sparkling wines, as the German soldiers discovered. And in the hour of their coming there was every emotion to be had for the taking which can stir the spiritual life of man. Hate, heroism, love, hope, fear—prayer, hourly, to gods and devils, to help man in whatever he was combining, red-hot, right or wrong.

There were thousands of them everywhere, the "square-heads," the "*biglobes*" (Pickelhauben), the barbarians! They spoke loud: they drank deep: they did little harm. Beyond ruining the country and destroying its inhabitants, internationally, they did little private harm. How could they? Was there not peace? Somebody had signed something last month at Frankfort, permitting the Ogre Bismarck to swallow many hundred thousand French men, women, and little children. He must digest them. And we must pay

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five milliards. Two, at once; then the robbers will leave Seine-et-Marne. *Nous sommes trahis.*

Meanwhile—feel it or not—the sun of peace shines. It is June, the month of roses. June, 1871, summer after the fearful ice-bound winter of the siege. A summer of renewed rose-gathering for the shaving-soap, of threats, and perhaps even a little laughter, as the "*bi-globes*" sit burnishing their arms.

Féry-le-Coultinois is a tiny place, hardly hurtable by the clamor and clang of invasion. Accident brought it into prominence. A general, who ought perhaps to have established himself at Rheims or Troyes, was attracted, in passing, to its beautiful little château, and chose to remain there. Not, of course, the commander-in-chief, the great Manteuffel, some lesser Teufel. A "bon diable," on the whole, as the orderly inhabitants found, to their rather ungraceful surprise.

Till the business began of the "franc-tireurs." Of course, we all admit now, in placid dissertations, that that never should have been. It was bad enough in the tussle of defeat: in the choke of the conqueror's grip at your throat—but now that the fight was over, now that the assailant lay prone and had received quarter, now there could be no excuse for a blow in the dark.

Explain that, if you can, to the bruised man on his back. Get him to understand that a shot fired in a blue coat is heroism and a shot fired in a blue blouse homicide. All the difference between the gallows and the cross. He remembers only that his brother is slaughtered and his father's farm-house burnt. Tell him that these two events were diplomatically legalized by gentlemen who get photographed in big leather chairs.

Before the peace there had been no cases of "guerilla" shooting near Féry. Now, suddenly, a couple of German soldiers came back from an evening walk and complained that they had been fired at behind a wall. General von Krell, at the château, frowned. They had not attempted to steal poultry? Not played the human fox amongst half-unwilling human geese?

Perhaps it was the return of summer heat, perhaps the certainty of humiliation and despoilment. The tired victors, delayed on foreign soil, felt the hate of the peasantry smouldering, like sulphur springs, about their feet. It flashed out, here and there.

A young officer was found dead in a coppice, shot through the back.

A placard was posted up at the mairie stating plainly that any Frenchman found anywhere at any time with any weapon upon him would be hanged. Signed Von Krell. It was quite clear. Every villager could read, and none misunderstand, it. All endeavor to discover the murderer of the German proved fruitless. Workmen passing near had not even heard the shot!

"Which is impossible," said the general to the gardener at the château. The swarthy Frenchman made no reply. The general turned on his heel. "You may tell every one so," he added abruptly. "And that I shall certainly carry out my threat."

Said the gardener in his own pleasant home, all scented with its trellis of rose, and freshness of *fritures:* "I shall certainly keep my tongue tranquil. What think you?"

"Let there be doing, not talking," said his dark wife. Yet none had talked more than she: since July she had only paused to sleep. Had they left her to arrange matters, there would have been no war: the Germans would have been conquered without one. And now, since the loved provinces were lost, her talk had almost become a scream. She was the most patriotic of Frenchwomen, the worst bereaved, herself an Alsatian, named Schimmer (pronounced She-mare), from Roeschling.

For ten years she had been married to Armand Gadraux, the clever gardener at the château. They had no children. His brother Jules lived with them.

Poor Jules. He was a fool. At least so his sister-in-law frequently told every one, including himself. Most people were far slower to believe her than he.

The husband was a strong, lean, sinewy creature, rather quarrelsome, rather boastful, well worth his wage. The brother was delicate, without being sickly—small-featured, thoughtful-eyed, tired. Neither of the men talked much—they had little opportunity—but Jules would sit reading in silence for hours.

"Wasting his time, for he has read them

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before," said Marguerite. "He knows that she gets him, or not—then why read again?"

"Let him do as he likes: does he not pay his 'pension'?" replied Armand.

"He pays—true. But it saddens me to see any one act unwisely." Whereby she meant: act otherwise than she would. She must often have been—pleasantly—sad.

Jules paid. He earned a sufficient livelihood by working for provincial jewellers. He was a good enameller. And, especially, he had great taste in the designing of small trinkets. In his free hours he did work of his own that way. The good wives, the shy sweethearts of the countryside brought him old bits of silver—a broken spoon, a battered jug—odd stones or colored beads: these he fashioned into new-fangled ornaments, imitations—often wonderfully beautiful—of flowers. He was a genius, in his own little way. For the ladies of the château, now safely housed in Brussels, he had once shaped a spray of hawthorn which the great Dalize had admired.

Armand, the gardener, had been away, to the war, in active service. He had not seen much fighting, by the Loire, but a cooking-pot had fallen on his foot and disabled him. He came back, to boast widely of this Prussian bullet, showing the clean hole through the boot.

Jules had, of course, not been called on to serve. "So he stayed at home and idled, like a girl," said his sister-in-law, unaware of his fruitless excursion to Provins to volunteer, and unappreciative of his increased activity in his little workshop, half the night.

"Thou?—what dost thou for thy country?" cried Marguerite. "Thou dost nothing. See Armand: he limps! He should have had the cross of honor! Was it not in assisting a great, fat officer? Had thy burden been less heavy, thou hadst not been wounded—eh, Armand?"

"Assuredly," said Armand, who had dropped the cooking-pot, and often told the story.

Jules bent in silence to his enamelling. He considered that his brother's path nowadays was also by no means a path—figuratively—of roses. The Teutons ate his fruit and picked his flowers. They did worse things, innocently: for instance, they flung the fruit-stones among the flower-beds. Armand had long ruled his own "proprietors" with a rod, pickled in salt. He gazed in sneering silence after the clanking conquerors, a cherry-stone, extracted from a rose-bud, upon his open palm.

"I, for one!" cried Marguerite. "I would prowl in the woods at nightfall! I would—what is your word?—pot them! So would Armand, did he not limp!"

"Yes," said Jules, at his work. He knew the little-known truth about his brother's wound, knew that Armand had indeed "potted" himself.

"Ah, the dirty pigs! Do we not treat the wild hogs so?" screamed the wife.

"Surely. And so the hogs treat us."

"Thou carest not! It is not *thy* country they have taken!" Marguerite burst into tears. A loud uproar of deep-throated laughter came echoing from the terrace. Ha! ha! ha!—it struck against the quiet white and green of the old château, crashed along the tall-roofed out-houses and died away across the sunlit rose-fields and vines.

"Ah, the pigs! They laugh, and my Alsace weeps." She busied herself, sobbing, with her admirable cookery, in the brightly burnished kitchen, all sweet perfumes and savory smells. She bent out of the window, where Jules sat doubled up over his paints and bits of silver against the trellis: the bees hummed around him in sunlight and flowers.

"What makest thou?" she said. "Ah, the arms of Alsatia! What, then, is the use of that? For the square-heads, perchance?"

The pale man turned brown-red at last. "No," he said. "No, by God!"

She was always satisfied, for the moment, when she had angered him. It was a temptation to him: as long as he looked offended, she left him in peace. After the noonday meal he forgave her, over his coffee: he told that he had received a commission, from Rheims, for a small design of the arms of the lost provinces, enamelled on silver shields. A souvenir, studs or pins. Every one spoke of the lost provinces. Already the Strassburg statue in Paris had received its sad tribute of wreaths.

"*C'est mon pays:* I will wear it everywhere, in buttons," said Marguerite. "Thou must make the buttons for nothing." She took her shawl for her daily

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"Thou carest not! It is not *thy* country they have taken!"—Page 302.

quest of news in the village. "It will be thy poor little bit of patriotism," she said.

Jules worked on into the warm fall of the summer evening. It was dusk when Pierre, the garde-chasse, sat down by his side.

"Well?" said Pierre. "At thy trumpery work, Jules? That is pretty! And it brings thee money. *Tant mieux.*"

"It brings in a little money," said Jules.

"*Tant mieux.* The Prussians have not yet discovered who killed their lieutenant. They never will. Till they are told."

Jules was silent.

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"What say they here of that deed?"

"My brother and his wife? They say it was well done."

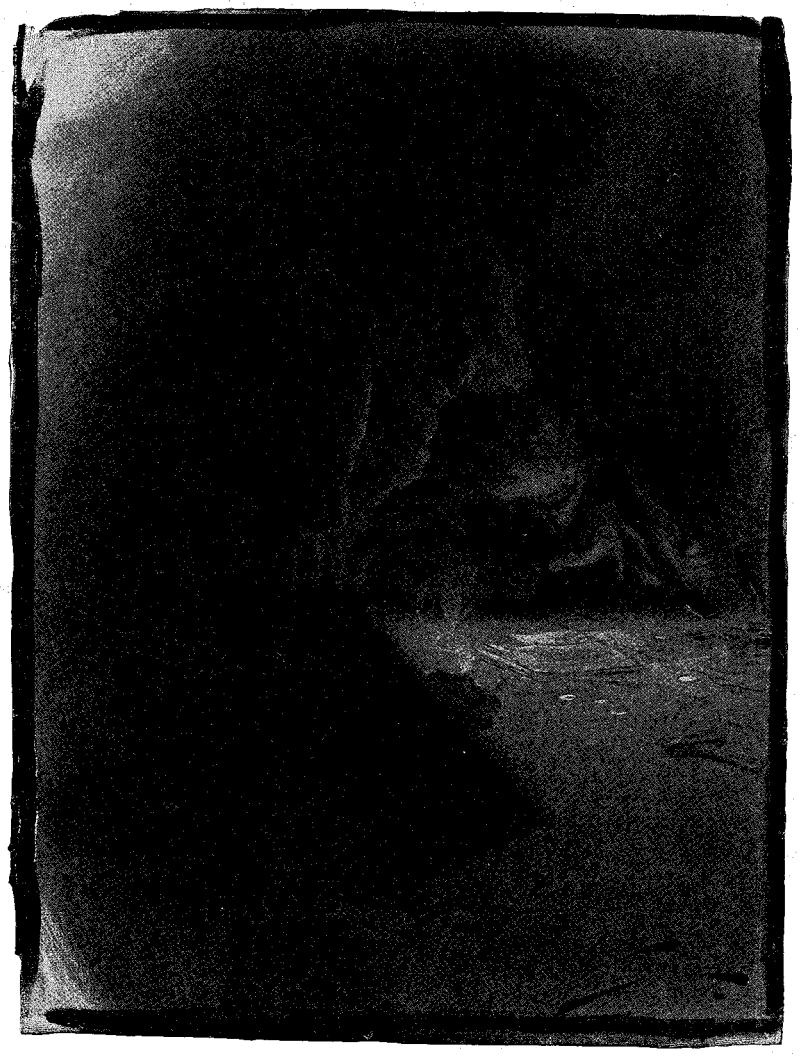
"They are right. There have been many such in other parts. The Prussian passes a peasant in a blouse. The peasant turns. *Pang!*"

"Yes," said Jules. "It is natural the Prussian should kill such a peasant, if he can."

"Possible. Thou art not a good Frenchman to say so"—the garde-chasse flashed a black look from his black eyes. "War is war."

"But not murder," said Jules.

"Ah, bah! Look at my captain. He was liberated on parole, yet he went back and fought, in Paris. He fell in a sortie. He is a martyr of France!"



"Hold here thy cigarette," he said; and he counted the bank-notes on the table, amongst his paints.—Page 306.

"I am no judge. I understand nothing of what now happens. I am a man of peace," said Jules.

"Excellent. Thou art but a poor creature," replied the keeper. "I, like thy brother, I have seen the war. And better than he—the Prussian bullet, eh?" Pierre slapped his neighbor on the knee.

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The marble ladies were ignominiously dragged to the other side, in the shrubbery.—Page 306.

"Thou hurtest me," said Jules.

"Ha, coward, thou dreadest pain?"

"Useless pain, yes."

"Not I! I will tell thee news. In a few days I go to Paris. I am sorry the little lawyer, Thiers, has made peace there. I would gladly have fought some more, on the Federals' side or his!"

"Hush!" The worker glanced round.

"Pooh—art thou fearsome! I am not afraid, least of all with thee. I know thou keepest secrets. I will tell thee one, for I am bursting to tell it! If not thee, I would tell the Prussians!" he whispered. "I will tell thee why I go to Paris. It was I that shot the square-head; what sayest thou now?"

"I say, why?" answered Jules.

"Because he came after Anastasie. She is a woman; one never can know."

"I would not say thou didst wrong," answered Jules.

"But I would have done it without: he was a Prussian!"

"Be content thou hadst a reason. She is thy sweetheart," reasoned Jules. To him a sweetheart was a sacred thing: he had none.

"I go, then, to Paris, till all this is over. The Prussians will not be here long. As soon as the first payment is paid they must fall back."

Jules laid down his bit of silver. "Five milliards! It is enormous!" he said. "Is there so much money in the world?"

"Psha! We will raise fifty to fight them afresh."

"No, no! Listen. Thou art going to Paris? Then at last I have found what I sought."

The garde-chasse lighted a cigarette.

"Thou wilt take money for me to the government. It is simple. We must all make work of patriotism, as the newspaper says."

"*Tiens*, thou art a brave! I too will give my twenty francs."

"That is good. That is much. Thou hast a future. A home." Jules leaned back against the trellis, in the mellow night. He added slowly: "I have only myself." And he extinguished his lamp.

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Slowly he loosened his vest and cotton shirt. He extracted a little bag, untying the string. "Hold here thy cigarette," he said; and he counted the bank-notes on the table, amongst his paints.

"Four thousand! Thou art mad!" cried his friend.

"France needs five milliards," said Jules. He would say nothing more at first. "Hist!" he exclaimed, "I hear the others. Put away the money. Take it to the Government. To Monsieur Thiers. Say it is for France. From—an artist. I know thou art honest, Pierre. I would thou hadst not killed the Prussian! Perhaps he had a sweetheart at home."

"He should not have sought for one here then!" answered Pierre. He slipped away, as the gardener and Marguerite came up. Marguerite was talking.

"We have news!" she cried to her brother-in-law. "Great news. The Prussians are going. The first instalment is to be paid!"

"Already? Is it possible? So much? Ah, the brave people to give it!"

"It isn't given; it is loaned," replied Marguerite with scorn. "But thou dost not understand such things. Yes, the Prussians are to go in a few days. To-morrow already a great Somebody passes, a prince. He is to sleep at the château; there is to be a feast."

"Perquisitions have been made," said Armand darkly, "for arms. Two men in whose houses were still guns have been locked up."

"Hear the Germans shouting!" said Marguerite.

"They shout far into the night," said Jules. "They are happy. They drink."

"The red blood of Alsace," said Marguerite.

Armand grinned, behind her back. "The wine of the cellar," he said.

They sat listening in silence to the songs and bursts of merriment. The silent stars glittered above.

It was late before the noise subsided. It was early when the bustle began again.

The garden was immediately invaded. Orders came which the gardener could not resist. Greenery and floral decorations were required in abundance. "They will go, but they will leave us a ruin," swore Armand.

Worse and worse as the afternoon wore on. Statues of nymphs stood here and there in the French garden. Armand had to look on whilst great laughing sons of the Fatherland hauled them away. The marble ladies were ignominiously dragged to the other side, in the shrubbery, and disappeared behind a hoarding. "*Verboten!*"

The general, superintending everything, stopped, as he had sometimes done before, for a moment's talk with the quietly working Jules.

"I am going to leave," he said, "in a day or two. Now, bethink you! Make me something pretty, as a memento of Féry."

Jules looked up. "I would rather not," he said. "Please!"

"As a present to my daughter. Come, they tell me you make something out of nothing! The maire showed me a carved cherry-stone in silver on his chain."

"I would rather not," explained Jules in much agitation. "I could not think of anything good. It would not do."

"An artist's humor?" said the general haughtily. "Very well, I shall not ask you again."

The gardener appeared at the window. "Monsieur le Général," he said with angry servility. "The statues?"

"Ah, the statues? You will see. A little surprise to-night. A glorification of Germany. In your brother's line. I too am an artist." The general clanked away. "'S death," said, this time, both the brothers.

Marguerite spoiled it by a long *kyrielle* of imprecation, adjuration, and reproach. According to her, apparently, God could easily have saved France by ten men of Féry-le-Coultinois; only the ten men failed him.

"One maid of Lorraine was enough," said Jules, half to himself. "But, of course, she was a maid." Marguerite did not listen.

A dead weight was on the place, in spite of all the commotion, in the sultry summer heat. The prince, a serene highness, arrived with his suite and more soldiers. Every barn for miles round was packed. As night fell, a glorious June night, myriads of lights awoke all over the château and its gardens. Tables were set out

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Painted by André Castaigne.

On a pedestal of rock rose a female figure—a statue—with two smaller at her feet.—Page 308.

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under the flags and illuminations for a couple of hundred officers. Everything was requisitioned to meet the inevitable demand. The house could be put right again, but the gardens — flowers, fruit, lawns, designs—were a wreck. "It is for this thou didst sacrifice thy foot!" wept Marguerite. She turned madly on Jules. "Go, coward, and kill them!" she cried.

"I go to see the illuminations," answered Jules. "Come ye too." And they did.

There were banners and colored lamps in abundance about the terrace where the great people sat. There was much popping of champagne corks and, toward the end, louder revelry than had ever been before. The servants of the estate gathered by the shrubbery. "The place is ruined: let us save what we can!" said Armand, the head gardener, picking up a bit of marble, the chipped nose—an unfortunate mishap!—of a nymph.

A rocket rose into the pale night; then a sheaf of them—the fireworks began. The military music broke into "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz!"—the whole brilliant company clashed to its feet. The tumult of its triumph roared on high.

Hoch! A fierce search-light, a blazing white bar, tore from the height of the château straight down into the black heart of the shrubbery opposite, piercing its laurelled alley and calling forth into sudden day its further end. The hoarding was down; the trophy stood out.

On a pedestal of rock rose a female figure—a statue—with two smaller at her feet. These two smaller wore the headdress, universally recognizable, of Alsace, the wide bow, and Lorraine, the full cap. From the shoulders of the central goddess a protecting mantle swept broadly round the lesser nymphs at her base. But the mantle which half an hour ago had been the banner of the brand-new empire had somehow changed into the tricolor, and the helmet of Germania had given way to the cap of the no less brand-new republic. Also,—most noticeable!—the date which glittered huge in gilt letters at the foot had become prophetic, 1881.

In the horrid lull, after the fanfares and the hurrahs, his Serene Highness said very loud: "How now?" "*Ei, was?*" is what his Serene Highness said in his own tongue.

"Yes, the thing has gone wrong," replied the general quietly—a gentleman, Baron von Krell. He called an orderly, bade them turn off the light, strike up music, and bring the brothers Gadraux. "These men must be punished," he said, hoarse with vexation. "The thing is too public. We can not let it pass."

His Serene Highness, a connection and friend of the Emperor, bit his lip under his big mustache.

"Which of you has done this?" demanded the general. Two soldiers had thrust forward Armand.

"I!" said the gardener. He had drunk; he was in his most quarrelsome and boastful mood. His fist closed over the chipped nose in his pocket.

"You? Where is your brother?" continued the general, sceptically. "I doubt your wit and your courage," he added, with a sneer.

"I!" answered the new hero, tapping his breast.

"Really? Perhaps it was also you who murdered the lieutenant?"

"It was I! I am proud of it!" cried Armand.

The wife pressed forward. "Excellency, it is a lie! I can prove it!"

"The man is drunk," said the prince.

The general lost his temper. "That is a pity. We shall have to wait till to-morrow to hang him."

The general's secretary leaned forward. "We are leaving in a day or two. As he has confessed—even if he didn't fire the shot—it would be just as well to hang somebody."

"Humph!" said the general. At that moment two more soldiers brought Jules. The general seized gladly at a diversion.

"Ha, this is the man I was telling your highness of. You saw the mayor's breloque, the carved cherry-stone, and the inkstand, the speckled duck's egg, in your bedroom. He is an artist—he makes something out of nothing."

"A republic of an empire," said the prince.

"No, that, as we heard, was his brother. Here, you, what's your name, your brother has confessed to various crimes. To-morrow morning he will be hanged."

"Excellency!" shrieked the man's wife.

"Excellency, you will wait! To-morrow he will be different," implored Jules.

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He looked round at all the faces flushed with wine.

"I will give you a faint chance of saving him. Mind, I know what I say. You would not make anything for me: I said I should not ask you again; but you must fashion something beautiful—quite beautiful—for his highness here. The most beautiful thing you ever made, or your brother dies!"

"We know you are inventive," said his highness slowly.

The general pushed across a silver spoon from his plate. "You can have that to make it out of."

"And that," said the prince, drawing a long white hair from his mustache.

"Take him away. The prince leaves to-morrow at ten."

It was near midnight. The three were locked into their cottage, the woman loudly lamenting. Jules sat in his little workshop, a German soldier at his door.

Jules Gadraux strove to realize his situation. He did not find the task easy. In a foreign invasion native life has a greatly lessened value: a citizen lies dead before he dreamed it, just because he got in a conqueror's way. It is all very well to say now that the thing wasn't so serious; it might be very serious indeed. There could be no use in confessing to the insolent change of the group which, of course, was entirely his idea; Armand's exculpation required the betrayal of Pierre. Nothing seemed left but to wait and work. All night he toyed with his tools. In vain. He could think of nothing. Nothing good enough. Once or twice he started an idea and abandoned it, his hands hopeless in his lap. The woman's occasional sobbing disturbed him. And the presence of the unwilling sentry before the door.

"They will hang him," the sergeant had declared in broken French. "As an example. Serve him right."

"The scoundrels! The murderers! The robbers!" It was as if his sister-in-law's spirit, deserting her, had entered into Jules.

"God!—for an idea!" said, between his teeth, the mild-faced artist. Suddenly it came to him, the idea: the face lightened in the blaze of the sun. He kicked away the silver spoon they had given him; he snatched at a trifle or two lying around him. The idea had come with fresh sight of the Napoleonic emblem he had been gazing at, till blinded with tears he no longer beheld it. The dream of days when France was great and victorious. He had dashed away the tears. He held the little silver eagle in his hand.

"Ready?" He looked up from his feverish exertion: the sweat stood out on his brow. "In a moment! One moment!" he said. They hurried him. "The prince was breakfasting on the terrace. The prince was leaving at ten!" "One moment!" he pleaded. "Ready!" He stood before the uniformed Prussians—his highness, the general—by the coffee-table, white and silver, on the shining terrace, in the brilliant morn.

He looked round in vain for his brother. The guard fell back. He stood alone.

"We know who shot the lieutenant," said the general. "He has written. He has escaped."

Jules made no reply.

"Are you glad—say?"

"It was not right to shoot, but he had his reasons," said Jules, red.

"And we know who insulted us last night."

"If you know, you can punish," said Jules, white.

"I can punish, and I can pardon," replied the general, in the best of spirits, for the prince had brought him the good tidings of his immediate recall.

The prince finished his coffee.

"You can earn your own pardon," said the general. "It is in your hand. What have you brought?"

Jules laid the trinket on the table—on the white cloth, under the glittering sky.

The little eagle wore the Germanic fortress-crown; in its beak it held the white hair of the Teuton mustache; from one end of that hair hung the small shield of Alsatia, from the other end the small shield of Lorraine.

Jules Gadraux stood very still. The prince looked at the general; the general looked at the prince. Both looked straight out at Jules Gadraux. Then both burst into laughter that rolled out to the laughing landscape as only honest laughter can.

"You are a brave man," said Von Krell, "and you are a dreamer. Brave deeds find their reward. And dreams seldom come true."

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ANNA LIPINSKY'S STAR FLAG

By Barry Benefield

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

FROM the kitchen behind the tailor-shop Anna Lipinsky heard, and recognized the meaning of, the huge thick buzzing, as of a million bees, out in Kishinev's streets; and then there came to her the sound of battering on doors, of smashing windows, and of screams. Running forward into the shop, she saw her widowed son dragging Levi in from the sidewalk. Picking up the baby, she ran back to the kitchen and hid him in a cupboard. Then she hurried out again to implore Isaiah to stay indoors and not to fight the rioting Russian mob; the shop was empty.

The next morning some neighbors brought in her big son's body, the skull gaping red beneath the black hair. Two months later the little old woman and Levi, with many other fugitives from Kishinev, were in the steerage of a transatlantic liner bound for New York, where her nephew Amos lived. With his letter sending her passage money he had included a post-card showing the American flag, which she was already beginning to worship.

As the liner, one night, moved into the harbor with a slowness Anna Lipinsky felt was designedly reverential, a curtain of fog lifted suddenly from between the ship and her city of asylum—a god's gigantic handful of glittering stars. She suspected that this was but the starred corner of a tremendous flag, the rest of which would come clear with the morning's light. In her arms she raised Levi to see it the better, and when he held out his hands to it, she turned him quickly against her flat breast and kissed him.

"How is it, Mrs. Lipinsky," asked another woman in Yiddish, "that you laugh with your mouth, and cry with your eyes?"

The next morning she and Levi were at Ellis Island. On buildings, on little boats and big ships in the harbor, she saw, with glad confidence, that same flag of stars and of red, white, and blue. Amos had written of safety and freedom and justice here; she had faith that what he had promised was all true, that somehow they all came from this ever-present flag, that nothing opposed to them could thrive under its three colors of wrath and mercy and hope.

Amos was at Ellis Island to stand sponsor for her and Levi, so that presently they were on one of those tiny ferry-boats that transport so many thousands every year across to the immigrants' heaven. But Anna Lipinsky was certain in her own mind that her passage through to New York had been so smooth because she had shown to every official standing in her path the post-card of the glowing flag.

Her nephew having a large family of his own, she and Levi, after a few weeks, were set up in an Orchard Street home of one room and a kitchen. The factory in which Amos worked as a cutter of men's garments gave her vests to stitch, a tall pile, twice a week, which she carried on her back from West Twenty-eighth Street to be sewed at home on a rented machine. Though he was only two, Levi received his first lessons in pulling out basting-threads.

In the neighborhood all about Anna Lipinsky were people speaking her language, eating her own kind of food, thinking her own kind of thoughts. Here it was safe to live, easy to live, good to live, and she sang even louder than the machine rattled. Sticking out of her one street window, waving over the multitudes that passed daily beneath it, was a flag of stars and stripes, her flag now, surely stronger than any hated Russian ikon; her flag, mystic emblem of marvellous power to which everything splendid here was due, even the goodness and prosperity of Amos.

When Levi was five he was stricken with the measles. A doctor came, then a nurse,

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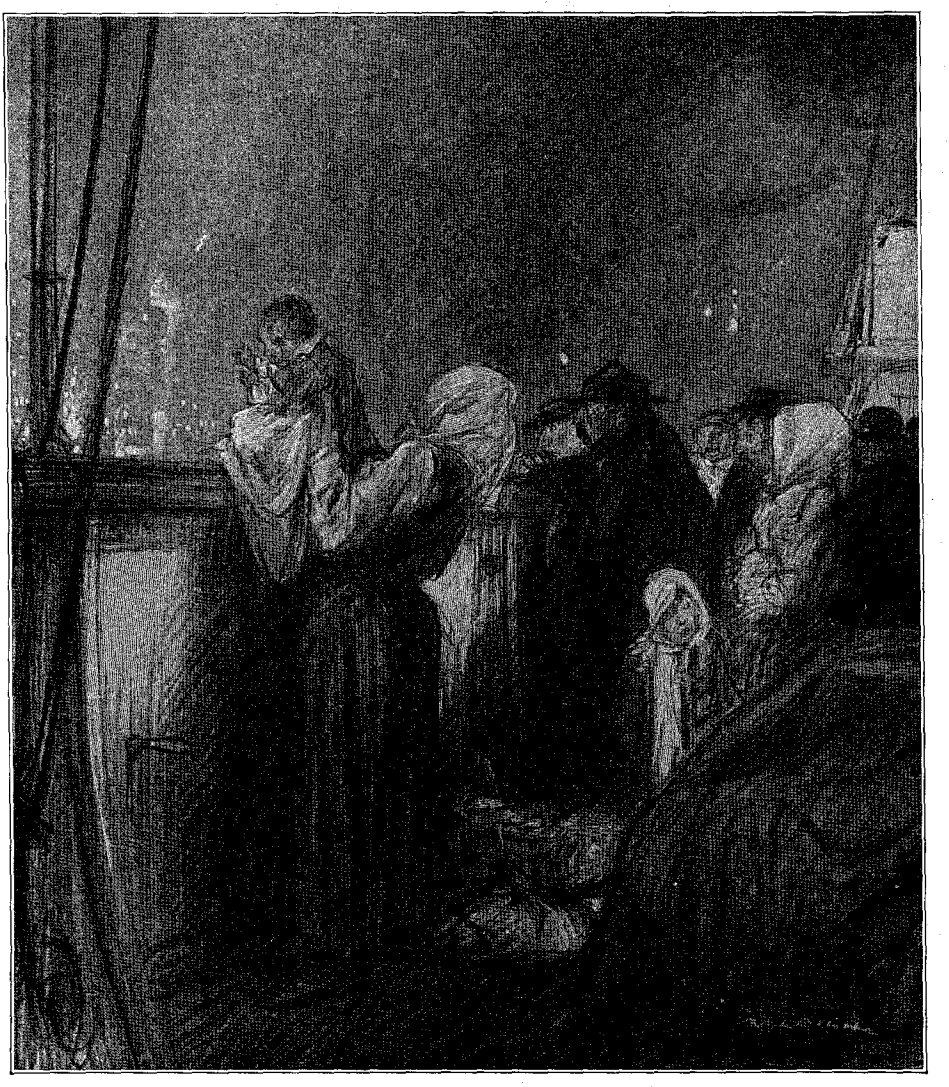
both speaking her tongue. The case being too far advanced for removal to a hospital, the Lipinsky home was quarantined. It was not necessary to warn the grandmother not to go outside; only an overpowering force could have dragged her from Levi's bedside. She recognized this disease. In Russia it killed many children. Levi was getting thin and weak, his waxy white skin was all spotted red, his black eyes looked at her too big. Anna Lipinsky was filled with dread.

Though the nurse and the doctor, on their visits, were cheerful as well as tender, yet she told herself that they were really as frightened as she; for her sake they were acting. She loved them for it, but something must be done *more* than they could do. What that was came suddenly to her one midnight; and the nurse and the doctor, on their next day's trip, found lying across the sick boy the flag that had hung from the window; nor would the ferocious little woman suffer it to be re-



In her arms she raised Levi to see it the better.—Page 310.

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moved. Anna Lipinsky was grateful to them for their kind intentions, but there was no doubt in her mind as to what power she owed her deliverance from a hideous terror when Levi was well again.

Nothing happened to dim her faith; much happened to verify it; nothing could have increased it. That flag of white stars—she liked most to think of the stars in it—could even transform soldiers. She remembered the soldiers of Kishinev.

She had, on her arrival, judged the police to be a kind of soldiery. On her early trips to and from West Twenty-eighth Street, with piles of stitched and unstitched vests, she had taken desperate pains to walk widely around any policeman she passed, turning her head away from him, lest he think her staring, and be offended, and kick and curse at her. Then one shrieking day in January, as she attempted a detour through a crowd around a traffic squad policeman at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, the wind from around the Flatiron Building gave her a twist, her feet slipped in the snowy slush, and the little old woman was down, two lines of vehicles rushing at her.

Afterward she never could tell Amos and her Orchard Street neighbors just what happened, but in a moment she was raised up, and saw that she and the policeman were alone there in the middle of the street, the two lines of traffic stilled by his uplifted hand. He helped her across to the curb, gave her bundle into her hands, the traffic roared on. And so soldiers could be like that—if they lived under the flag of stars. Passing them henceforth, she ducked her head rapidly in their direction, smiling with the most exquisite confident amiability.

When Levi was seven, autumn having come with its fervor of opening schools in the East Side, Anna Lipinsky's neighbors said to send him out to learn. Following the lead of Rachel Mishkin, she started for a school three blocks away. There, said Mrs. Mishkin, Levi should learn to read and write, and maybe in time he should "make it to be" a doctor, idol of the East Side, highest-priced of husbands, far ahead of rabbis. Such things had happened. For nothing, not a cent, rushed on Mrs. Mishkin, should they teach Levi all things. Also they should lend him the books to study in. It was hard to believe all this, but Anna Lipinsky had faith that it was true.

They came in sight of a building that Rachel Mishkin said was the school. Around it was a great crowd of clamoring children and many women, struggling to get inside the doors. The little grandmother was overawed by the huge, splendid building. Rachel Mishkin must have made a mistake. Somewhere there might be a building where they gave what she had told of, but not here. Anna Lipinsky had picked up a word that fitted this house—"swell"; much moneys must to be paid if you should to get over inside off of it. She held back on the sidewalk opposite the main entrance, and her friend, caught in the crowd, went on. Levi—already as tall as his grandmother; he was going to be big like his father—pressed her arm and pointed up. Anna Lipinsky, dragging her student, hurled herself across the street and into the contest for entrance. She had no doubts now. Above the building she had seen her flag of white stars.

In time she and Levi found out about the parks, where in the summer there was free music, some of which recalled Russia to her, making her cry deliciously, in a kind of reluctant homesickness. Amos showed them two recreation piers, where, on hot nights when there was no stitching to be done at home, Anna Lipinsky sat on a comfortable bench, now watching Levi playing riotously with other children, now relaxing all her muscles and listening to the water lapping coolly against the bulkheads, or leisurely tracing the course of the golden-eyed boats sliding along and across the river with their hidden bells occasionally tinkling softly. At a free bathhouse on the edge of the river he learned how to swim. At a high, handsome building, called a settlement house, he twisted and sang and laughed on poles and rings and trapeze; insisting at least once a week that his grandmother feel the lump at the upper end of his doubled-up arm, that she might know with what marvellous rapidity his muscle was growing. She reported an increase at every inspection.

For all the great joy that came to Anna Lipinsky she credited the flag of white

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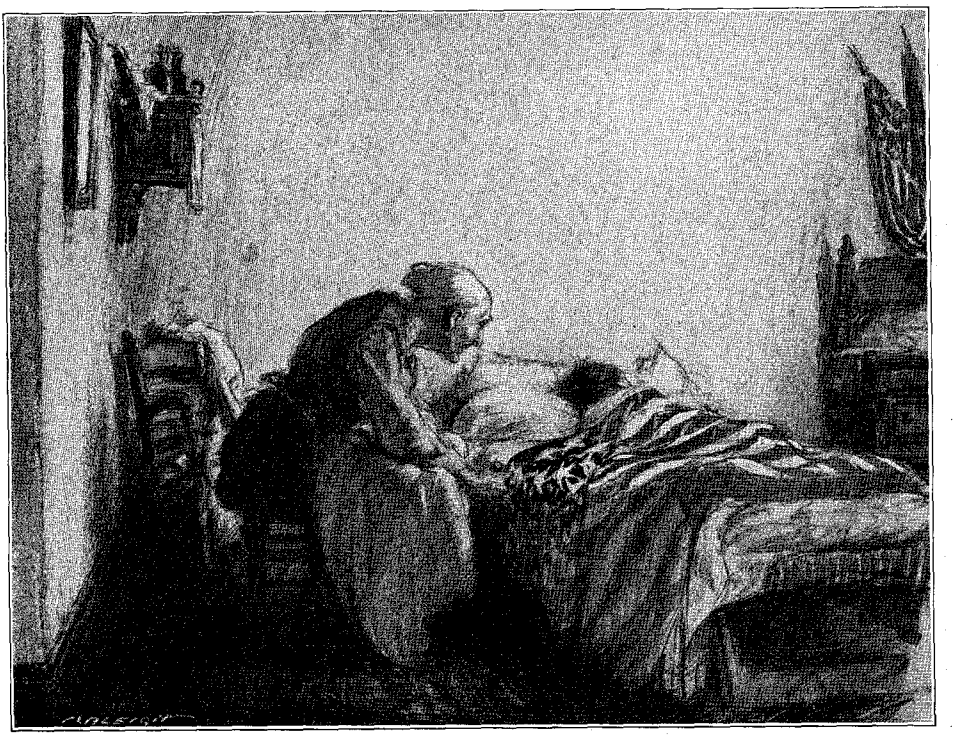
stars that flew everywhere. She was so grateful that it often made her cry to think of the debt she owed. It was at first heavy on her heart that she saw no way to pay; she would not have considered worship payment even if she had known that she was worshipping. But since all things seemed possible here, it might be that sometime she and Levi could pay their debt to

cluded among her Russian and Yiddish songs to him this one:

"Pitty keck, pitty keck, baker min,
So I will pit it as fas' as I kin,
Roll it an' roll it an' mark it mit T,
An'——"

The last words had escaped her by the time she had reached home, and she



Something must be done *more* than they could do. What that was came suddenly to her one midnight. —Page 311.

the white stars. Then her faith extended so far as that, and she worried no more.

From the beginning she thought it only fair that she fit herself as best she could for New York, which she believed to be all of America. She was glad that the new language was hard for her to learn; learning it, therefore, she could serve the flag more. Once, passing up Fourth Avenue, she had seen a woman she was sure was an American, sitting on a basement step singing to a baby. She had waited nearby to catch some of it; and after that, so long as Levi could by any stretch of imagination be considered a baby, she had in-

never did hear that dear lost line sung again.

Whenever she could afford it Anna Lipinsky bought a new flag. The one hanging from the second-floor window had to be replaced at least once a year at whatever cost, though it always hurt her to throw away the old one, no matter how much the wind and rain had soiled and tattered it. After eight or nine years the walls of the one living-room were covered with flags, woven into patterns of squares and circles and gorgeous diamonds. On the iron spike holding the thread on her machine she tied a tiny silk flag, that she

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might have her colors ever before her as she worked.

Sometimes, going to and from Twenty-eighth Street, she encountered one of those many parades that pass annually along Fifth Avenue, always carrying at or near the front of it, whether as a matter of loyalty or of convention, Anna Lipinsky's flag of blessings. Whenever that happened, however hard-pressed she was for time, she got back into the safety of a doorway, set down her bundle, and bowing her white-clothed head, repeated the synagogue prayer that sounded most reverential to her; and then stood watching the worshipped colors until her old eyes could see them no more.

When Levi was twenty-one his grandmother was, as nearly as she could remember, sixty-five. Still she was stitching garments in the Orchard Street room, though for the sake of variety she now gave herself to coats instead of vests. Partly through the aid of Amos, who had risen to be a floor foreman in the garment factory, partly through the aid of a man at the settlement house, and somewhat with the help of money he earned himself in the vacation months, Levi had entered and got half-way through a medical school; and Anna Lipinsky's days at the machine would be over in two more years, he told her, for then he would be a doctor. There would be other changes for her, too, when he should finally be done with school. Anna Lipinsky loved him for his threats of how he would tear her from the machine, of how he meant to move to another home of four or five rooms, forgetting to take along the machine, even if she did own it now; but she always shook her head, smiling.

"Na, na, my king, I tell you so sooner I shall get a tire on," she promised. "So sooner I shall see a *little* painfulness by muskles off of legs an' arms, I stop. But my meskine is old friends by me, Levi. Should it be that we leave behind old friends so sooner we shall move to swell houses? Also, she shall to keep me comp'ny the whiles you shall go doctorin' by the far blocks; the whiles, also, my diamond one, you shall go lookin' fer some swithearts. Na, na, Levi, it shall not be that we leave behind one old friends."

Meanwhile Anna Lipinsky went on with her work. Beneath the prescribed wig of her religion her thin hair was white; the gray and brown coloring of her eyes was running together; the wrinkles in her forehead, yellow as leather, were deep and distinct; but her gnarled little hands yet held the cut-out cloth and lining firm and straight beneath the leaping needle, and her feet could keep the treadle whirring, with no single twinge of a painfulness by "muskles off of legs." Still, on Saturdays and Wednesdays, she trotted to Twenty-eighth Street with her pile of finished garments, waiting to collect her pay. Until he was sixteen, and when school did not interfere, she had Levi to carry the bundles; after that she would not suffer him to demean his grand figure by carrying a pack through the streets, if she could help it. Often she couldn't.

On a Saturday in May, when Levi came home at noon to eat, she vowed that she had already taken her garments to the factory and made her collection, showing him money to prove her fib, lest he search for and find the hidden pack and hurry off with it. The afternoon being holiday for him, she insisted that he go out and walk around, and get a big appetite for Saturday's third meal.

"It is—how you spick it, boy?—spring," she said eagerly. "Flowers come by the air now. Maybe you shall to find some swithearts an' to go look fer flowers. Go."

Having cleared the way, Anna Lipinsky slipped out with her heavy burden of thick coats; for the garment-worker's hands are in winter when her body is in summer. She settled her weekly account, passed a word with Amos, and started back home. At Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street she beamed upon and bowed at the soldier of the crossing.

Anna Lipinsky hesitated in front of the Flatiron Building. There were two clear hours before her. Madison Square Park, across the street, was in its young clean green. Through the trees she could see the fountain spouting silver, banked around with flowered rows of red and white and gold. There were empty benches, too; and she scampered across the street, almost giggling at the frolic in her old legs.

After she had sat a few moments looking around her she saw why the benches were empty. At the other end of the park

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there was some kind of a meeting. There was a platform with men and women on it, surrounded by a growing crowd of people standing on the ground. She judged that the meeting had not begun yet, for she had heard no shouting. She was undecided whether to join the crowd for the thrill of excitement, or to sit still for the thrill of the sun and flowers. After a while, through the lower branches of the trees, her eyes caught a glimpse of a flag's end hanging down from a pole at one side of the platform. She hastened to the meeting.

On the iron spike . . . she tied a tiny silk flag, that she might have her colors ever before her as she worked
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There was a close-packed ring of several hundred people around the platform, and a man had begun talking in a language she did not understand. By standing back a few feet from the edge of the audience she could see the speaker, and also her flag of white stars, a fine big one, hanging there at the side. She gathered from talk near her that this was a strike meeting of some kind, though she understood only vaguely what strikes were. Presently everybody was applauding; she beat her hands together—she was enjoying the thrill of excitement.

A girl with blazing eyes and an hysterical voice spoke in English, out of which Anna Lipinsky was able to get considerable meaning. Then a man poured out a deluge of delightful Yiddish. But the old woman was becoming more and more puzzled; she was having a good time, while almost everybody else was evidently getting angry. Only two or three men in blue, like her soldiers of the crossing, walking around the crowd, were unaffected one way or the other.

People near her said that at the end of the meeting Manheim and Zurov, the anarchists, would say something. The talkers expected stirring things from them; they hoped that the police could not understand their German and Yiddish. Anna Lipinsky waited anxiously to hear the anarchists. She thought she was beginning to see the meaning of the meeting now. It had something to do with plots and protests against the Czar and the Cossacks. Her heart had always been warm toward the anarchists: the Czar and the Cossacks were against the people, the anarchists were against the Czar and the Cossacks. But Manheim and Zurov were far away from home. Then it occurred to her that they were here to enlist the influence of the white stars; she had faith that they could reach across bigger seas than she had traversed.

If the Czar and the Cossacks were making everybody to get a mad on, she would to get a mad on too. The speaking continued, and she hissed and moaned and stamped her feet with the best of them. No one was more furious than she. The soldiers of the crossing were getting uneasy. She wondered why; surely *they* could not be in favor of the Czar and the Cossacks.

Manheim, whom she had not understood, finished, and the audience yelled, "Zurov! Zurov!" A swarthy little man with huge black eyes set in the extreme edges of his face, leaped from a chair and rushed forward. He seized the wabbly speaker's stand with both hands, as if he meant to wrestle to the death with it. He opened his mouth, his passionate Yiddish was music to Anna Lipinsky. She held her breath. His Yiddish was so beautiful that she listened most to the flow of his language, taking little account of the meaning of his words, knowing only that with his marvellous tongue he was stabbing "Little Czars"—"the city's Cossacks"—"hypocrisy"—"injustice"—"slavery."

He pointed at the flag on the pole at the corner of the platform. Anna Lipinsky strained her ears to catch and translate his utmost meaning while he praised that.

"Hypocrisy!" he bellowed, and the crowd hissed. "That dirty rag is the emblem of hypocrisy, the begetter of hypocrisy. It promised us freedom and justice; it gives us injustice and slavery. Its evil influence seems to reach everybody. Your committee plan a meeting in protest of the laws and officers for which it stands, and yet your committee, to fool the police, go to great trouble to let it wave over the speeches denouncing it. Bah!"

Anna Lipinsky was patting at her mouth with her hand. She could not take in the full meaning of all his words, but they were not in praise. She could see that. No, Zurov, Gott blast him and his children, and his children's children—Zurov was attacking her flag. Now and then she reached out her crooked fingers at him in mute menace. She seemed to be smothering. The tears were blinding her eyes. She lifted her apron to dry and clear them.

"Down with the thing!" she heard Zurov shout. When she could see, he had the flag in his hands, rolling it into a wad. He threw it on the floor and began stamping on it.

The crowd was dead silent for a second. Anna Lipinsky screamed and threw herself against the outside edge of it. In a moment it seemed as if hell had broken loose all around her. There were shrieks and hisses and curses and applause, join-

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh.

She seemed to be smothering. The tears were blinding her eyes.—Page 316.

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ing in a hoarse clamor; it was a mob, and she was in the midst of it, fighting forward. The white stars must be raised from the dirt. Everybody else seemed to want to push up closer to the platform; the lines ahead of her stretched tighter.

Now and then she stopped in sheer exhaustion. Above the hideous din she could hear the voice of Zurov bellowing. Gott! Shall no mans to choke him! Her fingers closed around an imaginary throat. It flashed upon her that there was more room between legs than between bodies, so bending low she went nuzzling her white-clothed head through the tangle of moving legs.

A knee struck her temple, she straightened up to save herself from the trampling feet. She was dazed, bruised, breathless; it seemed that she could go no farther forward. She looked to see if the flag had been lifted. She did not see it. Zurov was still talking. She went down and scrambled forward again.

The nearer she got to the platform, the harder it was to move forward. There was some struggle going on up in front of her, which was swaying the packed mob heavily on its multitude of legs. Suddenly Anna Lipinsky felt herself dizzy, she was going to fall; she caught hold of a man's legs for support. Reaching down, he seized her and flung her back.

"Damn you!" he howled, in the frantic fury of panic. "What are *you* up to, you old devil?"

He had lifted her from the earth. The jam into which he had hurled her was too dense to permit her feet to touch the ground. Her arms were pinioned against her sides. She floated helplessly on a wave of the mob, her head bare of cloth and wig, her white hair straggling over her forehead. Groaning, she struggled with the final strength of desperation; she could not free herself. And the flag was still down. The feet trampling it were on her heart.

Up near the platform the fighting she had felt was going on more fiercely. From her elevated position she measured the terrible distance yet for her to go. Screaming "Dog!" indiscriminately at the mob around her, she tried to throw herself forward and free. A sidewise movement of the men before and behind her twisted her around as if she were between two rollers. Now she could not even see the platform. She believed that her legs were breaking under the pressure.

Then she was twisted around once again, face forward. A man was climbing on the platform, snatched at by a dozen hands. But he was going forward. She could see his back. He was standing up now. He was surrounded. He was fighting. Zurov went down. Then three more. Through the mess of men she saw the flash of white and red and blue. She saw two hands holding the flag against the pole, fumbling to tie it. The hands came down; the flag was firm. She saw the white stars. Anna Lipinsky screamed, and around her there rose a tremendous "Hurrah!" She beat her hands against the back of a man in front of her, and cried through her tears, "So, Gott, so!"

"The police!" somebody was shouting. The crushing pressure against her weakened. The edge of the mob was breaking up, men were leaping down from the platform. The rush carried her into the middle of the park, leaving her there on her own legs. She could not stand; she staggered to a bench.

She would wait awhile, anyhow, and watch. Somebody else might try to pull down the flag. Presently there was no one near it except six or seven blue soldiers of the crossing. It was safe with them. She walked, slowly, unsteadily, up to the platform to get a good view of the flag before going home. She could see that the stamping feet had soiled, had torn it. But it had been raised, and then they all had shouted "Hurrah!" Down, they hissed it; lifted, they applauded it. She wished that it had been she that had served it. But a man did make it to rise; Gott, a mans did make it to rise off of dirty feets.

Anna Lipinsky started home, stopping often to rest. She did not notice her bare head and aching body. She felt guilty. She wished *she* could have served the white stars. She did not know until that night that the man who had lifted the flag was Levi.

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THE ROMANTIC FOUNDING OF WASHINGTON

By Thomas Nelson Page

FROM Babel down a certain romance appears to attach to the rising of capitals.

On through the years in which, to the music of Apollo's lute, great 'Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers"; on through those when Dido encircled the Bursa with the Bull's Hide; and those in which Rome sprang on her Seven Hills above the She-wolf's Den—down to the founding of Washington, hovers something of this romance.

The capitals of most countries are the especial pride of their people. It is not so with us—at least, it has not been so in the past. Happily, it appears as though this condition were changing. It has, indeed, ever appeared to me strange that Americans know so little of and care so little for the capital of their own country. Nature, prodigal of gracious slope and curve and tone, has endowed it with perhaps more charm than any other national capital—at least, than any large European capital, and its founders laid it off on a generous plan which has left the opportunity of furthering what Nature presented in a way to appeal to the pride of our people. Yet how large a proportion of Americans turn their eyes and their steps, not toward its majestic buildings, but to some foreign capital with its gaudy shops and commercial allurements, returning with an alien's ideas on many subjects and boasting of beauties which are not comparable to those of our own Capital City.

Not long since, in a club in our chief commercial city, a group of gentlemen were discussing foreign cities with the familiarity of regular habitués, and a provincial visitor from a small territory on the banks of the Potomac suggested that in the spring at least Washington might vie with any capital that he had ever seen.

"I have never been to Washington," said a member of the club who was an annual visitor to nearly every European capital and had, indeed, a familiarity with them second only to his familiarity with his native city.

"You mean that you have never visited Washington?"

"No! I have passed through Washington frequently, going back and forth to Florida, or some other Southern winter resort; but I have never spent an hour there."

"Come with me to-night, man, and see the most beautiful city in the world!" exclaimed his guest, gathering courage.

But he did not come.

Washington—with its noble buildings; its charming parks; its sunlit stretches and shady avenues; its majestic monument—the most majestic on earth—now bathed in the sunshine, now reflecting the moonlight, now towering amid the clouds—meant nothing to him. Washington, with its charming society, its cosmopolitan flavor, its interesting circles, social, political, scientific, artistic, diplomatic, meant nothing to him. Why was it?

"I have never been able to read a history of the United States," said one not long since. "It is so dull." Is this the answer? Has the history of Washington been too dull to interest our people? "Happy that people whose annals are dull!"

Washington has a unique life; though how long it will remain so no one can tell. Fresh with the beauty of youth, situated at the pleasant mean between the extremes of heat and cold, possessing a climate which throughout the greater portion of the year admits of the only proper life—life in the open air—with sunshine as sparkling and skies as blue as Italy's, it presents to those who wish them political, scientific, and social life, and soon it will offer a literary and artistic life, which, second to none in the New World, may possibly, in no long time, be equal to that of any in the whole world. In Washing-

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ton one may, according to taste, hear discussed the most advanced theories of science in every field, the political news of every country; and enjoy a society as simple, cultured, and refined—or, if one prefers it, as pretentious, as empty and diverting—as in any capital of the globe.

It has a social life, if not as brilliant, at least as agreeable, as that of any other national capital.

Commerce, we are assured by those interested in it, covers as wide, if not as extensive a field, as in any other metropolis, and we are promised soon an increase of manufacture, so that those who love it need not despair of having in time substituted for our present pure and uncontaminated air as filthy an atmosphere as that of the greatest manufacturing city in the country. As to the spirit which produces this, we already have this in abundance.

In fact, Washington naturally demands consideration from every standpoint. Historically, politically, and socially it is a field for the investigator, the student, the lounger. And he will be hard to please who can not find in its various and diverse activities as many varied objects of pursuit as he will find in the varied scenes amid its elegant avenues, lined with trees of every kind and variety.

Crossing the Potomac in a railway train not long ago, as it reached the Washington side with its broad, green park along the river bathed in the sunshine, with the White House beyond on one side, and the noble dome of the Capitol on the other, while above the whole towered the great shaft of Washington, a splendid bar of snow-white marble reaching to the heavens, a traveller exclaimed to the strangers about him, "What a wonderful city this will be fifty years from now! Think what the people who will come here then will see."

"What a wonderful city it is now!" exclaimed another. "Think what we see. You may travel the world over and see nothing like this. More splendid cities, perhaps, but none so beautiful and so charming."

And he was right. Fifty years ago travellers from abroad returned home with lurid accounts of slave-auctions and highwaymen; with impressions of mud-holes and squalor and mediæval barbarism. Travellers from all over the world go home to-day with impressions of a Capital City set in a park; still unfinished, yet endowed by nature with beauties which centuries of care would not equal, and beginning to show the greatness which, designed by the founders of its plan, has, though often retarded by folly, been promoted from time to time by the far-sightedness of some of the great statesmen and by the genius of some of the great artists of our generation. Yet even fifty years ago the place must have had a beauty of its own, a beauty of trees and gracious slopes, which must have appealed to those who, unlike Mammon, were willing to lift their eyes from the pavements to the skies.

The Capitol and the White House, the Treasury and the old Patent Office, stood then as now gleaming in the sunshine, with their beautiful proportions speaking of the genius of a race of architect-artists whose successors had not yet appeared; the gracious mansions lying in the part of the city to the southwest of the White House and crowning the heights of Georgetown, amid their noble groves, must already have given Washington a charm which made it worthy to be the capital of the nation; while below, the Potomac, on its course to the sea, as though resting from the turmoil of its rapids, spread in a silvery lake which has no counterpart in the precincts of any capital of the world.

In the early summer of 1783 the Continental Congress sat in the city of Philadelphia, happy in the belief that the war was over; that America was free; that a new government based upon representation of the people had been established, as they believed for all time, and that peace had come to spread its beneficent blessings on the land they had made so many sacrifices for. Their presence in Philadelphia was a satisfactory proof of their triumph; for out of that city in which the Liberty Bell had first rung its peal of joy at the Declaration of Freedom they had been hunted by the British, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the traitors, and for a period, little more than fugitives, had been fain to hold their sessions wherever they could assemble beyond the

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danger of British bayonets and possibly British halters.

In April, 1783, while the temper of the troops was in a state of exasperation, a seditious hand-bill was distributed among those quartered at Newburgh, setting forth their wrongs in vivid terms and calling on them to assert their rights. So threatening became the situation that Washington felt himself called on to address the troops and hotly repudiate the idea that a soldier could have written so inflammatory and unsoldierly a paper.

The author, however, was a soldier, Major John Armstrong, who later took much pride in his achievement. But the storm passed at the time, and the troops returned to their duty, and Washington continued his labors on their behalf.

The existence of the army without pay, and without prospect of pay, was such as to cause grave embarrassment to the country. Provisional articles of peace had been adopted, but a definitive treaty had not yet been signed, and the question was raised whether the army should be disbanded, or whether the commander-in-chief should be authorized to grant furloughs to the men enlisted to serve during the war. On the 26th of May, 1783, the latter course was determined on by Congress; but the situation was an unhappy one. Mr. Madison, in writing to a friend, said: "Without money there is some reason to surmise that it may be as difficult to disband an army as it has been to raise one."*

Little came of it at the moment, for the people thought that the war was over and had plunged into politics—the struggle had begun between the States and the Federal Government. Most of the veterans had gone home with only their furloughs to show for their service, and their places had been supplied in part by the new Pennsylvania levies. Such was the situation when, the war having ceased, the Congress in Philadelphia, having sent out a notification of the cessation of hostilities, set about preparing for peace. It all had to do with the history of Washington city; for the location of the capital there was in some sort due to a mutiny.

The Congress had already begun to discuss the advisability of establishing for themselves a permanent place of residence. The States of Maryland and New York, in contemplation of this, had passed acts offering to cede respectively to Congress, for its permanent residence, the city of Annapolis and the town of Kingston. And on the 4th of June, Congress had entered an order setting the fourth Monday in October for the consideration of these offers, and so notified the executives of New York and Maryland. Philadelphia was not behindhand with her claims and inducements. Surely they must have thought that peace had come to abide. From this dream they were rudely awakened.

One pleasant summer morning (June 17), a letter was received by Congress from Colonel R. Butler, stationed at Lancaster, Pa., stating that a detachment of about eighty mutineers had broken bounds and were marching on Philadelphia to arouse the troops in the barracks there and demand their pay at the hands of Congress. This was serious, for the troops in the barracks at Philadelphia needed no arousing—they were already on the verge of mutiny, and had a few days before, on the 13th of June, addressed, through a board of non-commissioned officers, an insolent letter to the Congress, setting forth their claims and demanding a satisfactory answer in the course of the day, with a threat otherwise of taking measures to right themselves. Still, that the situation could be handled readily no one doubted.

On June 21 the Lancaster mutineers, with their numbers augmented by those from the Philadelphia barracks, "presented themselves drawn up in the street before the State House where Congress was assembled."

Mr. Madison, in his diary of the proceedings of Congress, has given an account of the occurrence. He says: "The Executive Council of the State, sitting under the same roof, was called on for the proper interposition. President Dickinson came in and explained the difficulty under actual circumstances of bringing out the militia of the place for the suppression of the mutiny. He thought that, without some outrages on persons or property, the militia could not be relied on. General St. Clair, then in Philadelphia,

* Rives's "Life and Times of Madison," vol. I, p. 480.

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was sent for, and was desired to use his interposition in order to prevail on the troops to return to the barracks. His report gave no encouragement.

"In this posture of things, it was proposed that Congress should adjourn. It was proposed by Mr. Hamilton that General St. Clair, in concert with the Executive Council of the State, should take order for terminating the mutiny. Mr. Reed moved that the general should endeavor to withdraw the troops by assuring them of the disposition of the Congress to do them justice.

"It was finally agreed that the Congress should remain until the usual hour of adjournment, but without taking any step in relation to the alleged grievances of the soldiers, or any other business whatever. In the meantime the soldiers remained in their positions without offering any violence; individuals only occasionally offering offensive words, and wantonly pointing their muskets to the windows of the Hall of Congress. No danger from premeditated violence was expected; but it was observed that spiritous drink, from the tippling houses adjoining, began to be liberally served out to the soldiers, and might lead to hasty excesses. None were committed, however; and about three o'clock, the usual hour, Congress adjourned—the soldiers (though in some instances offering a mock resistance) permitting the members to pass through their ranks. They soon afterwards retired to the barracks."*

In the evening of the same day the Congress reassembled in their hall and passed resolutions expressive of their sense of the "gross insult which had been offered to the authority of the United States."

It was not until the 24th that Washington, who was at Newburgh, received the letter of the president of Congress, communicating to him the situation. He took immediate action and replied to it as follows:

"It was not until three o'clock this afternoon that I had the first information of the infamous and outrageous mutiny of a part of the Pennsylvania troops. It was then that I received your Excellency's letter of the 21st by your express; and, agreeably to your request contained in it, I instantly ordered out three regiments of infantry and a detachment of artillery to be put in motion as soon as possible. This corps, which you will observe by the return is a large proportion of our whole corps, will consist of 1,500 effectives. As all the troops which composed this gallant little army, as well those who are furloughed as those who remain in service, are men of fidelity, I could not have occasion to make any choice of the corps.

"While I suffer most poignant distress in observing that a handful of men, contemptible in numbers, and equally so in point of service (if the veteran troops from the southward have not been seduced by their example), and who are not worthy to be called soldiers, should disgrace themselves and their country, as the Pennsylvania mutineers have done, by insulting the sovereign authority of the United States, and that of their own, I feel an inexpressible satisfaction that their behaviour cannot stain the name of American soldiery. . . . For when we consider that these Pennsylvania levies, who have now mutinied, are recruits and soldiers of a day, who have not borne the heat and burden of the War, and who have, in reality, very few hardships to complain of; and when we, at the same time, recollect those soldiers who have lately been furloughed from this Army are the veterans who have patiently borne the hunger, nakedness, and cold; who have suffered and bled without a murmur, and who, with perfect good order have retired to their homes without a settlement of their accounts, or a farthing of money in their pockets; we shall be as much astonished at the virtues of the latter, as we are struck with the horror and detestation at the proceedings of the former; and every candid mind, without indulging ill-grounded prejudices, will undoubtedly make the proper discrimination."

The Congress, on the summons of the president, met at Princeton on the 30th of June, and on the following day, on a report of a committee consisting of Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Ellsworth, and Mr. Bland,

* This simple record gives little idea of the anxiety which must have filled the breasts of the members of Congress during those long hours, while they watched the mutineers below their windows.

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to whom was referred a motion of Mr. Hamilton, resolved that Major-General Howe, who had been placed in command of the detachment of fifteen hundred men sent by Washington for the suppression of the disorders in Philadelphia, should be directed to march "into Pennsylvania with such part of his force as he should deem necessary to put an effectual end to the late mutiny and to apprehend and bring to trial all such persons belonging to the former as had been principally active in it."

This service was promptly and satisfactorily performed. The mutineers immediately submitted. Two of the sergeants were tried by court martial and condemned to death; but it appearing that they had been seduced by two of their subaltern officers of very bad character, who had made their escape on the approach of General Howe's detachment, they were pardoned by Congress.*

In consequence of the conditions which had forced them to abandon Philadelphia so hastily in June, 1783, Congress determined that they would select a seat of government which would be under their exclusive jurisdiction, and where their authority and protection, instead of being confided to the inefficient or indifferent powers of a municipality or even of a State, should be secured by instrumentalities directly under their own control.

Much discussion relating to the proper location of the seat of government had already taken place, and at least one conclusion had been reached—that its location should be removed from any city or growing town whose importance as a mart of commerce might interfere with the convenience, endanger the safety, or overshadow the dignity of the national capital.

As soon as it was known that the Congress would select a permanent home for the government and build there a capital city, there was what might almost be termed a scramble for the honor of having the capital. Some idea may be had of the rivalry from that which exists to-day whenever a great exposition is proposed, and, although at that time the slowness of diffusing information and the difficulty of travelling confined the movement within narrower bounds than in later years, the spirit was the same, and every effort was made and every artifice was tried which is employed to-day under similar circumstances.

More than twenty places competed for the honor—among them some whose suggestion to-day would appear ridiculous. Up and down the great rivers places that were mere villages put in their claims, and some places that could not even boast a village began to aspire to the honor.

New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were the principal contestants; but were really not in the running. Philadelphia had, of course, lost her chance when she showed herself unable to withstand a mob and protect the Congress; New York, through her refusal of the power to regulate trade in her great port and her laying duties on the exports of her neighbors, had alienated the good will of those by whom the question was to be decided; moreover, the experience on the occasion of the Philadelphia mutiny had satisfied the members that a large city failed to offer the security necessary for the proper exercise of their functions in freedom. Thus, although the cities made tempting offers of public buildings, they were not accepted.* It was, as stated, agreed on all hands that the requisite conditions for the location were—freedom from outside influences, a central position offering convenience or accessibility, and agreeable surroundings; and this principle was readily accepted by all; but as soon as the claims of a special place were urged the utmost opposition broke forth. Every thirty miles of variation meant a day's ride for the members, North or South, and the clash of conflicting interests at times became so bitter that it was suggested that it might disrupt the country. The Virginians, now united, named the banks of the Potomac as the most fitting place, and later, when Baltimore was declined, were backed by Maryland. New York, with strong indorsements from the eastward, proposed an island on the northeastern bank of the Hudson River. But all these were rejected.

So many geographical interests and aspirations were brought into competition

* Rives's "Life and Times of Madison," vol. I, p. 488.

* New York, in 1796, some ten years later, had about 40,000 population; Philadelphia had about 50,000; while Baltimore boasted of 16,000.

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that a very sharp contest quickly arose. The competition, however, at length narrowed down to that between two regions: one, the banks of the Delaware; and the other, the banks of the Potomac.

After the decision in favor of the banks of the Delaware had been made, the representatives of the Eastern and Southern States alike conceived an apprehension that the Middle States would acquire such an influence as would give them the "entire direction of the National concerns." This feeling was directed particularly against Pennsylvania, and with a view to "promote the mutual confidence and affection of the States," Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, proposed a plan for the alternate residence of Congress in two places and moved that "suitable buildings for the accommodation of Congress be erected on the banks of the Potomac near its lower Falls as well as on the banks of the Delaware near its Falls, as had been determined upon by a previous vote."*

This proposition of a dual capital "met the acceptance of Congress," but owing to the practical inconveniences of such an arrangement was never carried out. It was finally rescinded at the end of December, 1784.

Having meanwhile disposed, as they supposed finally, of the question of their permanent residence, the Congress arranged, "in the same spirit of geographical compromise," by providing that, until the buildings to be erected on the banks of the Delaware and the Potomac should be prepared for their reception, their residence should be alternately, at equal periods of not more than one year and not less than six months, in Trenton and Annapolis, and that Congress be adjourned on the fourth day of November to meet at Annapolis on the 26th day of the same month.†

On December 23, after a full debate, Congress passed an ordinance creating a commission to lay out a district on the Delaware River near Lamberton for the Federal city.‡ It was moved to substitute "Georgetown on the Potomac" as the site of the Federal town; but only Virginia appears to have voted for this. On the 8th of February, 1785, the appointment of commissioners to select a site for the Federal town was the order of the day. On the 10th, Philip Schuyler, Dickinson, and Morris were chosen commissioners.

The commissioners were directed to select a tract of land not more than three and not less than two miles square on the banks of the Delaware, purchase it, and there lay out a Federal city.

To meet the expected expenditures of the purchase of the land and the erection of the buildings, the commissioners were empowered to draw upon the board of treasury for $100,000. This does not appear to us a wholly munificent sum, and yet at that time it was assailed, both in pamphlets and in the press, with great bitterness as a piece of extravagance.

This location on the Delaware was, indeed, later so energetically assailed that nothing ever came of it, and it appeared afterward that the commissioners never entered on their duties. There were, as has been said, some men of intelligence, who were wholly sceptical of the chances for success of the American plan of government, and were ready to magnify every difficulty that arose.

By 1787, when the constitutional convention assembled, the idea of a separate seat for the Federal Government had become sufficiently established in the public mind for Madison to move, without opposition, a resolution that among the enumerated powers of Congress should be the right to "exercise exclusively legislative authority at the seat of the general government and over a district not exceeding —— square miles, the consent of the State or States comprising the same having first been obtained." This was presently modified in form to read that "Congress should exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over said district (not to exceed ten miles square) as may by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress become the seat of Government of the United States." On the adoption of this resolution Trenton and Annapolis were both formally offered to the government; and both were promptly declined. Congress had had experience with both and preferred to fly to ills that they knew not of rather than endure the ills they had.

* Rives's "Life and Times of Madison," vol. I, p. 489.
† Rives's "Life and Times of Madison," vol. I, p. 492.
‡ Journals of Congress, December 20–23, 1784.

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The view held by most was that "any city or place where a State government might be fixed" should be excluded.

Maryland and Virginia agreed through their representatives in Congress to cede a district ten miles square, within their borders, which Congress might occupy as a permanent seat of government. Virginia requested the co-operation of Maryland in inducing Congress to accept the grant, and pledged herself to furnish a sum, not to exceed $120,000 for the public buildings necessary, provided Maryland would raise at least two-fifths of that sum. Mr. Monroe, in pursuance of this idea, offered a resolution that Maryland and Virginia should pay for the first public buildings, provided that Georgetown was selected. Pennsylvania and Maryland engaged to guarantee the clear navigation of the Susquehanna, if a district in that region was selected. Delaware and Maryland were to agree to open water communication between the Delaware River and the Chesapeake Bay. On the other hand, New York and Philadelphia offered their public buildings, should the Congress make the selection within their borders, and Baltimore, not to be outdone, opened a subscription for new public buildings as a lure to the Government to come to her. However, none of these drew the prize.

On September 27, 1789, Germantown, Pa., came within an ace of bearing off the palm. That day a motion to place the capital within a district ten miles square at Germantown, Pa., passed both Houses of Congress, and the matter appeared to be settled. The House of Representatives, however, had adopted an amendment to the original bill providing for the continuance of the Pennsylvania laws in force in the district to be ceded to the United States until Congress should otherwise provide. This required the bill to be sent back to the Senate and made it necessary to have recourse to a committee of conference. The session was to be closed in forty-eight hours and before the matter could be arranged the session ended; and when the Congress reconvened the following January, in New York, sufficient opposition had been mustered against the selection as formerly agreed upon to defeat it, and the battle had to be fought all over again.

On the last day of May, in the second session of the First Congress, Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, introduced a bill in the Senate to establish the seat of government on the eastern bank of the Potomac. A select committee to which this bill was referred reported it favorably; but it was rejected by a vote of fifteen to nine. Wilmington and Baltimore were then proposed, but were promptly rejected.

Curiously enough, Germantown, the place which had been formerly decided upon, does not appear to have been even thought of now. That it ever had been decided on was due rather to a coup. That it was now dropped from consideration was due to new forces which had intervened. Chief of these forces was that which eventually led to the location of the seat of government at its present seat, the presence of Thomas Jefferson.

When the second session of the First Congress began, the Federalists were in complete power. To the great name of Washington, with all that it implied, was added the ability of the new secretary of the treasury. The other party, later to to be known as the Republican party, had not yet found a head, but Jefferson was on the way home from France to become the secretary of foreign affairs and the head of this party. The treasury was, under the existing conditions then, possibly the most important department of the government, and Alexander Hamilton immediately began to make his ability and power felt. He planned to assume the debts of the States, amounting to something like $21,000,000, and to fund the whole debt.* He outlined three alternative methods of meeting this debt, which embraced both funding and assumption.

The plan instantly gave a value to paper which had hitherto been considered substantially worthless. Many of the original holders of settlements and certificates had parted with them and they were largely owned and held now by speculators. Madison moved to discriminate between the original holders of settlements and certificates and speculative holders who had bought them for a few cents on the dollar.

* The foreign debt amounted to $11,710,378 and the domestic debt was $42,414,085, with the State debts $21,000,000.

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The battle was long and bitter. Party spirit was engendered and soon arose to a high point. The Northern States were mainly the creditor States and in favor of assumption. The Southern States were opposed to it.

The question of slavery was unexpectedly injected into the contest through a memorial to Congress on the part of the Quakers praying for the abolition of slavery. It emphasized the sectional issue. The funding bill, though not popular, was able to command a majority, but assumption was held to be a matter as purely sectional as the location of the seat of government or the emancipation of slaves. New England and the Middle States, except Pennsylvania, were for the measure; the Southern States opposed it.*

After a discussion of several weeks the Federalists were able to force a report to the House containing a recommendation of assumption. Before it could be acted on, however, the representatives of North Carolina had arrived and a motion to recommit the report was carried by the vote of 29 to 27.

In retaliation, therefore, the funding resolution was also recommitted. On the 12th of April the resolution to assume was thrown out by a strict party vote of 31 to 29.

The Federalists, now firmly banded together, opposed every measure looking toward funding, and threatened the existence of the Union unless the assumption bill should be passed. Pennsylvania now held the balance of power. Of the twelve delegations in Congress, hers alone was divided. Five of her delegates were for assumption and three were against it.

It appears that, in this state of the case, a deal was entered upon whereby the assumption bill was to be voted down with the aid of Pennsylvania and the seat of government was to be removed to Philadelphia for fifteen years and then to be fixed on the banks of the Potomac.

When the bill to remove the seat of government to Philadelphia came up, the plan having become known, the opponents of the measure rallied and Philadelphia was stricken out as the seat of government and Baltimore was substituted by a majority of two. This destroyed the chances of Philadelphia as, by the rules of the House, that city could not again be inserted.

The Pennsylvanians and their friends retaliated by throwing out the alternatives from the funding bill, and offering the creditors simply four per cent and daring the assumptionists to reject.

The assumptionists, the Eastern men, met the challenge and the supply bill was lost.

They further threatened plainly the existence of the Union and declared themselves ready to secede unless the State debts were assumed.

The battle finally resolved itself into a deal between Jefferson and Hamilton, whereby Hamilton agreed to the contention of the Southerners, in consideration of Jefferson's bringing enough votes to his aid to carry through the funding bill for the assumption of the State war debts by the Federal Government.

As the passage of this bill lay at the very foundation of Hamilton's financial system, the adoption of the measure was essential to his success. He had counted on the vote of Pennsylvania; but the Pennsylvanians were, in the first place, sore over the abandonment of Philadelphia, and felt additionally grieved that Germantown, which had so narrowly escaped being the capital, should have failed of the prize. They had not yet abandoned hope; but they were not to be counted on for Hamilton's purposes. In this state of the case Jefferson came on the scene. His account of the deal is interesting. He "landed" the capital city; but it was at a high price and one which might easily have destroyed him. Hamilton by the deal established his power; Jefferson came near sacrificing his.

He always resented, as he says, having been made by Hamilton to "hold the candle for him." He states in his "Ana" that Hamilton got hold of him one evening just after his return from France, when he was ignorant of the situation, and so filled him with apprehension that the very Union was imperilled by the line of cleavage which had been drawn as to the funding bill, between the North and the South, that he induced him to use his

* McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," vol. I, p. 579.

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influence with certain delegates to reconsider their opposition to the funding bill and to vote with Hamilton's party and carry the measure through.

To employ his own words, Hamilton, he says, "painted pathetically the temper into which the legislation had been wrought; the disgust of those who were called the creditor States; the danger of the secession of their members, and the separation of the States." He urged that, though this question was not of Jefferson's department, yet a common duty should make it a common concern; that the President was the centre on which all administrative questions ultimately rested, and that all should rally around him and support with joint efforts measures approved by him, and that, the question having been lost by a small majority only, it was probable that an appeal from Jefferson to the judgment and discretion of some of his friends might effect a change in the vote, and the machine of the government, now suspended, would again be put in operation. "I told him," says Jefferson, "that I was really a stranger to the whole subject; that not having yet informed myself as to the system of finance adopted, I knew not how far this was a necessary sequence; that undoubtedly, if its rejection meant a dissolution of our Union at this incipient stage, I should deem that the most unfortunate of all consequences, to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded. I proposed to him, however, to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinions, to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. I could take no part in it but an exhortatory one, because I was a stranger to the circumstances which should govern it. But it was finally agreed that, whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and the concord of the States was more important, and that therefore the vote of rejection would better be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this pill would be particularly bitter to the Southern States, and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had before been propositions to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac, and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton to carry the other point."*

Hamilton, in pursuance of the agreement, did "carry the other point," and the national capital—the "Federal City," as it was termed, was finally fixed on the north bank of the Potomac.

Whether or not so able and astute a man as Mr. Jefferson could properly avail himself of the excuse of ignorance in such a case may be left to the reader's individual views.

The State of North Carolina came into the Union just in time to cast her five votes for the Potomac site. Even so it was a close graze. The votes stood in the House of Representatives 32 to 29, and in the Senate 14 to 12. It was, as has been suggested, the first illustration of the solid South against the New England States and the Middle States.

The feeling engendered by the contest was long in being appeased. Fisher Ames had declared that the animosities growing out of the question might split the Union, and disappointed members loudly asserted that they would rather not attend the sessions than go so far. Every form of attack was resorted to. Lampooners exhausted their wit on it. The spot on the Potomac was described as a "howling, malarious wilderness," which in fact it was, and for a long time the marshes and frog-ponds of the capital city were the subjects of derision. Yet the decision of Congress, while unpopular for a time, was soon regarded with reasonable indifference by the general public and eventually was acquiesced

*Randolph's "Life of Jefferson," vol. III, pp. 448–9.

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in, with more or less grace, by all but the intractable malcontents. Although from time to time efforts were renewed to reverse the decision and change the location to some place farther north, they always failed.

There were, of course, other considerations than those conveyed in the deal between Hamilton and Jefferson which led to the selection of the Potomac site. But probably the most potent reasons were the facts that this was really the most central and proper location and that Washington must have favored it.

As in all other public questions, so in this, the name and influence of Washington carried the day, and the region was finally agreed upon within a little over six weeks of the adoption of the Constitution by the last of the thirteen States, and within six months the exact spot was chosen. Other commissioners had dallied and fooled about the business, and finally Congress, worried by the delay and the bickering, placed the matter in Washington's hands, with three commissioners to act under him.

Human nature was the same then as it is to-day, and it was recognized that, as soon as it was known that a particular site had been selected, the owners of the lands would be likely to put up the price on the government, and hold them up for a sum far beyond their value. Quite wide latitude was, therefore, given the President in selecting a site, by the act of July 16, 1790, accepting the grants of ten miles square from the States of Maryland and Virginia.

He was authorized to appoint and, by supplying vacancies, to keep in appointment as long as might be necessary, three commissioners, any two of whom should, under his direction, survey and by proper metes and bounds define and limit a district or territory not exceeding ten miles square on the river Potomac at a point between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and the Conococheague (a stream which enters the Potomac at Williamsport, Maryland), which, when defined and located, should be accepted for the permanent seat of government of the United States. The said commissioners, or any two of them, were to have power to purchase or accept any quantity of land on the southern side of the river within the said district, as the President should deem proper for the use of the United States, and there, prior to the first Monday in December in 1800, should provide suitable buildings for the accommodation of the Congress and for the President and for the public offices of the government of the United States. And it was further provided that on the first Monday in December, 1800, the seat of government of the United States should, by virtue of this act, be transferred to the district aforesaid. The President was authorized and requested to accept grants of money for defraying the expenses of such purchases and buildings; and it was provided that the necessary expenses of the removal from Philadelphia to the new seat of government should be defrayed out of the duties on imposts and tonnage.

With characteristic promptness Washington proceeded to carry out his instructions about laying off the Federal city and district and making the necessary preparations to receive and house the government properly at the termination of the period during which its site was to be in Philadelphia.

Reluctant to relinquish such a prize, and hopeful that something would occur to prevent the removal of the seat of government, the authorities of Philadelphia set to work to spend a large sum of money in the erection of public buildings, including a presidential mansion for Washington himself. After the mansion was erected Washington declined to occupy it, assigning as his reason that it was impossible for him to furnish such a mansion in a suitable style, and he continued to live in the house which he already occupied. It is possible, though there is no record of the fact, that he felt that, if he should become installed in the new grand presidential mansion thus provided, it might be an additional clamp to fix the seat of government in the city of Philadelphia, while his ardent wishes for the establishment lay quite in another direction, on the banks of the Potomac River. Washington therefore pursued his course without deviation.

In a short time Washington, who was already perhaps more familiar than any

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other one person with the region lying along the Potomac, for he had personally explored it to the sources of the river, had appointed his commissioners, and on the 24th day of January, 1791, he issued a proclamation declaring that, after duly examining and weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the situations within the limits to which he was restricted, he had selected the location of the district for the permanent seat of government of the United States.

His three commissioners were two gentlemen from Maryland, Thomas Johnson and Daniel Carroll, and one from Virginia, David Stuart. It is a commentary on the times that, although a furious quarrel arose later between these commissioners and certain purchasers of lots in the city, in which charges of partiality were made by the latter against the former, notwithstanding the fact that one of these commissioners, Daniel Carroll, was an uncle of one of the chief owners of lands embraced in the new city limits, and another, David Stuart, was the grandson of Mrs. Washington, no exception was ever taken on this account to their appointment.

Washington went about the work with his usual care and began by laying down lines of experiment, beginning "at the Court House in Alexandria in Virginia," and following courses which he himself determined.

Fortunately for the country, the men who were to have most to do with the planning of the Federal city were men of large ideas. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison saw the future of this country with eyes in which it loomed large.

In laying out the city it was decided to do so on a large plan, with a view to the future greatness of the capital of the nation. Washington himself believed, as he wrote his friend Mr. Fairfax, that in a century, should the country keep united, "it would produce a city, though not as large as London, yet with a magnitude inferior to few others in Europe."

Next to him in the work of planning came his secretary of state, Jefferson, also a man of large ideas and of familiarity with the capitals of Europe, some of which he had viewed with eyes already holding the vision of the new capital in all its magnificence.

In the actual work of planning and surveying the city they secured the services of two able engineers and surveyors. The first of these was Major Andrew Ellicott, an American engineer officer of much distinction and experience, who in 1784 had run the boundary line between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and who, after the Federal city was laid out, was commissioned by the President to settle by survey the boundary dispute between the States of New York and Pennsylvania and to decide in which State lay the town of Erie.

The other surveyor was the young and talented French engineer officer who had left the French army to come to America in 1777, at the age of twenty-two, and take service in the Revolutionary War, and had been commissioned captain of engineers. His name was Pierre Charles L'Enfant. He was one of the most picturesque characters evolved in this picturesque period. He was indebted to Jefferson for his employment in the service which has given him his distinction and on which forever will rest his fame. Such is the fickleness of fortune that for the best part of a century he lay in an unmarked grave in a country graveyard, his name almost forgotten; and then suddenly the light of fame was turned upon him and to him has been given the credit of being the almost sole author of the splendid plan on which the national capital is laid out.

That he was a man of grand ideas and of extraordinary gifts is certainly true, but it is far from true that to him alone is due the magnificence of the plan of the capital of the United States. Much of this great conception was due to Washington; much, especially in those matters of grand detail which makes Washington city unique among the cities of the country, if not of the world, is due to the universal genius of Thomas Jefferson. To the first commissioners and to Andrew Ellicott was owing the soundness and accuracy of the plan; to L'Enfant was probably due its beauty and taste and harmonious grandeur. They all touched at different points, and to their joint influence exerted then and reasserted over a hundred years later we owe to-day the almost romantic beauty of what has so well been termed this Capital of Capitals.

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THE BATTLE-CRUISE OF THE SVEND FOYN

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. W. ASHLEY

AT this time I had drifted down South America way, and was master of a combination whaling and sealing steamer sailing out of Punta 'renas for the firm of Amundsen & Co.

Punta Arenas, if you don't happen to know, is at the tip end of Patagonia, in the Magellan Straits. It is now a highly respectable place under the Chilian flag, but there was a time it wasn't. All kinds of human wreckage used to drift onto the west coast of South America in those days, and when the Chilian Government couldn't take care of them any other way they would ship them down through the straits to Punta 'renas. At the time I was there most of the bad ones had been run out, but every now and then a few of the old crew would pop up and worry people into thinking Punta 'renas must still be a hard place, which it wasn't.

Mr. Amundsen lived in a big house up on the plaza where the band-stand was, with a fine open-air veranda in front and a glassed-in conservatory on the side, and aft of the house a garden with a waterfall modelled after something he had left behind him in Norway. He designed the waterfall himself, and over the grand piano in the front room looking out on the plaza was an oil-painting of it—a whale of a painting, done by a stranded Scandinavian who told Mr. Amundsen he'd seen that identical waterfall in Norway many a time, which perhaps he had.

We didn't like Mr. Amundsen any the less because of his collection of old sagas which he used to spin out for hours on end. Whoppers, some of them were, but we, his whaling and sealing captains, we'd sit there and never let on, eating thin Norwegian bread and goats' cheese and dried chips of ptarmigan with Trondhjem beer, and none of us but would have sat longer any time, so that after he got through there was a chance to hear his daughter Hilda play the grand piano—and sing, maybe, while she played. And I tell you, the thought of that fine old Norwegian and Hilda after months of banging around to the west'ard of Cape Horn in a little whaling steamer—it was surely like coming home to be homebound then.

Norwegian songs they were, and I, American-born, and only half Scandinavian by blood, was probably the one man coming to Amundsen's who didn't know every word of them by heart. But not much of the sentiment of them I missed at that, because in other days I'd cruised off Norway, too, and knew the places the songs told about—the high-running fjords and the little white lighthouses; the fish drying on the rocks and the night sun floating just above the edge of the gray sea; and, again, the long black night of winter and the dead piled up to wait till they could be buried when the snow went in the spring.

But if shore time in Punta 'renas was holiday time, wet days, hard days at sea have their time, too; and Mr. Amundsen and Hilda and Punta 'renas were now a long way behind me. I was whaling and sealing in the South Pacific, and had been doing pretty well, but nothing record-breaking till one day I picked up a lot of ambergris.

Now I could have stocked a million dollars in a regular way and nobody pay any great attention; but the tale of that find went through half the South Pacific. A dozen whaling and sealing masters boarded me in one month to see if it was so, and after I'd told them the story of it about forty-five times, I began to see myself telling it to old Amundsen and Hilda in the big front room looking out on the plaza, her father and I having a late supper of flat bread and the goats' cheese and the dried ptarmigan chips with

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Trondhjem beer, and Hilda playing softly on the piano with an eye and an ear maybe sidewise now and again to me.

And now we were truly homeward bound in old Magellan Straits, with the hills back of Punta 'renas in sight from our masthead, when we spied a Norwegian bark with a deck-load of lumber ashore on the spit of Pouvenir Bay, which is on the southerly, the Terra del Fuego shore of the straits. Her ensign was upside down in her rigging, and I headed in to see if we could help her out. I thought it was queer no one showed up aboard her to answer when I hailed, but no matter—I moored my steamer just inside the spit and put off with half a dozen men in a boat and went aboard.

I was whaling and sealing in the South Pacific, and had been doing pretty well.—Page 330.

Nobody on her deck, nobody in her below for'ard. I went aft and dropped into her cabin, my men behind me, and we were peeking here and there to see what it was could be wrong, when slap! on goes the cabin hatch over our heads. Then we hear the padlock slipped on and the key turned. We are prisoners, without even a peek at who it was did it.

We heard them going off. Without waiting any longer, I began slashing away with my pocket-knife, the only knife among us, and by and by I had cut our way through the cabin; but that took a lot of time. From the bark's deck, when we were clear, there was nothing in sight except our own steamer to anchor in the bay beyond the spit. The boat we had come in was gone.

Well, we weren't worrying about the boat, only we had to take the time to lash together twenty or thirty pine planks and some scantling from the bark's deck-load of lumber and raft ourselves around the spit and into the little bay to get to our steamer. Everything about her looked all right, except that none of the crew were in sight when we paddled alongside. I hurried over the rail to see what was the matter. It didn't take long to see. The hatches were off her hold and our seal-skins and our ambergris gone from below. A fortune it was, gone—s-st!—like that.

Looking further, we found the rest of the crew nicely locked up in the fo'c's'le. They didn't know what had happened, except that some men had come rowing in from the direction of the lumber bark in our boat, and one of them had sung out in English and another in Norwegian that they were the crew of the bark, with a message from me.

My crew, of course, said come aboard. But no sooner aboard than the strangers out with revolvers, back my men into the fo'c's'le, and lock them in. That was all they know about that, except that they had heard the noise of the hurrying of our cargo out of the hold, and then the sound of a steamer making fast alongside and of shifting our cargo to her deck and of

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her moving away. And then all quiet till we came back.

Well, whoever did it must have had us timed pretty well. They must have had a gang hid in the lumber bark and a steamer hid somewhere in the straits near by waiting for us. It looked as if there was nothing for us to do but take our loss and keep on for Punta 'renas, but first I went to the masthead and had a look out.

Opposite Pouvenir Bay the Straits of Magellan are at their widest. From the crow's-nest there was a good stretch of sea to look at. To the west'ard was a touch of smoke, which might be the steamer which looted us; surely she didn't go to the east'ard, for there it was open water with nothing in sight. To the northward, toward Patagonia, of course she would not go, because Punta 'renas was there. But I had a look that way, and as I looked I could see what looked like an open boat heading our way; and I wondered who she would be and what she would be after in a place like Terra del Fuego.

They came skipping on at a great clip for an open boat. They were running her to a long main-sheet, but keeping a tight hand on the sheet. As they drew nearer I see she was white-painted, and pretty soon I see she was too big to be anything but a war-ship's sailing cutter, and soon again I made out that they were a crew of American naval officers and bluejackets.

They went out of their way some to sweep under the stern of the bark, and I noticed they all took a look up at her and back at her, wondering, as I thought, how she came to go ashore. They held on for the inside of the bay and ran straight up onto a little reach of pebbly beach; and no sooner grounded than most of them went tearing across the spit with rifles and shot-guns. I see what they were now—it was a hunting party.

Without wasting a second they began to blaze away at the wild ducks as they came swooping down from the west. In that country the wild game don't know what a man looks like, and as it was late in the afternoon, with the ducks coming back for the night from the west'ard, the shooting was good. Swooping along the shore they came, across the mouth of the bay, flock after flock so close-set and low-flying that they didn't need guns. They could have sat on the beach and hove up stones or driftwood and killed 'em as they went kiting by, sixty miles or more an hour to the east'ard.

After twenty minutes or so they must have thought that kind of shooting was too easy, for part of them went off into the brush and the others came back to the spit of beach and, with some kindlings from their boat and some driftwood and brush, started a fire. It was a north wind, and I could smell the ducks cooking and the coffee making, and I couldn't hold off any longer. I rowed myself over in our second boat. The senior line officer of the party, a lieutenant, invited me to join them, which I did, and pretty soon I was eating broiled duck and drinking real American coffee, with bacon and eggs, and forgetting my troubles.

After supper we sat around and talked, and they told me what had happened to the lumber bark. She had been lured inshore by false lights the night before and boarded by a gang under Red Dick, who had cleaned her out of stores and what money they had, and had driven the crew off in the morning after beating up most of them by way of diverting himself. Then the bark's captain and his crew rowed across the Straits of Punta Arenas in their quarter-boat looking for satisfaction. Nobody there could do anything for them, because nothing less than a war-ship could have overcome Red Dick, and there was no Chilean war-ship nearer than Valparaiso, and that was six days' steaming away.

"But how did that lumber captain know it was Red Dick?" I asked at this point.

"He didn't know," answered the officer who'd been talking. "But when he described him everybody in Punta Arenas said it was Red Dick. But aren't you an American?"

I said I was and told them my experience, and they all said what a pity my ship wasn't under the American flag so they could put it up to their captain, and be sure he would send a party after Red Dick. And they would all like nothing better than to join that party, and an easy matter all 'round, as their ship was

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to be hanging around the straits for another week.

By this time the others of the party, who'd gone into the brush for wild geese, were coming back. They didn't get any geese, because geese, wild geese anyway, aren't near so foolish as a lot of people think. They were hungry and sat right down to supper.

Among them, as I looked, was one I knew for Peter Lawson, an old shipmate. A warrant officer I saw he was now, but when I knew him he was a chief carpenter's mate on the old *Missalama*. We kept eying each other, and by and by he remembered, and we stood up and shook hands across the fire. In half a minute we were talking of old days in the navy. By this time it was late day, with the sun going down below the hills on the other side of Pouvenir Bay. I remember it went down red as the heart of the fire we were sitting by. Through the little thin whiffs of the smoke of the fire it looked like that—all hot color and no flame. Nothing to that, of course, only

We had to lash together twenty or thirty pine planks . . . and raft ourselves around the spit and into the little bay to get to our steamer.—Page 331.

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pictures like that do start your brain to going. The little bay was there at our feet and the wide straits off to our elbow, and the water of that bay was smooth green where it shoaled on the pebbly spit; but the straits, as far as we could see them, were one long roll of tossing ridges and scooping hollows, and they were all black except where the williwaws, cutting across the tide, would whip the ridges to a marble-white.

I saw the sun set red through the thin blue smoke of the fire, and almost in line with the sun and the smoke was the stranded bark with her deck-load of lumber. A little farther off was my own little *Svend Foyn*. It was coming on dark by then and I could see them making ready the anchor light on the *Svend Foyn*. And it was coming colder, too, for the broad, warm north wind had changed to a thin, little icy wind from the south.

And now the fiery red reflection of the sun was gone from above the hills across the bay, and when that went all warmth went with it. Everybody drew nearer to the fire, except the two apprentice boys who were cleaning up the mess gear in water made hot at a little fire of their own. One of them was singing to himself, little jiggly, rag-time songs, while he wiped the dishes:

> Oh-h, ahm gwine down to Macon town
> Ter buy mah 'Liza Jane a gown—
> Ah feel so happy 'n' ah don' know why,
> Mah bai-bie, mah hon-ie!

Every time he stacked up a few plates he would stop to roll a few more cake-walk steps.

"I wish I was feeling as good as you!" I said to myself while I watched him.

And watching him, I got to thinking of Hilda in the big front room in what was home for me—and of having to tell her what a failure my cruise had been. It did set me to thinking.

All at once it came to me, and "I've got it!" I said, not knowing I said it out loud until I saw that everybody around the fire was looking at me; and at last Peter Lawson said, "What's it you got?"

And I told them what I had in mind, and they all thought it was a great scheme—if I could carry it out. And the lieutenant in charge of the party said, "And we'll help you; but not to-night—the first thing in the morning after a good night's sleep."

We had a good sleep that night, sleeping till sunrise on the pebbly beach with the main-sail of the sailing cutter for a tent over us. And in the morning the first thing after breakfast I pulled the lumber bark off the beach and moored her in the bay. That was so she wouldn't break up and go to pieces the first gale of wind came along; and as after that service I figured her owners wouldn't call it stealing, I helped myself to a few thousand feet of lumber off her deck, and we all set to work to make the *Svend Foyn* over into what her builder back in Norway certainly never intended her for.

First, we built up her topsides to make a superstructure, and then added the other things a first-class battle-ship ought to have. The *Svend Foyn* had two masts and one smoke-stack. The two masts were all right. We had only to set fighting-tops around them, but she would be a poor class of a battle-ship with only one smoke-stack. So we gave her two more. We painted her lower sides white and her topsides yellow-brown, and for turrets we had one to each end with what was intended for 12-inch gun-muzzles sticking out of them. And we allowed the ends of what looked like twelve 7-inch black boys to peek through the sides of what we called her gun-deck. Two of those 7-inch muzzles were real muzzles, that is, black-tarred wood like the others, but they were hollow so we could train a bomb-lance whaling-gun through them, one to each side. When we got that far they said I would have to name her, and I called her the *Cape Horn*, and there being no flag that any of us had ever heard of for Terra del Fuego, we made one for her out of three pieces of green, red, and purple cloth, and broke it out to her main-peak.

And when that little round-bowed, fat-sterned whaler waddled out of Pouvenir Bay that afternoon there wasn't a thing that one lieutenant, one ensign, one doctor, a warrant carpenter, and sixteen enlisted men of the United States Navy could see she was shy of, except a wireless outfit, and we soon fixed that by stringing a stretch of old wire between her masts, with half a dozen old barrel hoops

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for a wireless plant; and for fear there was anybody of Red Dick's party who knew battle-ships only from pictures, I had the stokers keep feeding her fires with whale-

The strangers out with revolvers, back my men into the fo'c's'le, and lock them in.—Page 331.

oil. After that, with the clouds of smoke belching out of her, I felt sure nobody could doubt us—especially at a distance.

We gave three whistles and dipped the ensign to our navy friends, and for the rest of that day and night, and all next day and night, we steamed through the straits toward the Pacific. And on the second morning we turned north and ran in among the islands off the Chilean coast; and pretty soon we ran into the place I was bound for—a bottle-shaped passage with a narrow inlet to each end and the Andes Mountains coming down to the water. And laying to moorings there was a cargo steamer of perhaps fifteen hundred tons. Even if she wasn't too big a steamer to be loafing there, I knew her of old. Red Dick was handy. I took a look around to the north'ard, and at the other end of the passage and jam in to the high rocks was a whaling steamer about our own tonnage. I also knew her of old.

I might as well say now that Red Dick and I weren't strangers. We used to be sort of friends, but not since the day we walked up the long timber pier in Punta 'renas together and met Hilda with her father. She was straight from school in Norway then and 'twas the first time we'd seen her. We looked out together on the wonderful straits and 'twas me she walked home with.

But that was a year back and it was other business now. I had now to make an impression, and right away, to back

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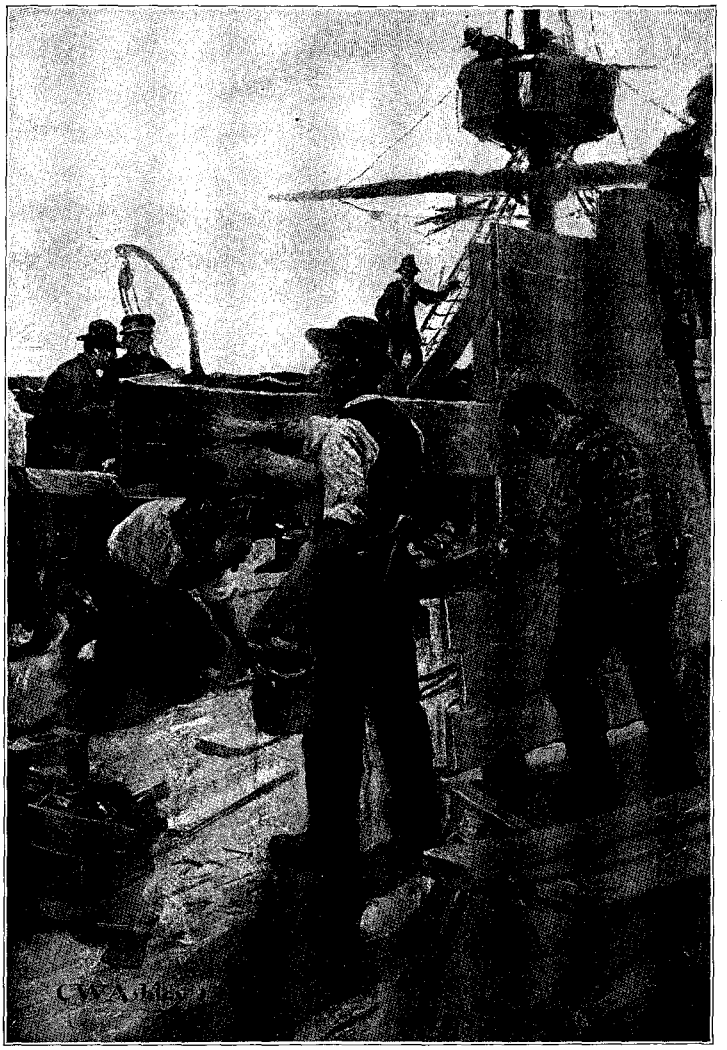
up our looks. So we cut loose and gave them, port and starboard, one after the other, twenty-one whaling bombs in good regulation style. They made a terrible racket against the Andes Mountains, which come down here to the water's edge.



We painted her lower sides white and her topsides yellow-brown, and for turrets we had one to each end.—Page 334.

And Red Dick's gang must have thought we were some awful power, for there was soon great doings on the deck of the whaling steamer. Smoke began to come out of her and pretty soon she began to move; but when we bore down, with a great white wave ahead of us and rolls of smoke over us, they quit. Two boats dropped over her side and headed for a bit of beach, and twenty men scurried off and lost themselves in holes between the rocks. We shot a few bombs over their heads just to let them know we were a rich nation with ammunition to spare. The echoes coming back sounded like a battle-fleet saluting port in foreign waters.

We boarded Red Dick's steamer, and there were our sealskins and ambergris. There were also four or five thousand other fine sealskins which weren't ours

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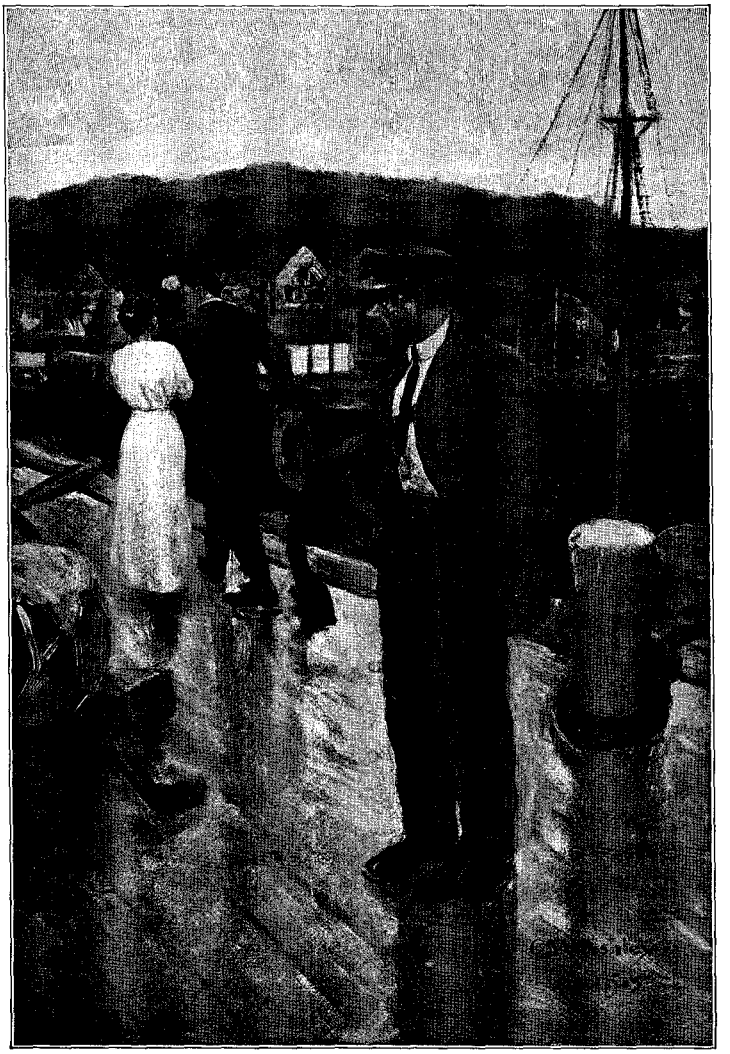
but which we took along, knowing they weren't Red Dick's. And with Red Dick's steamer in charge of six of my crew behind us, we started back the way we came. In steaming past the cargo steamer we counted four long glasses levelled at us.

The first likely place we came to we hauled to and shifted Red Dick's cargo to the *Svend Foyn*. By this time, with the ambergris back and five thousand extra sealskins below, all hands were willing to take a moderate chance on almost anything. We swung away for the straits, but not making great headway. The little old *Svend Foyn* was never any wonder for steaming. At her best she could do perhaps ten miles an hour. Now, with all her battle-ship top-gear and with the wind ahead, she was doing perhaps six.



'Twas me she walked home with.—Page 335

It began to breeze up, but nothing for us to worry over until we saw a steamer's smoke coming up astern. We were then clear of the coast islands and into the straits, with wind and sea fighting each other.

I had another good look at the steamer

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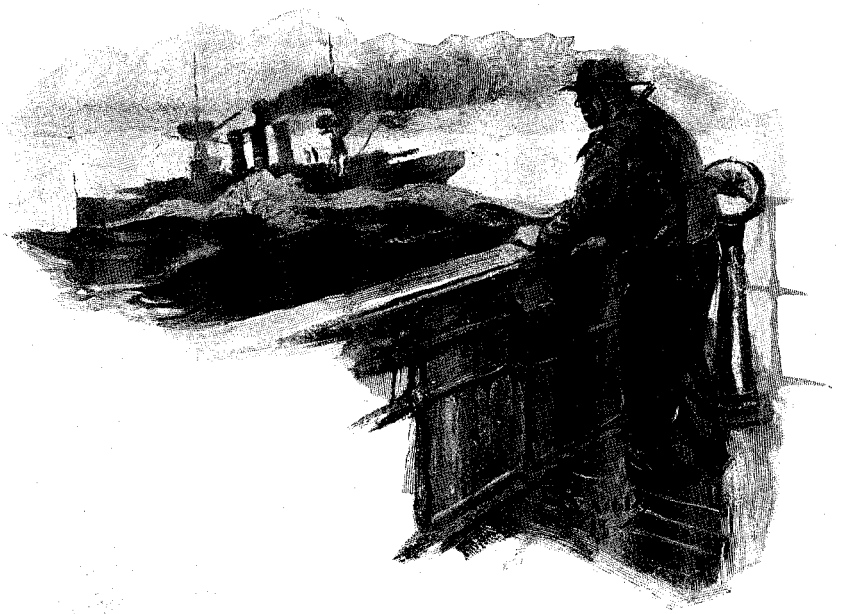

Red Dick leaned over the bridge rail and laughed.

coming up astern, and took my prize crew off Red Dick's whaler and turned her adrift. I hated to. Not alone the prize-money, but to see a good ship go to loss any time is bad. I did it in hopes that the cargo steamer coming upon us would stop to get her, and while they were getting her—what with the gale and the dark coming—we would be able to slip away. But they didn't stop. Perhaps the little whaler was too close in to the cliffs for the big steamer to have a chance in the tide that was running. They let her pile up against the cliffs, and came on and ranged up abreast of us. Red Dick was on her bridge. She came so close to us that I could almost have jumped aboard. It was blowing pretty hard at the time, but she was making easy weather of it—a good sea boat. We weren't. The williwaws, which are what they call the hard squalls off the high hills down there, were having a great time with our battle-ship topsides. She was something of a roller on her own account at any time, the *Svend Foyn*, but now she rolled her wooden turrets under, and every once in a while her bridge.

Red Dick leaned over the bridge rail and laughed. He looked the *Svend Foyn's* top-gear over and laughed again. "Blank shells and wooden guns!" he called out. "Fine! Any more left?"

"Oh," I said, "not all blanks and not all wooden, and a few left—yes."

"So?" he says, and gives an order. A man pulls a tarpaulin off a long needle-gun amidships. "Got anything like that in your battery?" he calls out.

I looked it over as if I was interested. At the same time I made a sign to my mate behind me. I'd long before this loaded my two whaling bomb-lance guns, but this time I put in them the lances, which were of steel, weighed eighty pounds, and were four and a half feet long—not a bad little projectile at all.

"What's it for?" I called out, pointing to his needle-gun.

"What's it for?" he mimics. "What d' y' think it's for?"

I shook my head. "I could never guess."

"Well, you will soon. You know me?"

"I do. And you know me?"

"I know you and I'll take no chances with you. I'm going to heave you a line and take you in tow."

"I don't remember flying any signals for a tow."

"No? Well, I think you'd be better off for a tow. Take my line."

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"We don't want your line."

"Take my line or I'll blow a few holes in you, and while you're on your way to the bottom of the straits—all hands of you—I'll ram you to make sure."

"You're foolish to sink us," I says, "till you take off the ambergris and the seal-skins."

He began to get mad. "Take my line or take a shell from this gun. Which is it?" he yells.

His gun was trained on our midship topsides. I couldn't see where he was going to sink us, leastwise not with one shot, so "Come aboard with your shell!" I called out, and he did. I didn't look to see what damage the shell did in passing, but it went clear through our pine top-sides, one side and out the other.

I'd already passed the word to my mate, and wh-r-oo! went the 4½-foot bomb-lance from the inside of one of our make-believe 7-inch rifles. The lance tore through just above the water-line of the cargo steamer. The bomb exploded inside her hull. Through the hole the sea rushed, and from her deck below came whoops of surprise.

I rolled the little fat *Svend Foyn* around. She near capsized in turning, especially as Red Dick let me have two more from his needle-gun while we were coming around. One of them burst inside, but didn't kill anybody. Around came the *Svend Foyn*.

"Her water-line!" I yelled, and we let her have it. And again we gave it to her. They both went home.

Red Dick quit laughing. He ran down from the bridge and out of sight below. Pretty soon through her sides, as we heard him and his gang yelling, came the ends of blankets and mattresses, to keep the sea out of the holes we'd made.

And while they are at that we give them another. And that settled it. Five minutes before, I had an idea we might have to go to the bottom—s-sst! like that. And now Red Dick and his cargo steamer were belting through the tide rips toward the Terra del Fuego shore, to find a bay, I suppose, and a bit of a beach to haul up and patch things. And I couldn't help thinking as he went that he'd lost a desperate reputation about as easy as any ever I heard of; but I might as well also say now that I'd been shipmates with Red Dick, and I always did believe he was a good deal of a bluff. But my crew didn't think that. There was great rejoicing among them, and I let them rejoice so long as they didn't stop setting things to rights.

We were shook up some—our bridge loosened up, our wireless hoops hanging droopy, our two fake smoke-stacks lying over on their sides, and the for'ard turret with some dents in it; but bow first, and in peace and quiet, we steamed on. And we were still steaming in peace and quiet when we made Punta Arenas.

And steaming in I thought I might as well do it in style. Here we were, a victorious battle-ship entering a foreign port, and so I hoisted our international code—spelling it out that we were the *Cape Horn* of the Terra del Fuegan navy, and asking permission to anchor. The captain of the American battle-ship was standing on his bridge as we steamed down the line, with a man in our chains heaving the lead, my mate on the fore-bridge and myself on the after-bridge, a quartermaster to the wheel, and the second mate spying busy as could be through a long glass; and not alone the captain, but the nine hundred and odd officers and men of the American battle-ship, roared in review of us. The other ships in port didn't know what to make of us.

We came around and dropped our young anchor, splash! and saluted the port—twenty-one guns from our bomb-lance things.

Our lieutenant of the hunting party seemed to be officer of the deck on the real battle-ship. "How'd you come out?" he hails.

"We met the enemy and their loot is ours," I answers.

"Captain Fenton presents his compliments and would like to have you come aboard," he hails.

And I went aboard, sitting in the stern-sheets of my second boat, with the red, green, and purple flag trailing astern and eight men to the oars. And they gave me two bosun's pipes with four side-boys and two long ruffles from the drums as I came over the side, and in the captain's cabin I told him what the officers of the hunting party couldn't tell him already. And he thought it the best story he'd heard in a long time.

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I thought it was a pretty good story myself, and told it again to Mr. Amundsen on the same long pier where I had first met him with Hilda, and he said the blood of the old vikings must be in my veins, and uncorked four solid hours of the old sagas, finishing up in the big front room with flat bread and goats' cheese and dried ptarmigan chips and Trondhjem beer.

By and by I got a chance to tell it to Hilda—that and a little more while I was telling it. The band, a fine band, too, were playing their Sunday-night concert out in the plaza. I remember how the music made pictures in my brain while I talked, though I never could remember what they played.

However, that's no matter. Hilda says I told the story right that night. And I've told it many a time since—to her and the children when I'm home from sea. They are good children, who believe everything that is told them—even the sagas of their grandfather.

THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART III—AUTUMN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

WHEN on that November night Lennan stole to the open door of his dressing-room, and stood watching his wife asleep, Fate still waited for an answer.

A low fire was burning—one of those fires that throw faint shadows everywhere, and once and again glow so that some object shines for a moment, some shape is clearly seen. The curtains were not quite drawn, and a plane-tree branch, with leaves still hanging, which had kept them company all the fifteen years they had lived there, was moving darkly in the wind, now touching the glass with a frail tap, as though asking of him, who had been roaming in that wind so many hours, to let it in. Unfailing comrades those London plane-trees!

He had not dared hope Sylvia would be asleep. It was merciful she was, whichever way the issue went—that issue so cruel! Her face was turned toward the fire, and one hand rested beneath her cheek. So she often slept. Even when life seemed all at sea, its landmarks lost, one still did what was customary. Poor tender-hearted thing—she had not slept since he told her. How long ago was that? Years? Just forty-eight hours! She looked like a girl lying there, with her flaxen hair, and her touching candor even in sleep. For she was not so greatly changed from what she had been that summer of Cicely's marriage down at Hayle, twenty-eight years ago. It was a face that did not grow old. There had been till now no special reason why it should. Thought—strong feeling—suffering—those were what changed faces; Sylvia had never thought deeply, never suffered much—till now. And was it for him—who had been very careful of her—yes, very careful, on the whole, despite man's selfishness, despite her never having understood the depths of him—was it for him of all people to hurt her so, to stamp her face with sorrow, perhaps destroy her utterly?

He crept a little farther in and sat down in the arm-chair beyond the fire. What memories a fire gathered into it, with its flaky ashes, and its little leaflike flames, and that quiet glow and flicker! What tale of passions! How like to a fire was a man's heart! The first young fitful leapings; the sudden fierce mastering heat; the long steady sober burning, and then—that last flaming up, that clutch back at its own vanished youth, the final eager

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flight of flame, before the ashes wintered it to nothing! Visions and memories he saw down in the fire, as only can be seen when a man's heart, by the agony of long struggle, has been stripped of skin, and quivers at every touch. Love! A strange haphazard thing was love—so spun between ecstasy and torture! A thing insidious, irresponsible, desperate. A flying sweetness, more poignant than anything on earth, more dark in origin and destiny. A thing without reason or coherence. A man's love-life—what say had he in the ebb and flow of it? No more than in the flights of autumn birds, swooping down, lighting here and there, passing on. The loves one left behind—even in a life that he felt had been by no means vagabond in love, as men's lives went. The love that thought the Tyrol skies would fall if he were not first with a certain lady. The love whose star had caught in the hair of Sylvia now lying there asleep. The so-called love—half-glamorous, sordid little meal of pleasure, that Youth, however sensitive, must eat, it seems, some time or other with some young light of love; a glimpse of life that had seemed much, and had meant little, save, in the end, to leave him sorry for his partner. Then the love that he could not, even after twenty years, bear to remember; that all-devouring summer passion, which in one night had gained all and lost all, terribly, leaving on his soul a scar that could never be quite healed, leaving his spirit always a little lonely, haunted by the sense of what might have been. Of his share in that night of tragedy—that 'terrible accident on the river'—no one had ever dreamed. And then, the long time of despair which had seemed the last death of love had slowly passed away, and yet another love had been born—or rather, born again, different indeed, pale, sober, but quite real; the fresh springing-up of a feeling long forgotten, of that protective devotion of his boyhood. He still remembered the expression on Sylvia's face when he passed her by chance in Oxford Street, soon after he came back from his four years of exile in the East and Rome—that look, eager, yet reproachful, then stoically ironic, as if saying gently: 'Oh! no; after forgetting me four years and more—you can't want to speak to me now!' And, when he did speak, the still more touching pleasure in her face. Then the uncertain months, with all the time a feeling of what the end would be; and then their marriage. Happy enough—gentle, not very vivid, not spiritually very intimate—for his work was always secretly as remote from her as when she had thought to please him by putting jessamine stars on the heads of his beasts. A quiet, successful union, not meaning, he had thought, so very much to him, nor so very much to her—until, forty-eight hours ago, he told her, and she had shrunk and wilted and gone all to pieces. And what was it he had told her?

A long story—that!

Sitting there by the fire, with nothing yet decided, he could see it all from the start, with its devilish delicate intricacy, its subtle, slow enchantment, that seemed to spin itself out of him, out of his own state of mind and body, rather than out of the spell cast over him, just as though a sort of fatal force, long dormant, were working up again to burst into dark flower. . . .

II

YES, it had begun within him over a year ago, with a queer, unhappy restlessness, a feeling that life was slipping, ebbing away within reach of him, and his arms never stretched out to arrest it. It had begun with a sort of long craving, stilled only when he was working hard—a craving for he knew not what, an ache which was worst whenever the wind was soft.

They said that about forty-five was a perilous age for a man—especially for an artist. All the autumn of last year he had felt this vague misery rather badly. It had left him alone most of December and January, while he was working so hard at his group of lions—but the moment that was finished it had gripped him till it was positive pain. In those last days of January he well remembered wandering about in the parks day after day, trying to get away from it. Mild weather, with a scent in the wind! With what avidity he had watched children playing, the premature buds on the bushes, anything, everything *young*—with what an ache, too,

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he had been conscious of innumerable lives being lived round him, and loves loved, and he outside, unable to know, to grasp, to gather them; and all the time the sands of his hour-glass running out! A most absurd and unreasonable feeling for a man with everything he wanted, with work that he loved, and enough money, and a wife so good as Sylvia—a feeling that no Englishman of forty-six, in excellent health, ought for a moment to have been troubled with. A feeling such as, indeed, no Englishman ever admitted having—so that there was not even, as yet, a society for its suppression. For what was this feeling, really, but the sense that he had had his day, would never again know the stir and fearful joy of falling in love, but only just hanker after what was past and gone! Could anything be more reprehensible in a married man!

It was—yes—the last day of January, when, returning from one of those restless rambles in Hyde Park, he met Dromore. Queer to recognize a man hardly seen since school-days. Yet they had known each other at once. Johnny Dromore—sauntering along the rails of Piccadilly on the Green Park side, with that slightly rolling gait of his thin, horseman's legs, his dandified hat a little to one side, those strange, chaffing, goggling eyes; that look as if making a perpetual bet. Yes, it was he—the very same teasing, now moody, now reckless, always astute Johnny Dromore, with a good heart beneath an outside that seemed ashamed of it.

"Mark Lennan! By gum! Haven't seen you for ages. Not since you turned out a full-blown—what d'you call it! Awfully glad to meet you, old chap."

Here was the past, indeed, something that carried back to days when the world was very young, something so long vanished in feeling and thought and everything that his head almost turned, trying to find the anchorage of some common interest with this hunting, racing man-about-town, this Johnny Dromore come to life again out of days when everybody was an awfully good chap. To have shared a room at school—to have been at college together, were links mysteriously indestructible. Yet for proof of the passage of time one could ask nothing better than to meet Johnny Dromore, whom the machine had stamped with astute simplicity by the time he was twenty-two, and forever after left untouched in thought and feeling—Johnny Dromore, who would never pass beyond the philosophy that all was queer and freakish which had not to do with horses, women, wine, cigars, jokes, good-heartedness, and that perpetual bet; yet, with—somewhere in him—a pocket of depth, a streak of hunger, that was not just Johnny Dromore.

The queer sound of that jerky talk?

"You ever see old Fookes now? . . . Been racin' at all? . . . You live in town? . . . Remember good old Blenker?" And then silence, and then another spurt: "Ever go down to 'Bambury's'? . . . Ever go racin'? . . . Come on up to my 'digs' a bit. You've got nothin' to do." No persuading Johnny Dromore that a "what d'you call it" could have anything to do. "Come on, old chap. I've got the hump. It's this damned east wind."

Well he remembered it, when they shared a room at 'Bambury's'—that hump of Johnny Dromore's, after some reckless spree, or bout of teasing.

And down the little by-street of Piccadilly he had gone, and up into those 'digs' on the first floor, with their little dark hall, their Van Beers drawings and Vanity Fair cartoons, and prints of race-horses, and of the old Nightgown Steeplechase; with the big chairs, and all the paraphernalia of race guides and race glasses, fox masks and stags' horns, and hunting-whips. And yet, something that from the first moment struck him as not quite in keeping, foreign to the picture—a little jumble of books there, a vase of flowers, a gray kitten.

"Sit down, old chap. What'll you drink?"

From the recesses of a marvellous chair, with huge arms of tawny leather, he listened and spoke drowsily. 'Bambury's,' Oxford, Gordy's clubs—dear old Gordy, gone now—things long passed by; they seemed all round him once again. And yet always that vague sense threading this resurrection, threading the smoke of their cigars, and Johnny Dromore's clipped talk—of something that did not quite belong. Might it be, perhaps, that sepia drawing above the 'Tantalus' on the oak sideboard at the far end—a woman's face ga-

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zing out into the room? Mysteriously unlike everything else, except the flowers, and this kitten that was pushing its furry little head against his hand. Odd how a single thing sometimes took possession of a room, however remote in spirit! It seemed to reach like a shadow over Dromore's outstretched limbs, and weathered, long-nosed face, behind his huge cigar; over the queer, solemn, chaffing eyes, with something brooding in the depths of them.

"Ever get the hump? Bally awful, isn't it? It's getting old. We're bally old, you know, Lenny!" No one had called him Lenny for twenty years. It was true; they were unmentionably old.

"When a fellow begins to feel old, you know, it's time he went broke—or something; doesn't bear sittin' down and lookin' at. Come out to 'Monte' with me!"

'Monte'! That old wound, never quite healed, started throbbing at the word, so that he could hardly speak his: "No, I don't care for Monte." And, at once, he saw Dromore's eyes probing, questioning:

"You married?"

"Yes."

"Never thought of you as married!"

So Dromore did think of him. Queer! He never thought of Johnny Dromore.

"Winter's bally awful, when you're not huntin'. Like the light on?"

No—the firelight, with the violet glimmer from outside the windows, was too pleasant.

"You've changed a lot; should hardly have known you. Last time I saw you you'd just come back from Rome or somewhere. What's it like bein' a—a sculptor? Saw something of yours once. Ever do things of horses?"

Yes; he had done a 'relief' of ponies only last year.

"You do women, too, I s'pose?"

"Not often."

The eyes goggled slightly. Quaint—that unholy interest! Just like boys, the Johnny Dromores—would never grow up, no matter how life treated them. If Dromore spoke out his soul, as he used to speak it out at 'Bambury's,' he would say: 'You get a pull there; you have a bally good time, I expect.' That was the way it took them; just a converse manifestation of the very same feeling toward art that the pious Philistines had, with their deploring eyebrows, and their 'peril to the soul.' Babes all! Not a glimmering of what art meant—of its effort, and its yearnings!

"You make money at it?"

"Oh, yes."

Again that appreciative goggle, as who should say: 'Ho! there's more in this than I thought!'

A long silence then, the fire flickering in front of them, the gray kitten purring against his neck, the smoke of their cigars going up, and such a strange, dozing sense of rest as he had not known for many days. And then—something, some one at the door, over by the sideboard! And Dromore speaking in a queer voice:

"Come in, Nell! D'you know my daughter?"

A hand took Lennan's, a hand that seemed to waver between the aplomb of woman of the world, and a child's impulsive warmth. And a voice, young, clipped, clear, said:

"How d'you do? She's rather sweet, isn't she—my kitten?"

Then Dromore turned the light up. A figure fairly tall, in a gray riding habit, stupendously well-cut; crinkly light-brown hair tied back with a black ribbon under a neat hat; a face not quite so round as a child's nor so shaped as a woman's, blushing slightly, very calm; eyes like those eyes of Gainsborough's 'Perdita'—slow, gray, mesmeric, with long lashes curling up, eyes that draw things to them, still innocent.

And just on the point of saying, "I thought you'd stepped out of that picture"—he saw Dromore's face, and mumbled instead:

"So it's *your* kitten?"

"Yes; she goes to everybody. Do you like Persians? She's all fur really. Feel!"

Entering with his fingers the recesses of the kitten, he said:

"Cats without fur are very queer."

"Have you seen one without fur?"

"Oh! yes. In my profession we have to go below fur—I'm a sculptor."

"That must be awfully interesting."

What a woman of the world! But what a child, too! And now he could see that the face in the sepia drawing was older alto-

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gether—lips not so full, look not so innocent, cheeks not so round, and something sad and desperate about it—a face that life had rudely touched; but the same eyes. And what charm, for all its disillusionment, its air of a history! Then he noticed, fastened to the frame, on a thin rod, a dust-colored curtain, drawn to one side. The self-possessed young voice was saying:

"Would you mind if I showed you my drawings? It would be awfully good of you. You could tell me about them." And with dismay he saw her opening a portfolio. While he scrutinized those schoolgirl drawings, he could feel her looking at him as animals do when they are making up their minds whether or no to like you; then she came and stood so close that her arm pressed his. He redoubled his efforts to find something good about the drawings. But, in truth, there was nothing good. And if, in other matters, he could lie well enough to save people's feelings, where art was concerned he never could; so he merely said:

"You haven't been taught, you see."

"Will you teach me?"

But before he could answer she was already effacing that naïve question in her most grown-up manner.

"Of course I oughtn't to ask. It would bore you awfully."

After that he vaguely remembered Dromore's asking if he ever rode in the Row; and those eyes of hers following him about; and her hand giving his another childish squeeze. Then he was on his way again down the dimly lighted stairs, past an interminable array of Vanity Fair cartoons, out into the east wind.

III

Crossing the Green Park on his way home, was he more, or less, restless? Difficult to say. A little flattered, certainly, a little warmed; yet irritated, as always when he came into contact with people to whom the world of art was such an amusing unreality. The idea of trying to show that child how to draw—that featherpate, with her riding and her kitten; and her 'Perdita' eyes! Touching and quaint how she had at once made friends with him! He was a little different, perhaps, from what she was accustomed to. And how daintily she spoke! A strange, attractive, almost lovely child! Certainly not more than seventeen—and—Johnny Dromore's daughter!

The wind was bitter, the lamps bright among the naked trees. Beautiful always—London at night, even in January, even in an east wind, with a beauty he never tired of. Its great dark chiselled shapes, its gleaming lights, like droves of flying stars come to earth; and all warmed by the beat and stir of innumerable lives—those lives that he ached so to know and to be part of.

He told Sylvia of his encounter. Dromore! The name struck her. She had an old Irish song, 'The Castle of Dromore,' with a queer haunting refrain. . . . That week it froze hard, and he began a life-size group of their two sheep-dogs. Then a thaw set in with that first southwest wind, which brings each February a feeling of spring such as is never again recaptured, and men's senses, like sleepy bees in the sun, go roving. It awakened in him more violently than ever the thirst to be living, knowing, loving—the craving for something new. Not this, of course, took him back to Dromore's rooms; oh! no, just friendliness, since he had not even told his old roommate where he lived, or said that his wife would be glad to make his acquaintance, if he cared to come round. For Johnny Dromore had assuredly not seemed too happy, under all his hard-bitten air. Yes! it was only friendly to go again.

Dromore was seated in his long armchair, a cigar between his lips, a pencil in his hand, a sporting journal, a Ruff's Guide, and a large green book beside him, and on his knee a sheet of foolscap paper. There was a festive air about him, very different from his spasmodic gloom of the other day; and he murmured without rising:

"Hallo, old man! glad to see you. Take a pew! Look here! Agapemone—which d'you think I ought to put her to—San Diavolo or Ponte Canet—not more than four crosses of St. Paul. Goin' to get a real good one from her this time!"

Lennan, who had never heard those sainted names, answered:

"Oh, Ponte Canet, without doubt. If you're working I'll come in another time."

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"Lord, no! Have a smoke. I'll just finish lookin' out their blood—and take a pull."

And so Lennan sat down to watch those researches, wreathed in cigars-moke and punctuated by expletives. They were as sacred and absorbing, no doubt, as his own efforts to create in clay, for before Dromore's inner vision was the perfect race-horse—he, too, was creating. Here was no mere dodge for making money—but a process hallowed by the peculiar sensation one had when one rubbed the palms of the hands together, the sensation that accompanied all creative achievement. Once only Dromore paused to turn his head and say:

"Bally hard, gettin' taproots right."

Real art! How well Lennan knew that desperate search after the point of balance, the central rivet that must be found before a form would come to life. . . . And he noted that to-day there was no kitten, no flowers, no evidence at all of any extraneous presence—even that picture was curtained. Had the girl he had seen, then, been just a dream—a fancy conjured up by his craving after youth?

But Dromore had dropped the large green book, and taken his stand before the fire.

"Nell took to you the other day. But you always were a lady's man. Remember the girl at Coaster's?"

Coaster's tea-shop, where he would go every afternoon that he had money, just for the pleasure of looking shyly at a face. Something beautiful to look at—nothing more! Johnny Dromore would no better understand that now than when they were at 'Bambury's.' Not the smallest good even trying to explain! He looked up at those goggling eyes; he heard the bantering voice:

"I say—you're goin' gray. We *are* bally old, Lenny! A fellow gets old when he marries."

And he answered:

"By the way, I never knew that *you* had been."

From Dromore's face the chaffing look went, like a candle-flame blown out; a coppery flush spread over it. For some seconds he did not speak; then, jerking his head toward the picture, he said very gruffly:

"Never had the chance of marrying, there; Nell's 'outside.'"

A sort of anger leaped in Lennan; why should Dromore speak that word as if he were ashamed of his own daughter! Just like his sort—none so hide-bound as men-about-town! Flotsam on the tide of other men's opinions; poor devils adrift without the one true anchorage of their own real feelings!

"As for that," he answered, "it would only make any decent man, or woman, nicer to her. When is she going to let me teach her drawing?"

He was conscious of Dromore staring, as if he did not quite know whether to be pleased, or to think him insincere and gushing, or even to be doubtful of the morality of his words. Then the fellow crossed the room, drew back the curtain of the picture; and in a muffled voice said:

"My God, Lenny! Life's unfair. Nell's coming killed her. I'd rather it had been me—bar chaff! Women have no luck."

Lennan got up from his comfortable chair. For, startled out of the past, the memory of that summer night, when yet another woman had no luck, flooded his heart with its black, inextinguishable grief. He said quietly:

"The past *is* past, old man."

Dromore drew the curtain again across the picture, and came back to the fire. For a full minute he stared into it without a word, then said:

"What am I to do with Nell? She's growing up."

"What have you done with her so far?"

"She's been at school. In the summer she goes to Ireland—I've got a bit of an old place there. She'll be eighteen in July. I shall have to introduce her to women—and that. It's the devil. How? Who?"

Lennan could only murmur: "My wife, for one."

He took his leave soon after. Johnny Dromore! Bizarre guardian for that child, indeed! Queer life she must have of it, in that bachelor's den, surrounded by Ruff's Guides! And what would become of her? Caught up by some young spark about town; married to him, no doubt—her father would see to the thoroughness of that, his standard of respectability was evidently high. And after—go the way,

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maybe, of her mother—that poor thing in the picture with the alluring, desperate face. Well! It was no business of his!

IV

No business of his! The merest sense of comradeship, then, took him once more to Dromore's after that disclosure, to prove that the word "outside" had no existence save in his friend's own fancy; to assure him again that Sylvia would be very glad to welcome the child at any time she liked to come.

When he had told her of that little matter of Nell's birth, she had been silent a long minute, looking in his face, and then had said: "Poor child, I wonder if she knows! People are so unkind, even nowadays!" He could not himself think of any one who would pay attention to such a thing, except to be kinder to the girl; but in such matters Sylvia was the better judge, in closer touch with general thought. She met people that he did not—and of a more normal species.

It was rather late when he got to Dromore's diggings on that third visit.

"Mr. Dromore, sir," the man said—he had one of those strictly confidential faces bestowed by an all-wise Providence on servants in the neighborhood of Piccadilly—"Mr. Dromore, sir, is not in. But he will be almost sure to be in to dress. Miss Nell is in, sir."

She was sitting at the table, pasting photographs into an album. And Lennan stood unheard, gazing at the back of her head with its thick, crinkly-brown hair tied back on her dark-red frock. What a lonely young creature in that abode of male middle age! Then, to the confidential man's soft: "Mr. Lennan, miss," he added a softer: "May I come in?"

She got up, and put her hand into his with intense composure.

"Oh, yes! do; if you don't mind the mess I'm making—" and with a little squeeze of the tips of his withdrawing fingers: "It was awfully nice of you to come. Would it bore you to see my photographs?"

And down they sat together before the amateur photographs—snap-shots of people with guns or fishing-rods, little groups of schoolgirls, kittens, Dromore and herself on horseback, and several of a young man with a broad, daring, rather good-looking face. "That's Oliver—Oliver Dromore—Dad's first cousin once removed. Rather nice, isn't he? Do you like his expression?"

Lennan did not know. Not her second cousin, her father's first cousin once removed! And again there leaped in him that unreasoning flame of indignant pity.

"And how about drawing? You haven't come to be taught yet."

She went almost as red as her frock.

"I thought you were only being polite. I oughtn't to have asked. Of course I want to awfully—only I know it'll bore you."

"It won't, at all."

She looked up, at that. What peculiar languorous eyes they were!

"Shall I come to-morrow, then?"

"Any day you like, between half-past twelve and one."

"Where?"

He took out a card.

"Mark Lennan—yes—I like your name. I liked it the other day. It's awfully nice."

What was in a name that she should like him because of it? His fame as a sculptor—such as it was—could have nothing to do with that, for she would certainly not know that he had any. Ah! but there *was* a lot in a name; he remembered the fascination they had had for him as a child—words such as macaroon, Spaniard, Carniola, Aldebaran, and Mr. McCrae. For quite a week the whole world had been Mr. McCrae—a most ordinary friend of Gordy's.

She talked freely now—of her school; of riding and motoring—she seemed to love going very fast; about Newmarket—which was 'perfect'; and theatres—plays of the type that Johnny Dromore might be expected to approve; she did not, indeed, appear to have seen any others, except 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear.' Never was a girl so untouched by thought, or art—yet not stupid, having, seemingly, a certain natural good taste; but nothing, evidently, had come her way. How could it—'Johnny Dromore *duce, et auspice* Johnny Dromore!' She had been taken, indeed, to the National Gallery while at school

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one half-holiday. Lennan had a vision of eight or ten young maidens trailing round at the skirts of one old maiden, admiring Landseer's dogs, giggling faintly at Botticelli's angels, gaping, rustling, chattering like young birds in a shrubbery. But with all her surroundings this child of Johnny Dromoredom was as yet more innocent than cultured girls of the same age. If those gray mesmeric eyes of hers followed him about, they did so quite frankly, and unconsciously. There was no minx in her, so far.

An hour went by, and Dromore did not come. And the loneliness of this young creature in that incongruous place began telling on Lennan's equanimity.

What did she do in the evenings?

"Sometimes I go to the theatre with Dad, generally I stay at home."

"And then?"

"Oh! I just read, or talk French."

"What? To yourself?"

"Yes, or to Oliver sometimes, when he comes in."

So Oliver came in! How long had she known Oliver? Oh! ever since she was a child. He wanted to say, 'And how long is that?' but managed to refrain, and got up to go instead. She caught his sleeve, and said:

"You're not to go." Saying that, she looked as a dog will, going to bite in fun, her upper lip shortened above her small white teeth set fast on her lower lip, and her chin thrust a little forward. A glimpse of a wilful spirit—that! But as soon as he smiled, and murmured: "Ah! but I must, you see!" she at once regained her manners, only saying rather mournfully: "You don't call me by my name. Don't you like it?"

"Nell?"

"Yes. It's really Eleanor, of course. *Don't* you like it?"

If he had detested the name, he could only have answered, "Very much."

"I'm awfully glad. Good-by."

When he got out into the street, he felt terribly like a man who, instead of having had his sleeve touched, has had his heart plucked at. And that warm, bewildered feeling lasted him all the way home.

Changing for dinner he looked at himself with unwonted attention. He saw a face with hair still thick and dark, but going distinctly gray; eyebrows mounting a little at the outer corners; very many lines about eyes wide apart, and particularly deep-set, as if life had forced them back, but still eager when they smiled; cheek-bones that were almost "bopsies" now; cheeks thin and dark; chin set and bony below a dark mustache. Altogether a face that life had worn a good deal—nothing for a child to take a fancy to and make friends with, that he could see.

Sylvia came in while he was thus taking stock of himself, bringing a freshly opened flask of eau de Cologne. She was always bringing him something—never was any one so sweet in those ways. In that gray low-cut frock, her white still prettiness and pale-gold hair, so little touched by time, only just fell short of real beauty for lack of a spice of depth and of incisiveness, just as her spirit lacked he knew not what of poignancy. He would not for the world have let her know that he ever felt that lack. If a man could not hide little rifts in the lute of one so good and humble and affectionate, he was not fit to live.

She sang 'The Castle of Dromore' again that night, with its queer haunting lilt. And when she had gone up, and he was smoking over the fire, the girl in her dark-red frock seemed to come, and sit opposite with her eyes fixed on his, just as she had been sitting while they talked. Dark-red had suited her, suited the look on her face when she said: "You're not to go!" Odd, indeed, if she had not some devil in her, with that parentage!

V

NEXT day had occurred a singular phenomenon. They summoned Lennan from the studio to see it: Johnny Dromore, very well groomed, talking to Sylvia with unnatural suavity, and carefully masking the goggle in his eyes! Mrs. Lennan ride? Ah! Too busy, of course. She helped Mark with his—er—No! Really! Read a lot, no doubt? He never had any time for readin'—awful bore not havin' time to read! And Sylvia listening and smiling, very still and soft.

What had Dromore come for? To spy out the land, discover why Lennan and his wife thought nothing of the word 'outside'—whether in fact their household was

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respectable. . . . A man must always look twice at 'what-d'you-call-ems' even if they have shared his room at school! . . . To his credit, of course, to be so careful of his daughter, at the expense of time owed to the creation of the perfect race-horse! On the whole he seemed to be coming to the conclusion that they might be useful to Nell in the uncomfortable time at hand when she would have to go about; seemed even to be falling under the spell of Sylvia's transparent goodness—abandoning his habitual vigilance against being scored off in life's perpetual bet; parting with his armor of chaff. Almost a relief, indeed, once out of Sylvia's presence, on the way to the studio, to see that familiar, unholy curiosity creeping back into his eyes and manner, as though he were hoping against parental hope to find something—er—amusing somewhere about that mysterious Mecca of good times—a 'what-d'you-call-it's' studio. Delicious to watch the conflict between relief and disappointment. Alas! no model—not even a statue—without clothes, nothing but portrait heads, casts of animals, and such like sobrieties—absolutely nothing that could bring a blush to the cheek of the young person, or a glow to the eyes of a Johnny Dromore.

Curiously silent, he walked round and round the group of sheep-dogs, inquiring into them with his long crinkled nose.

"You do these out of your head?"

"No; from life."

"D—d good! How d'you get them to stay in one place long enough?"

"I don't."

Then, very suddenly:

"I say, old chap, you wouldn't do me one of Nell on horseback?"

It was Lennan's turn for silence.

"I might, perhaps, do a statuette of her," he said, at last; "if I did, you should have a cast."

It was of course the part of a Dromore never to be surprised or puzzled, but whether this one was doubtful what exactly a cast might be, or thought that in some way he might be being out-manœuvred, he remained some seconds in a sort of trance. Then, suddenly, as though clinching a bet, he muttered:

"Done! And if you want to ride with her to get the hang of it, I can always mount you."

When he had gone, Lennan remained staring at his unfinished sheep-dogs in the gathering dusk. He had again that sense of irritation at contact with something strange, hostile, uncomprehending. Why did he let these Dromores into his life like this? He shut the studio, and went back to the drawing-room. Sylvia was sitting on the fender, gazing at the fire, and she edged along to rest against his knees. The light from a candle on her writing-table was shining on her hair, her cheek and chin, that years had so little altered. What a picture she made! With just that candle-flame, swaying there, burning slowly, surely down the pale wax—of all lifeless things most living, most like a spirit! He passed his finger through it—bland and vague, one would hardly know it was fire at all. Then, suddenly, a drift of wind blew it this way and that, till, caught between two draughts, it went out. He got up to shut the window, and as he came back Sylvia said:

"I like Mr. Dromore. I think he's nicer than he looks."

"He's asked me to make a statuette of his daughter on horseback."

"And will you?"

"I don't know."

"If she's really so pretty, you'd better."

"Pretty's hardly the word—but she's not ordinary."

She turned round, and looked up at him, and instinctively he felt that something difficult to answer was coming next.

"Mark."

"Yes."

"I wanted to ask you: Are you really happy nowadays?"

"Of course. Why not?"

What else could he say? It would have disturbed her horribly to speak of those feelings of the last few months—those feelings so ridiculous to any one who had them not.

And having received her answer Sylvia turned back to the fire, resting silently against his knees. . . .

It was three days later when the sheep-dogs suddenly abandoned the pose into which he had lured them with much difficulty, and made for the door of his studio. There in the street was Nell Dromore,

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mounted on a narrow little black horse with a white star, a white hoof, and devilish-looking little goat's ears, pricked and very close together at the tips.

"Dad said I had better ride round and show you Magpie. He's not very good at standing still. Are those your dogs? What darlings!"

She had slipped her knee already from the pommel and was sliding down; and the dogs were instantly on their hind feet, propping themselves against her waist. Lennan held the little black horse. What a vivid, bizarre little beast! All fire and whipcord, with a skin like satin, liquid eyes, very straight hocks, and a thin bang tail reaching down to them. And for a moment he forgot its rider. This little creature had none of those commonplace good looks, so discouraging to artists.

And then, still kissing the dogs' heads, she looked up at him, and said: "Do you like him? It is nice of you to do us."

When he had made a rough sketch of the little black horse, and she had ridden away, looking back until she turned the corner, he tried to lure the two dogs back to their pose. But they were restless, and would sit no more, going continually to the door, listening and sniffing; indeed, everything felt disturbed and out of gear.

And that same afternoon, at Sylvia's suggestion, he went with her to call on the Dromores.

While they were being ushered in they heard a man's voice, rather high-pitched, speaking in some language not his own; then the girl's:

"No, no, Oliver—'*Dans l'amour il y a toujours un qui baise, et un qui tend la joue.*'"

She was sitting in her father's chair, and on the window-sill a young man lolled, who rose and stood stock-still, with an almost insolent expression on his broad, good-looking face. Lennan scrutinized him with interest—about twenty-four he might be, rather dandified, clean-shaven, with crisp, dark hair, and wide-set hazel eyes, and, as in his photograph, a curious look of daring. His voice, when he vouchsafed a greeting, was rather high and not unpleasant, with a touch of lazy drawl.

They stayed but a few minutes, and going down those dimly lighted stairs again Sylvia remarked:

"How prettily she said good-by—as if she were putting up her face to be kissed. I think she's lovely. So does that young man. They go well together."

Rather abruptly Lennan answered:

"Ah! yes—I suppose they do."

VI

SHE came to them often after that, sometimes alone, twice with Johnny Dromore, sometimes with young Oliver, who, under Sylvia's spell, soon lost his stand-off air. And the statuette was begun. Then came spring in earnest, and that real business of life—the racing of horses on the flat; so that Johnny Dromore's genius was no longer hampered by the illegitimate risks of 'jumpin'.' He came to dine with them the day before the first Newmarket meeting. He had a soft spot for Sylvia, always saying to Lennan as he went away: "Your wife's a charmin' woman." She too had a soft spot for him, having fathomed the helplessness of this worldling's wisdom, and thinking him pathetic.

And after he was gone she said:

"Do you think we ought to have Nell to stay with us, while you're finishing her? She must be very lonely now her father's so much away."

It was like Sylvia to think of inviting her, but would it be pleasure or vexation to have in the house this child with her quaint grown-upness, her confiding ways, and those Perdita eyes? In truth he did not know.

She came to them with touching alacrity—very like a dog, who, left at home when the family goes for a holiday, takes at once to those who make much of it.

And she was no trouble, too well accustomed to amuse herself; and always quaint to watch, with her continual changes from child to woman of the world, and back again. A new sensation, this—of a young creature in the house. Both he and Sylvia had wanted children, but without luck. Twice illness had stood in the way. Was it perhaps just that little lack in her—that lack of poignancy, which had prevented her from becoming a mother? An only child herself, she had no nieces or nephews; Cicely's boys had always been at school, and now were out in the world.

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Yes, a new sensation, and one in which Lennan's restless feelings seemed to merge and vanish.

Outside the hours when Nell sat to him he purposely saw but little of her, leaving her to nestle under Sylvia's wing, and this she did, as if she never wanted to come out. Thus he preserved his amusement at her quaint warmths, and quainter calmness, his æsthetic pleasure in watching her, whose strange half-hypnotized, half-hypnotic gaze had a sort of dreamy and pathetic lovingness, as if she were brimful of affections that had no outlet.

Every morning after 'sitting' she would stay an hour bent over her own drawing, which made practically no progress; and he would often catch her following his movements with those great eyes of hers, while the sheep-dogs would lie perfectly still at her feet blinking horribly—such was her attraction. His birds also, a jackdaw and an owl, who had the run of the studio, tolerated her as they tolerated no other female, save the housekeeper. The jackdaw would perch on her and peck her dress; but the owl merely engaged her in combats of mesmeric gazing, which never ended in victory for either.

Now that she was with them, Oliver Dromore began to haunt the house. She behaved to him with extreme capriciousness, sometimes hardly speaking, sometimes treating him like a brother; and, in spite of all his nonchalance, the poor youth would just sit glowering, or gazing out his adoration, in accordance with her mood.

One of those July evenings Lennan remembered beyond all others. He had come, after a hard day's work, out from his studio into the courtyard garden—to smoke a cigarette and feel the sun on his cheek before it sank behind the wall. A piano-organ far away was grinding out a waltz; and on a hydrangea tub under the drawing-room window he sat down to listen. Nothing was visible from there save just the square patch of a quite blue sky and one soft plume of smoke from his own kitchen chimney; nothing audible but that tune and the never-ending street murmur. Twice birds flew across—starlings. It was very peaceful, and his thoughts went floating, like the smoke of his cigarette, to meet who-knew-what other thoughts—for thoughts, no doubt, had little swift lives of their own; desired, and found their mates; and, blending, sent forth offspring. Why not? All was possible, in this wonder-house of a world. Even that waltz tune, floating away, would find some melody to wed, and twine with, and produce a fresh chord that might float in turn to catch the hum of a gnat or fly, and breed again. Queer—how everything sought to entwine with something else! On one of the pinkish blooms of the hydrangea he noted a bee—of all things, in this hidden-away garden of tiles and gravel and plants in tubs. The little furry lonely thing was drowsily clinging there, as if it had forgotten what it had come for—seduced, maybe, like himself, from labor by these last rays of the sun. Its wings, close-furled, were glistening; its eyes seemed closed. And the piano-organ played on, a tune of yearning, waiting, yearning. . . .

Then, through the window above his head, he heard Oliver Dromore—a voice one could always tell, pitched high, with its slight drawl—pleading, very softly at first, then insistent, imperious; and suddenly Nell's answering voice:

"I won't, Oliver. I won't, I won't!"

He rose to go out of earshot. Then a door slammed, and he saw her at the window above him, her waist on a level with his head, flushed, her gray eyes ominously bright, her full lips parted. And he said:

"What is it, Nell?"

She leaned down and caught his hand; her touch was fiery hot.

"He kissed me. I won't let him—I won't kiss him."

Through his head went a medley of sayings to soothe children that are hurt; but he felt unsteady, unlike himself. And suddenly she knelt, and put her hot forehead against his lips.

It was as if she had really been a little child, wanting the place kissed to make it well.

VII

After that strange outburst Lennan considered long whether he should speak to Oliver. But what could he say, from what standpoint say it, and—with that

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feeling? Or should he speak to Dromore? Not very easy to speak on such a subject to one off whose turf all spiritual matters were so permanently warned. Nor somehow could he bring himself to tell Sylvia; it would be like violating a confidence to speak of the child's outburst and that quivering moment, when she had knelt and put her hot forehead to his lips for comfort. Such a disclosure was for Nell herself to make, if she so wished.

And then young Oliver solved the difficulty by coming to the studio himself next day. He entered with 'Dromore' composure, very well groomed, in a silk hat, a cutaway black coat, and charming lemon-colored gloves—what the young man did, besides belonging to the yeomanry and hunting all the winter, seemed known only to himself. He made no excuse for interrupting Lennan, and for some time sat silently smoking his cigarette, and pulling the ears of the dogs. And Lennan worked on, waiting. There was always something attractive to him in this young man's broad, good-looking face, with its crisp, dark hair, and half-insolent good humor, now so clouded.

At last Oliver got up and went over to the unfinished 'Girl on the Magpie horse.' Turning to it so that his face could not be seen, he said:

"You and Mrs. Lennan have been awfully kind to me. I behaved rather like a cad yesterday; I thought I'd better tell you. I want to marry Nell, you know."

Lennan was glad that the young man's face was so religiously averted. He let his hands come to anchor on what he was working at before he answered: "She's only a child, Oliver"; and then, watching his fingers making a stupid movement with the clay, was astonished at himself.

"She'll be eighteen this month," he heard Oliver say. "If she once gets out—amongst people—I don't know what I shall do. Old Johnny's no good to look after her."

Lennan forced himself to look. The young man's face was very red, he was forgetting to hide it now. Then it went white, and he said through clenched teeth: "She sends me mad. I don't know how not to— If I don't get her, I shall shoot myself. I shall, you know—I'm that sort. It's her eyes. They draw you right out of yourself—and leave you—" And from his gloved hand the smoked-out cigarette end fell to the floor. "They say her mother was like that. Poor old Johnny! D'you think I've got a chance, Mr. Lennan? I don't mean now, this minute; I know she's too young!"

Lennan forced himself to answer.

"I dare say, my dear fellow, I dare say. Have you talked with my wife?"

Oliver shook his head.

"She's so good. I don't think she'd quite understand my sort of feeling."

A queer little smile came up on Lennan's lips.

"Ah! well," he said, "you must give the child time. Perhaps when she comes back from Ireland, after the summer."

The young man answered moodily:

"Yes. I've got the run of that, you know. And I shan't be able to keep away." He took up his hat: "I suppose I oughtn't to have come and bored you about this, but Nell thinks such a lot of you; and, you being different to most people—I thought you wouldn't mind." He turned again at the door: "It wasn't gas what I said just now—about not getting her. Fellows say that sort of thing, but I mean it."

He put on that shining hat, and went.

And Lennan stood, staring at the statuette. So! Passion broke down even the defences of Dromoredom. Passion! Strange hearts it chose to bloom in!

'Being different to most people—I thought you wouldn't mind!' How had Oliver known that Sylvia would not understand a passion so out of hand as this? And what had told him that he (Lennan) would? Was there, then, something in his face? There must be! Even Johnny Dromore—most reticent of creatures—had confided to him that one hour of his astute existence, when the wind had swept him out to sea!

That statuette would never be any good, try as he might! Oliver was right—it was her eyes! How they had smoked—if eyes could be said to smoke—in their childish anger; and how they had drawn and pleaded, when she put her face to his in her still more childish entreaty! If they were like this now, what would they be when the woman in her woke? Just as well not to think of her too much! Just

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as well to work, and remember that he would soon be forty-seven! Just as well that next week she would be gone to Ireland!

And the last evening before she went they took her to see 'Carmen' at the Opera. He remembered that she wore a nearly high white frock; and a dark carnation in the ribbon tying her crinkly hair, which still hung loose. How wonderfully entranced she sat, drunk on that opera that he had seen a score of times; now touching his arm, now Sylvia's, whispering questions: "Who's that?" "What's coming now?" The *Carmen* roused her to adoration, but *Don José* was "too fat in his funny little coat," till, in the maddened jealousy of the last act, he rose superior. Then, quite lost in her excitement, she clutched Lennan's arm; and her gasp, when *Carmen* fell at last, made all their neighbors jump. Her emotion was far more moving than that upon the stage; he wanted badly to stroke and comfort her, and say: "There, there, my dear, it's only make-believe!" And, when it was over, and the excellent murdered lady and her poor fat little lover appeared before the curtain, finally forgetful that she was a woman of the world, she started forward in her seat and clapped and clapped. Fortunate that Johnny Dromore was not there to see! But, all things coming to an end, they had to get up and go. And, as they made their way out to the hall, Lennan felt a hot little finger crooked into his own, as if she simply must have something to squeeze! He really did not know what to do with it. She seemed to feel that half-heartedness, and soon let go. And all the way home in the cab she was silent. With that same abstraction she ate her sandwiches and drank her lemonade; then took Sylvia's kiss, and, quite a woman of the world once more, begged that they would not get up to see her off—for she was to go at seven in the morning, to catch the Irish mail. Then, holding out her hand to Lennan, she very gravely said:

"Thanks most awfully for taking me to-night. Good-by!"

Lennan stayed full half an hour at the window, smoking. No street lamp shone just there, and the night was velvety black above the plane-trees. At last, with a sigh, he shut up, and went tiptoeing upstairs in darkness. Suddenly in the corridor the white wall seemed to move at him. A warmth, a fragrance, a sound like a tiny sigh, and something soft was squeezed into his hand. Then the wall moved back, and he stood listening—no sound, no anything! In his dressing-room he looked at the soft thing in his hand. It was the carnation from her hair. What had possessed the child to give him that? 'Carmen'! Ah! 'Carmen'! And gazing at the flower, he held it away from him with a sort of terror; but its scent rose. And suddenly he thrust it, all fresh as it was, into a candle-flame, and held it, burning, writhing, till it blackened to velvet. Then his heart smote him for so cruel a deed. It was still beautiful, but its scent was gone. And going to the window he flung it far out into the darkness.

(To be continued.)

"THE REST IS SILENCE"

By William H. Hayne

After life's turmoil and its buffets rude,
Silence and sleep wherein no dreams intrude,—
Rest unimpaired by irking pain or tears—
The reparation for the loud-voiced years.

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MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA

By Edwin Howland Blashfield

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES OF THE AUTHOR'S WORK*

MURAL painting may safely be called the most exacting, as it is certainly the most complicated, form of painting; its scope includes figure, landscape, and portrait; its practice demands the widest education, the most varied forms of knowledge, the most assured experience. Save by the initiated, it is apt to be misapprehended as a form of art at best demanding little but arrangement, fancy, lightness of hand; at worst, as a commercial product calculable as to its worth by the hour and the square foot. It is the object of this paper to try to make a very short statement of the real demands of mural painting, and to endeavor to suggest its real value.

It is the theory of a certain group that art is for artists, that it can be truly felt and known only by them, and that outside a charmed circle of their own no opinion is worth consideration. There are others who believe that the mysterious force which created the Beauty of the world, earth and sky, shore and sea, or, under the hand of man, what we call Art, did not do it for the benefit of any close corporation, even of artists.

Yet from the people who look most eagerly for that beauty come the artists; therefore, they may claim the right to be pioneers and leaders. On the other hand, the public is as essential to the creation of art as is handle to blade; it drives and enforces the purpose of the artist. There is need for the advisory companionship of the cultured non-professional, the statesman, historian, ethnographer, to insist upon types, to emphasize points in the celebration of wise policy, to show us how and where to illuminate the history of our people. But at their elbow must be the professional eye and hand to model those types, to compose that celebration, to mix the colors for that illumination; otherwise the noblest words may be set to sorry music; for the music's harmony is made up of the diverse yet concordant contribution of many minds, the sober sense of one, the dreams of another, aspiration and restraint, but all co-ordinated in the end by him who can confer plastic shape.

Architecture has been called an occupation for kings, but it is because kings, presidents, and governments can summon together the trained workers, who approach by many paths, who bring brains and tools, eye, hand, and book-knowledge, that the governing fiat may create a Parthenon, a cathedral, a Taj, or a national capitol.

Public and municipal art is a public and municipal educator, and the decoration of public buildings is the most important question in the consideration of our art of the future, just as it always *has* been in the past of any and every national art from the time of the pyramid-builders down.

The temples, cathedrals, and town halls of the past are the landmarks of the ages.

Why, then, if the very names of these old buildings attest their importance, further support the attestation? Because, while the average intelligent American will admit what has just been said, he will forget all about it the moment he is confronted by his concrete problem in this field and by what he calls "the necessities of the situation."

And what are the necessities of such a situation? To instance them let us take some well-known town hall as the most representative of possible buildings—say

* The use throughout this article of reproductions of my own work only, requires an explanation.

The space at my disposition for illustrations was limited. In order to use as many as I needed it became necessary to reduce them to very small size. I did not feel at liberty to ask other painters to permit me to include such miniature reproductions of their work and therefore used only my own. Under any circumstances these illustrations are not supposed to be pictures of mural paintings but instead are memoranda of conventional shapes of panels, or else show the various practice of mural painters, the preparatory processes of mural painters, and some of the changes made in the course of experiment. The list of mural painters now practising in America is a long one and anything like a representative collection of reproductions of their work would require more space than is usually accorded to the illustrations even of a volume.

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the town hall of Brussels, and in it a room which may be the *Salle des Mariages*. Now, in a perfectly plain, plastered room, costing very little money, you could marry just as many people a day, and shelter them as well from rain, heat, and cold, as in a room made charming with decorations, and in a building famous forever for its Gothic loveliness.

But is there not something to be said for this latter quality? The man in the street may reply: "After all it is no wonder that your town halls of Belgium, your Merchants' Exchange of Perugia, your People's Palaces of Siena and Florence were famous for their art. They had nothing but their art to boast of; we to-day could not for a moment tolerate their inconvenience, their lack of telephones, and heat, and elevators, and in the interests of business to-day we demand something better. We propose for ourselves infinitely greater convenience of every kind, and shall concentrate ourselves upon that."

And why? if you are already masters of the situation as regards convenience, and if at the same time you realize that qualities for which you have relatively little aptitude, decorative qualities, have made those old public buildings famous through all time, why do you not give serious thought to your weak points as well as to your strong ones?

Do you say that you neglect the artistic side of the question because the time for it is gone and past, and that we as a people are fitted only for the practical? This I should emphatically deny: American art is on the contrary rapidly advancing. The landscape and portrait schools are fully abreast of anything immediately modern, and the school of decorative painting is following rapidly after the other two.

It is seriousness of purpose that is lacking, not capacity for attacking the decorative problem. If once this seriousness can obtain, if once the public can be convinced of the prodigious importance of *good* decoration of the municipal, state, and national buildings, all the rest will surely follow, for there is plenty of capacity in America; it only needs to be developed.

It can be developed only by experience and by experience along *special* lines. This fact we must grasp firmly and accept absolutely; otherwise we shall stumble along delaying our opportunity, and expending our effort, our money, and our most precious time unwisely.

It is quite true that at the first blush this advocacy of the *importance* of good decoration applied to public buildings seems in itself unimportant, because the public appears quite ready to grant everything, but it is only an *appearance*. The objector may perhaps reply: "Of course, we recognize the importance of decoration of public buildings. Of course, we realize that the temples and palaces and cathedrals shine in the past like beacons, and will project their light beyond us into no one knows how remote a future. Of course, we feel that Phidias and Michelangelo and Titian are names to conjure with." This the objector representing the public will say readily, and easily and perfunctorily, having become accustomed to saying it through centuries. But having glibly stated this recognition and realization of the greatness of the example of the past, he only too often cancels his words by the indifference of his attitude.

Frequently the citizen, who is to be part owner of the new State capitol or court-house, having spoken trippingly of its importance as a factor for good, turns the whole matter over to a special committee, then thinks no more of it save, perhaps, to boast now and then in an open letter to the press of how fine the new court-house or State-house is going to be, and how much bigger and better than the one over the river, in an adjoining State.

And all this in spite of the fact that he is a *good* citizen, honestly proud of the development of his State, that the committeeman is a capable committeeman, prudent and eager for the welfare of the commonwealth. It is all because, when the matter in hand relates to what we call art, they do not consider, they *will* not consider. Art, they think, relates to feeling, and *they*, the citizens, the committeemen, many of them at least, *most* of them as yet, I fear, believe that every man has a divine right to settle for himself any question which relates chiefly to feeling. They reiterate the worn phrase, "I know what I like," and they sit content while the real beauty-lover mourns.

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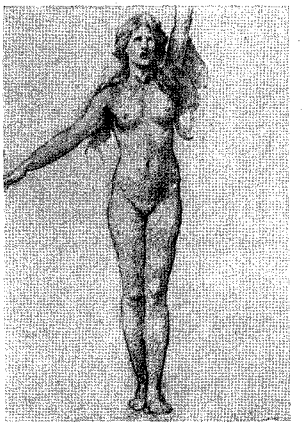

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X.

Showing various phases of working drawings for decorations.

I.—Angel, nude, Federal Building, Cleveland. II.—Head of angel, Federal Building, Cleveland. III.—Angel, draped, Federal Building, Cleveland. IV.—Concave lunette, College of the City of New York. V.—Figure of University of Rome, City College lunette. VI.—Head of University of Rome, City College lunette. VII.—Figure of University of Paris, draped, City College lunette. VIII.—Figure of University of Paris, nude, City College lunette (reversed). IX.—Wisdom. Experiment not adopted, City College lunette. X.—Wisdom. Experiment adopted, City College panel.

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Fortunately, the real beauty-lover is adding to himself many recruits from the ranks of the said citizens and committeemen. To every one of these we appeal, and with their aid we shall win; for beauty put into concrete form can work wonders and in the *end* convinces. When the artist is dead and can paint no longer he begins to earn great sums for the inheritors of his work. When the Greek temple has become the product of a vanished civilization, and unreproducible, we go thousands of leagues to visit it. When we have recognized that the fresco is the outcome of an age and a spirit which have departed, and that we cannot order its counterpart into being, we saw it from the wall and transfer it with infinite care to canvas and buy it at a great price for our museums.

And so we recognize the past, and forget that the present is the past of to-morrow, and is worth providing for.

If such various men of various times have so vibrated to the appeal of decorative art as to create it in every epoch, we may surely look for a response among our own people. The American spirit is sympathetic to many things. More than a score of years ago I went to Washington with the first committee which made an attempt to obtain free importation of foreign art. We sat up nearly all night in the sleeping-car considering ways and means. We agreed that we must not talk sentiment, we must talk economics, appeal to the practical American mind of our legislators, and show them that good art is financially desirable. But when we reached the Capitol we found that it was precisely sentiment which appealed to senator and representative alike. They patted us on the back, and said: "It is fine to find you young fellows [mind you, this was more than thirty years ago] asking *not* to be protected." Thus you see that sentiment *does* reach the American legislator.

But for those who wish to hear the other side we may prove easily enough that good national art is a good national asset.

To begin with, art confers immortality. A noble artistic representation immortalizes the cause symbolized, the thought embodied, the individual portrayed. "The bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius," is not merely a fine phrase of a poet. For about the concrete representation crystallizes and remains the thought. Not all Thucydides impresses the mind of the average man as swiftly and forcibly as does his first vision of the Acropolis. Toward the monument which stands for cherished cause or inspired idea or revered individual the mind turns in instinctive patriotism, and if in the monument you find commemoration plus beauty, the latter quality gilds the halo of pre-eminence and even outlasts it, since men's memories may fade, but their power for visual receptiveness is constant. The votaries at the shrine of patriotism become the visitors to the temple of beauty, and that beauty holds with it still and always, some memory of the good and great who are celebrated by its outward forms.

If you think I am becoming too poetical, remember that these visiting pilgrims bring throughout the ages, in wallet or toga, bosom or breeches pocket, obolus and denarius and dollar, which go into the market to keep things stirring. Let us pass from the waxed tablets of the guardians of Athene's temple to the ledgers of the bookkeepers of a modern hotel, and take the little city of Perugia, in Italy, as an example.

The clean hotels are at least an unmixed blessing; and who gave them, who made the town cleaner and more prosperous than it had been for four hundred years? The hotel-keepers whose money has come from the visitors to the famous frescoes in the Sala del Cambio—the Hall of the Exchange—and to the sculptures of the great fountain on the square. The prosperity of Perugia has come straight off the palette of Perugino, and the marble dust from the chisel of Giovanni Pisano has turned to gold dust and coin. Has any Fouquet or Colbert, any minister of finance in France, greatly excelled our lady, the Venus of Milo, as a bringer of revenue? Imagine the sums which have been paid for casts, engravings, photographs, printed books, and pamphlets about her goddessship, and add to these the money given to steamer, railway, and hotel by those to whom her presence in Paris was one of the most powerful magnets which drew them. And as is Paris so are other capitals; and as is Perugia so

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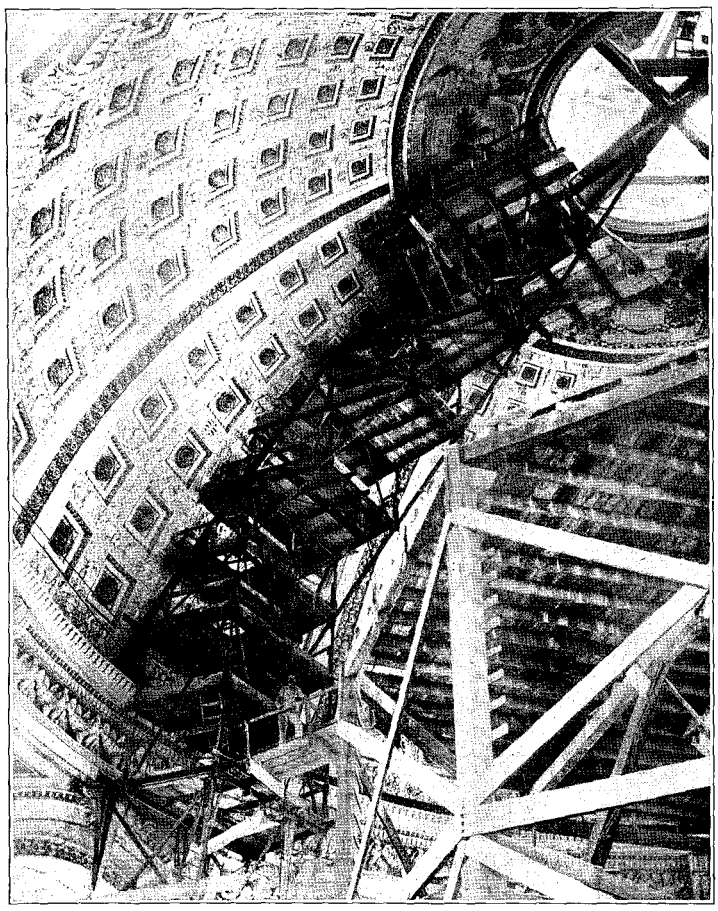
are fifty other Italian towns; and as they are so are Washington, Boston, and Saint Paul beginning to be. Ask the doorkeepers of the Library of Congress, the



Travelling scaffold used at the Library of Congress.

Public Library of Boston, the State Capitol of Saint Paul, how many visitors pour into their buildings on holidays, and even on week-days.

It is perhaps a low plane, this of the consideration of the money value to hotelkeeper and shopman and railway of the visiting tourist; but its corollary is upon a higher plane, and is a better support to our contention, which is for the stimulus and education returned to that same visitor as a thousandfold the equivalent of his money. If the chronicles of France and Germany and Italy inspire the citizens of those lands to patriotism, the eyes of the citizens, and through their eyes their hearts and minds, are even more quickly caught by the sculptured or painted figures of the *heroes* of the chronicles. The Frenchman who hears the word Austerlitz sees before his mental vision the little man in the gray overcoat and three-cornered hat, the Napoleon of Raffet or Charlet. The descendants of the soldiers of the great Frederick see Alter Fritz in powder and pigtail in the pictures of Menzel. We Americans know Lincoln in the sculpture of Saint-Gaudens or French, or Washington as Houdon and Stuart saw him; even the theatrically improbable Washington crossing the Delaware is not without his uses to those who meet him in Leutze's picture. Minor men are immortalized if the Muse of the sculptor's art lay her hand

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upon their shoulder. Gattemelata and Colleone were after all only hired captains, though among the best of the generals of the Italian Renaissance. They would have been forgotten fifty times over had they been emphasized by nothing beyond their personal worth, but to-day their names are known to the cultured of every country, their physical presentment to the artists of every land, because four hundred years ago they were horsed and harnessed by great sculptors and set on high as unfading memories.

As you walk the streets of Paris to-day, among hurrying men and women, at every thousand feet or so there crosses your path the shadow of a figure which is not hurrying, but still, and which is above you—pedestalled! You look up and add to the picture which has passed before your eyes, and through your mind, of sculptured or painted monitors, martyrs to principle, or defenders of the fatherland, the protagonists: men who have fought with hand and brain for their country, who have printed books and burned at the stake for the principles which those books enunciated, who have struggled to save the commonwealth and died under the guillotine for their service, who have taught the blind or led the keenest-sighted, who have analyzed, painted, written, manufactured—who in a word have glorified the past and to-day, thanks to art, are still helping every thoughtful onlooker.

Trying scale with a paper model.

Good decoration of buildings is, then, a stimulus, an asset, and an essential.

To produce it, what must the mural

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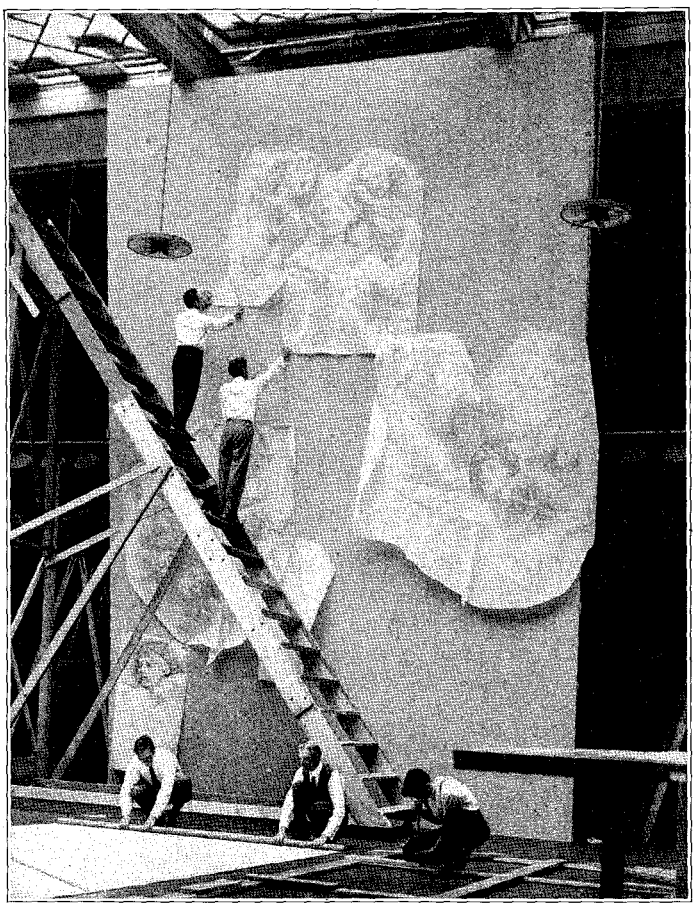
painter possess? At least these three attributes: talent, of course; but quite as much of course, *experience;* last, not least, self-control enough to enable him to compel himself to harmonize his effort with



Placing the figures in a decoration.

that of the architect, the sculptor, and his fellow mural painters.

That he must have talent goes without saying; but if it be not backed by experience, talent will be wasted—worse even, will get him in trouble.

When we began to decorate in America, years ago, many people thought decoration a relatively slight task in art, and sometimes said of a man who was not very successful: "He seems to have artistic feeling. Why shouldn't he go in for something merely decorative?"

This delusion is not yet wholly dissipated, and to-day an artist who has not always succeeded on a two-foot canvas in greatly interesting people has sometimes thought that he could achieve success simply by magnifying his canvas to a length of twenty feet. There never was a greater mistake or one which has worked more mischief. Size is impressive *per se*, but for that very reason weakness or flimsiness on a large scale is so patent as to be intolerable.

Mural painting is enormously exacting because of its inclusiveness and because of the difficult and shifting outside conditions which bear upon and hamper or help it. As yet comparatively few people have realized this inclusiveness and the fact that portraits properly panelled into the wall are an invaluable asset in a public

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building, while again landscape decoratively treated is an asset, since celebration of local and national scenery is as fitting as celebration of men and actions.

Thus, given the proper experience in decorative treatment, landscape-painter and portrait-painter have their rightful and important place in the guild of mural painters.

Experience plus talent is, then, absolutely necessary to him who is to be given the conduct of an important part in decoration. A few examples of the puzzles and troubles that confront a mural painter who is engaged upon an important work are sufficient to demonstrate the truth of this statement. To begin with, in a great building in course of erection, the mural painter or the sculptor has to do his thinking under certain physically and materially difficult conditions.

In Chicago, at the World's Fair, we mural painters wore sweaters, the wind blew the turpentine out of our cups and stiffened our fingers; in Washington, under a summer sun beating upon the dome of the Library of Congress, we worked in gauze underclothing only, and drank a bucketful of ice-water a day. In another great building, when the steam was turned on in September to dry the plastering, one of my assistants became very ill but went bravely on with his painting. These are only physical discomforts, but they make it hard to do thoughtful work. Something, however, that is more than physical goes into trying to compel vast spaces to tell as one piece; into making thirty figures scale alike, and scale with the architecture, too; into considering the amount of air that is to come between the decoration and its spectator, sometimes ten feet of air, sometimes one hundred and fifty; into suiting various portions of your decoration to the different lighting of different parts of the same space; into allowing for the treatment of curved surfaces; into conforming your composition of masses and lines to the sort of ornament, rich or severe, that is to surround it; into neutralizing the effect of unfortunate reflections; into realizing that, deprived as we are, in mural work, of the resource of varnish, only repeated experience teaches what our overpaintings may dry into.

With all of these difficulties to consider, and many, very many more which I have no space to note, is it hard to accept my affirmation that not talent alone, but talent backed by experience, is absolutely essential to him who would direct a great enterprise in mural painting? Take a man who is full of ability, and set this problem before him; for a time he will be bewildered, and there are things which nobody can tell him—he must find them out for himself.

One of the most brilliant of American painters, Alfred Collins, who was taken away from us only too early and to our great loss, came into the Vanderbilt gallery one day when I was painting there on a large decoration. He criticised a certain part of my work. I said: "That has been puzzling me too, and I have made repeated changes in that particular place. Take my palette, and go upon the scaffold, and make the change yourself; suggest what you would like to see." He went up the ladder and painted a little while, then came down, and viewed his work from the floor. "Why, it doesn't look at all the same from here as from the scaffold." "No," I replied; "that's what I've been finding out over and over again for several years." He remounted the scaffold, returned twice to the floor, then put the palette back into my hands, and said, laughing: "I give it up."

A commission for a decoration in a public building had been allotted to Collins; a few weeks later he decided to decline it, and told me that he did not for the moment feel able to take the time necessary to acquire such *experience* as would enable him to handle the work properly. That Collins would have made a brilliant decorator could he have taken time to grow gradually along the lines of mural work I feel sure; that under the circumstances he was wise in declining I am almost equally certain.

It is infinitely unlikely that any man to whom decoration is a new undertaking, no matter how gifted he might be, could successfully confront the problems of scale, of lighting, of color and of modelling as influenced by the said lighting and by distance. That is why he should not be given the headship of any important decorative enterprise at first, but should win his chev-

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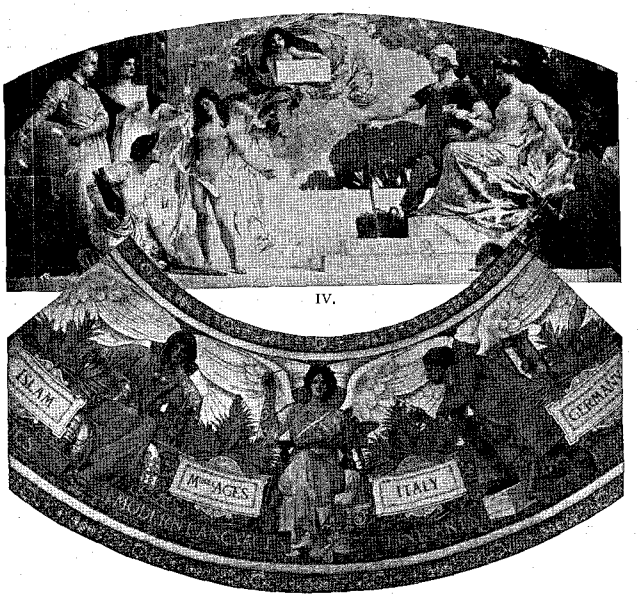

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VII.

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Showing various shapes of panels common to the practice of a mural painter.

I.—Wide pendentive, Hudson County Court-House, Jersey City. II.—Lunette, Minnesota State Capitol. III.—Narrow pendentive, Youngstown Court-House. IV.—Depressed lunette, Cleveland Trust Co. V.—Portion of collar to dome of Library of Congress. VI.—Panel in Appellate Court. Square. VII.—Panel in house of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn. Rectangle with rounded ends.

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rons under a superior officer before he earns his epaulet as commander. Perhaps you say to me: "But is it not better to select a big man to head a big enterprise? Will not his mistakes be at least the mistakes of a big man instead of a little one? Is it not better to risk something upon him than to employ some minor personality?" Of course, it might be; but where is the necessity for such a choice? Such action we had to take twenty-five years ago, for at that time, save John La Farge, we had no master-decorator in the field; then, if La Farge was busy elsewhere, the best line of action to follow was to give the commission to the most eminent artist procurable, and trust to his working out the decorative problem by degrees, and by reason of his all-round capacity. But to-day those first men who were chosen, as well as a whole group of others, have proved their ability to lead, and there is not the slightest need of confiding to an inexperienced talent, however eminent, the conduct of any important enterprise.

On the contrary, if America is truly to profit by the unparalleled opportunity which social, industrial, and geographical conditions may in a near future offer to the decorative artist, architect, sculptor, painter, we must demand the ultimate of the latter—the ultimate in talent and experience; he must know the art of bygone times thoroughly in order that he may utilize its happenings and processes in meeting the needs of the present; he must sympathize with the branches of art which are sisters to his own specialty; and, in sum, he must be a veritable Janus, looking backward for all that the past may teach him, yet not forgetting that he is an American among Americans, looking forward upon the threshold of no one knows how potential a future.

A consideration of the first importance in mural painting is subject, or what I should prefer to call significance. And here at once we have to break a lance against those who make the usual attack in their catch-phrase—"art for art's sake."

Good art is always art for its own sake, and often for the sake of much beside. If you begin to value it for its *limitations*, you are in danger. Cloistered growth is precious, but once matured, let it come forth and spread and climb and cover the cathedral front.

It is true that in a decoration pattern should appeal first of all—pattern and color and style—and to some extent this applies to every good picture, decoration or not. The artist quite *forgets* subject in undergoing the first delightful shock of a beautiful piece of work. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that a decoration is not thoroughly good unless it would look well upside down just *as* pattern; but besides having pattern, color, style, the decoration in a building which belongs to the public must speak to the people, to the man in the street.

It *must* embody thought, and that so plainly that he who runs may read.

Literary art is a bogey phrase. Frith's Railway Station or Derby Day is not literary art but trivial incident rather. To the world, and in the past, the art which we call literary has been the art of the ages telling stories to a series of listening generations, of heathen myth and Christian legend, of Greek masters showing how Theseus quarrelled with the centaurs at supper, of Botticelli and his pupils rehearsing the tales of Lucian or Boccaccio, of Raphael telling Bible stories in woven silk, of Michelangelo unrolling upon the Sistine vaulting to the accompaniment of the thunder and lightning of his own mighty inspiration the whole story of man's birth and fall and redemption.

It is true that these were not new stories; the spectator was acquainted with them already, so that he could pay due attention to painting and drawing and modelling. He was not entangled by the complicated or set guessing by the recondite, and he was able to give his thought as much to the manner as to the matter.

But they were stories, all the same—graphic presentations of traditions which lay close to the roots of the race; memories of storms which had rocked its cradle; milestones and millennial stones of its evolution. The very fact that all this story was arch-familiar proved how man had clung to the telling. The opponent of so-called literary art will have a bad time to-day if he will honestly consider his position in detail. What is Greek vase-painting? Story-telling. What do the

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Showing progressive changes of a decoration painted for a concave surface.

I.—Decoration for dome crown of Wisconsin State Capitol, in process, with unpainted spaces left for goring, and with duplicate figures reserved as alternatives in application of canvas. II.—Decoration for dome crown of Wisconsin State Capitol, as completed.

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walls of Egypt tell us? the same stories of a hundred deities, ten thousand times repeated. What is the graphic art of the Roman empire? the story of the divinized commonwealth and of the imperial houses. What were the beautifully simple and prototypically artistic frescoes of the Italian *trecento?* Stories, stories, stories. It was as dramaturgist that Giotto leaped at a bound into the heart of the century, and so affirmed himself there that for a hundred years no one could succeed him.

What are the frescoes of the fifteenth century? Stories, incidentally stuffed with portraits. What the great canvases of the Venetians? Stories; intertwisted, Biblical and mythological. What the cycles of Tintoretto? Stories which are often poems (and if you say to me that Tintoretto is loveliest when a lyric poet I answer, granted, but he is epic in most of his work). What is Rembrandt? A dreamer of dreams. Rubens? A rehearser of pageants. They are story-tellers both of them.

Say if you will that there is no art but portrait or landscape painting; that at least is a position; but if you are not careful, and if you begin to study the character of your sitter or the character of nature, there you are again upon the edge of story-telling. In fact, you can no more draw a line between literary and non-literary art than you can make a rule for the imitation or non-imitation of nature. Indeed it would seem rather that we have not told our story intensely enough. It is perhaps more the superficiality of our speech than its literary quality that weakens it.

And in America this speech must be American and must describe *our* happenings. If the commissioners of a State capitol came to one of our mural painters to-day it would be preposterous for him to say to them: "Beauty is all that you require in your rooms, beauty of pattern and line, color and figures." They would reply: "We have suffered and fought in the cause of progress and civilization; remind us of it upon our walls. We have bred heroes; celebrate them."

Undue attention to subject will hurt an artist just as undue attention to anatomy, or any other research pushed to excess, will interfere with the effect of his picture as an *ensemble*. But proper consideration at one time or another is due to *every* element of art, and the State capitol commissioner is entitled to his subject; it is the stuff of which the history of his State is made.

I say again that we must be modern and we must be American. No matter how saturated we are with the art of the past, and the more the better, we must fasten our souvenir on to the living present; no matter how much we love the pale ideal landscape of the primitive painters, or the noble, spacious mythological fairyland of Poussin, the glory of Claude's sunsets, *we* must use our memory of them as frame to happenings of some such kinds as live for Americans of to-day. No matter how enthusiastically we have studied the nude body as presented in the broken fragments from Greek pediments or the marbles of Michelangelo, the muscles of Raphael's tritons and nymphs, the glowing canvases of Venice, the bronzes of Donatello, we must remember that naked bodies bow themselves to dig *our* trenches here, too, and puddle *our* steel, work among *us* to-day, and are as interesting now under the American sun or in the firelight of our foundries as they were in times when early Italian masters said, "what a *dolce cosa* is this *anatomy!*" *

It is, then, of the utmost importance that our artists learn to treat decoratively the happenings of our history, past or contemporaneous, of our Puritans and Dutch, our Revolutionary heroes, our Argonauts of '49, our pioneers and colonizers, and soldiers of the Civil War, our inventors and organizers, our men in the streets and in the fields of to-day; and special kinds of celebration should find place in particularly suited portions of our public buildings.

For if we are asked, "In including realistic celebration of the chronicle, do you mean to leave out what is called ideal art, the art which Raphael practised in the Segnatura, Veronese in the Collegio?" the answer is that that kind of art, if we can learn to practise it—and we may, since other modern men have done so—is the crowning glory of decoration, and should find its place at the very core and

* To be exact, it was the sweetness of "*la Perspettiva*" that Uccello celebrated, but his contemporaries worshipped anatomy just as devoutly.

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centre of a public building. For a certain form of distribution is indicated, prescribed almost, in the practice of the past, and will be in the future. Figures removed from those which we meet habitually by their generalization into something more beautiful, more robust, more simple, than is the daily habit of humanity, have always been the glory of decorative painting and wherever painting was of necessity most closely bound to architecture, there such figures found their logical place.

At the side of the mathematics and the music of the architect, giving figurative expression to his geometry and measurements, his knowledge of weight and thrust and resistance, stood the symbolic figures, half human, half mechanical, the caryatids of art, the space-fillers, the people whose business it is to bow themselves under weight, to fit themselves into angles, to recline in more and more developed recumbency as the pediment slopes and narrows to its corner. Such, also, we must always have in art in their predestined place,—the so-called ideal figures, as much needed as the real, as complementary and inevitable as sea to shore or heaven to earth. Michelangelo and Raphael, Veronese and Correggio understood this well, and could not have understood any art which was content to get along without some such figures.

We have no Michelangelos and Veroneses to-day, but the old masters believed in and supported a principle which related to every other time as well as to their own. They believed that lesser artists owed allegiance to the same principle and owed effort in proportion to their artistic strength, and we owe it to-day in proportion to ours, whether we are weak or strong.

The space afforded by a single article is inadequate to the discussion of decorative art, of its value as a factor in civilization, of the importance of experience in the artist, of harmony between architect, sculptor, and painter. For the acquirement of all this, of thoroughly founded education, of toleration, and of culture, I believe that there is no one point on the horizon half so bright in promise as is the American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, no institution so worthy of the sympathy, the indorsement, the direct financial assistance of every lover of art and believer in our future. I cannot too strongly express my belief in the potentiality of that future if we will only think hard enough, and work hard enough, and believe hard enough. All plans can be bettered, all appropriations be more generously made, and more wisely expended; all work can be better done if we will only study the matter in hand closely enough, study it unitedly and looking back intelligently at the past with the future in our minds. Prodigious lessons lie spread out behind us, and we have only to look over our shoulder to perceive them without needing once to turn our footsteps backward. On the contrary, we may push forward, putting American dexterity and adaptability at the service of the lesson learned, architects, sculptors, and painters, all together. And the critics, the reviewers, will be ready enough to help us if they feel us to be sincere.

Men talked and acted two thousand years ago much as we are doing to-day, putting aside problems of art in favor of budget and plan of campaign, "the unnecessary" in favor of the "necessary," "the superfluous" in favor of the "vital"; and two thousand years later the unnecessary and superfluous is what remains vital and cogent, a concrete entity and a compelling influence. Now when a man is a power in the land, one of his rewards is the ability to acquire some surpassing "old master." When a royal visitor comes to us, his first journey is to the treasures of the Art Museum. Do not let us mistake; some of the stones set up by architects to-day, some of the message of the sculptor and painter, will be effective still when ideas now current in every brain and bearing forcibly upon hourly action are superseded and shall have faded from men's minds. Good art is tremendous in its endurance. How essential is it, then, that we pay tribute of earnest, single-hearted thoughtfulness in watching and nursing the creative impulse, lest in place of what should endure we pile up rubbish that is hard even to sweep away.

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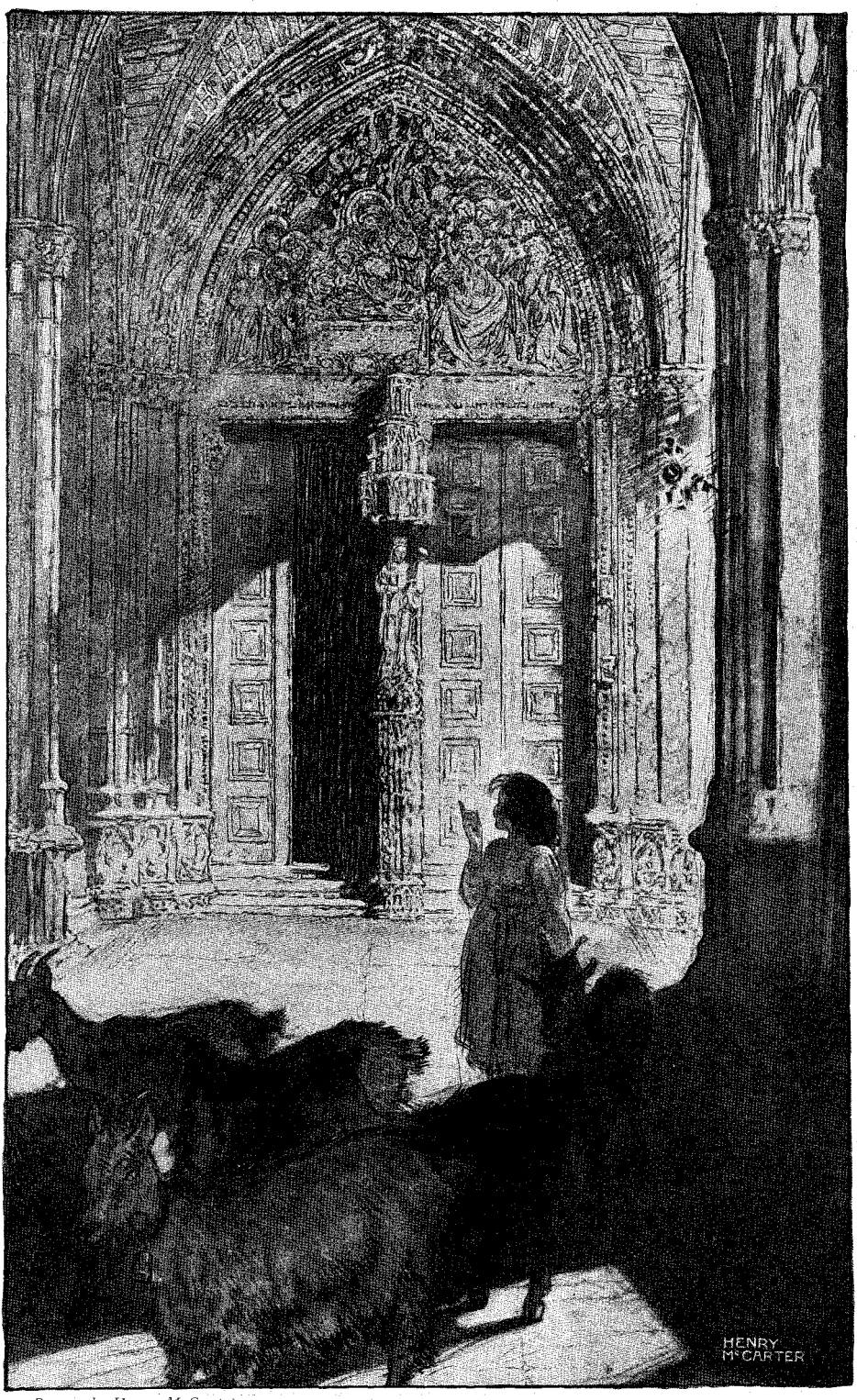

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

Daily came the little goatherd Mariquita. . . . There the tousled country urchin used to come and shout in play.
—Page 367.

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LA PRECIOSA

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY MCCARTER

"It is said that this holy image spoke to a country girl, whose portrait in stone may be seen on the left-hand side of the portal forming the base of a niche; that this country girl, in her native simplicity and innocence, daily saluted The Virgin saying:

" '*Buenos dias Mariaza,*
cara de calabaza,
quédate con Dios
que me voy á la plaza.'

To which The Virgin responded always with affection, '*Adios.*' This was observed by a canon, who sharply reproved the peasant for her lack of respect toward The Virgin, and taught her a prayer of better composition to use instead of her uncouth address. The simple mountaineer complied with his directions, but to her sorrow from that day there was no response from the statue. The legend does not state whether she returned to her strange ejaculation of the past, but it is established fact that the Chapter granted, as memorial of the extraordinary occurrence, that her portrait should be carved in the spot indicated."—*Guía del Viajero en Pamplona* por Fernando de Alvorado Con Licencia Ecclesiástica, Madrid, 1904

ON the marches of Pamplona, out to sun and wind and star,
Lift the airy spires and turrets of the kings of old Navarre,
Where the endless dirge is chanted o'er their alabaster tombs,
And the canons drowse in scarlet 'mid the incense and the glooms,
Daily came the little goatherd Mariquita lithe and brown
Through the dusty gates to jangle with her flock across the town,
Lounging barefoot through the alleys and the squares at milking-hour,
Calling shrilly round the doorways and the cloister by the tower.
There amid her ancient portal traceried with angels rare,
Sculptured stands La Preciosa crowned upon a dais fair,
Whilst upon her breast The Infant turns with smiling eyes to look
On the lesson she is reading in her graceful little book.
There the tousled country urchin used to come and shout in play:
"Mary, Mary, neighbor Mary, watch the Child while I'm away."
When—so read the cloister annals—from the stone would come reply
With a gentle nod of greeting, "Mariquita dear, good-by."
Till the Canon Don Arnaldo, passing when his mass was o'er,
Heard that banter so unseemly at La Preciosa's door,
Little knowing in his wisdom that The Virgin, meek and mild,
Answered through the stony image to the greeting of the child.
"When again you pray Our Lady, cease," he said, "your idle sport;
Kneel as though the queen or duchess passed you on her way to court;
Clasp your hands and bend your forehead as more humble words you say,
Such as 'Heavenly Queen and Empress, House of Gold!—to thee I pray.'"
Mindful of the solemn lesson, Mariquita, half-afraid,
Ever as the good old Canon taught her she thereafter prayed;
Bowed in rustic salutation, ended with a long Amen;
But in stone The Virgin listened, never smiled nor spoke again.

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK IV—(Continued)

XXXIV

THE means of raising the requisite amount of money became, during the next few weeks, the anxious theme of all Ralph's thoughts. His lawyers' enquiries soon brought the confirmation of Clare's surmise, and it became clear that—for reasons swathed in all the ingenuities of legal verbiage—Undine might, in return for a substantial consideration, be prevailed on to admit that it was for her son's advantage to remain with his father.

The day this admission was communicated to Ralph his first impulse was to carry the news to his cousin. His mood was one of pure exaltation; he seemed to be hugging his boy to him as he walked. Paul and he were to belong to each other forever: no mysterious threat of separation could ever menace them again! He had the blissful sense of relief that the child himself might have had on waking out of a frightened dream and finding the jolly daylight in his room.

Clare instantly renewed her entreaty to be allowed to aid in ransoming her little cousin, but Ralph tried to put her off by vaguely explaining that he meant to "look about."

"Look where? In the Dagonet coffers? Oh, Ralph, what's the use of pretending? Tell me what you've got to give her." It was amazing how she suddenly dominated him. But as yet he couldn't go into the details of the bargain. That the reckoning between himself and Undine should be settled in dollars and cents seemed the last bitterest satire on his dreams: he felt himself miserably diminished by the smallness of what had filled his world.

Nevertheless, the looking about had to be done; and a day came when he found himself once more at the door of Elmer Moffatt's office. His thoughts had been drawn back to Moffatt by the insistence with which the press had lately put forward the latter's name in connection with a revival of the Ararat investigation. Moffatt, it appeared, had been regarded as one of the most valuable witnesses for the State; his return from Europe had been anxiously awaited, his unreadiness to testify caustically criticized; then at last he had arrived, had gone on to Washington—and had apparently had nothing to tell.

Ralph was too deep in his own troubles to waste any wonder over the causes of this anticlimax; but the frequent appearance of Moffatt's name in the morning papers acted as an unconscious suggestion. Besides, to whom else could he turn? The sum his wife demanded could be acquired only by "a quick turn," and the fact that Ralph had once been able to render the same kind of service to Moffatt made it natural to appeal to him now. The market, moreover, happened to be booming, and it seemed not unlikely that so experienced a speculator might have a "good thing" up his sleeve.

Moffatt's quarters had been transformed since Ralph's last visit. Paint, varnish and brass railings gave an air of opulence to the outer precincts, and the inner office, with its mahogany bookcases containing "sets" in morocco and its wide blue leather arm-chairs, lacked only a palm or two to resemble the lounge of a fashionable hotel. Moffatt himself, as he came forward, gave Ralph the impression of having been done over by the same hand: he was smoother, broader, more supremely tailored, and his whole person exhaled the faintest whiff of an expensive scent.

He installed his visitor in one of the blue arm-chairs, and sitting opposite, an elbow on his impressive "Washington" desk, listened attentively while Ralph made his request.

"You want to be put onto something good in a damned hurry?" Moffatt twisted his moustache between two plump square-tipped fingers with a little black growth

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on their lower joints. "I don't suppose," he remarked, "there's a sane man between here and San Francisco who isn't consumed by that yearning."

Having permitted himself this pleasantry he passed on to business. "Yes—it's a first-rate time to buy: no doubt of that. But you say you want to make a quick turn-over? Heard of a soft thing that won't wait, I presume? That's apt to be the way with soft things—all kinds of 'em. There's always other fellows after them." Moffatt's smile was playfully ambiguous. "Well, I'd go considerably out of my way to do you a good turn, because you did me one when I needed it mighty bad. 'In youth you sheltered me.' Yes, sir, that's the kind I am." He stood up, sauntered to the other side of the room, and took a small object from the top of the book-case.

"Fond of these pink crystals?" He held the oriental toy against the light. "Oh, I ain't a judge—but now and then I like to pick up a pretty thing." Ralph noticed that his eyes caressed it.

"Well—now let's talk. You say you've got to have the funds for your—your investment within three weeks. That's quick work. And you want a hundred thousand. Can you put up fifty?"

Ralph had been prepared for the question, but when it came he felt a moment's tremor. He knew he could count on half the amount from his grandfather; could possibly ask Fairford for a small additional loan—but what of the rest? Well, there was Clare. He had always known there would be no other way. And after all, the money was Clare's—it was Dagonet money. At least she said it was. All the misery of his predicament was distilled into the short silence that preceded his answer: "Yes—I think so."

"Well, I guess I can double it for you." Moffatt spoke with an air of Olympian modesty. "Any how, I'll try. Only don't tell the other girls!" He proceeded to develop his plan to ears which Ralph tried to make alert and attentive, but in which perpetually, through the intricate concert of facts and figures, there resounded the shout of a small boy racing across a suburban lawn. "When I pick him up tonight he'll be mine for good!" Ralph thought as Moffatt summed up: "There's the whole scheme in a nut-shell; but you'd better think it over. I don't want to let you in for anything you ain't quite sure about."

"Oh, if you're sure—" Ralph was already calculating the time it would take him to dash up to Clare Van Degen's on his way to catch the six o'clock train for the Fairfords'.

His impatience made it hard for him to pay due regard to Moffatt's parting civilities. "Glad to have seen you," he heard the latter assuring him with a final handgrasp. "Wish you'd dine with me some evening at my club"; and, as Ralph murmured a vague acceptance: "How's that boy of yours, by the way? He was a stunning chap last time I saw him.—Excuse me if I've put my foot in it; but I understood you kept him with you when . . .? Yes, exactly: that's what I thought. . . Well, so long."

Clare's inner sitting-room was empty; but the servant, presently returning, led Ralph into the gilded and tapestried wilderness where she occasionally chose to receive her visitors. There, under Popple's simpering effigy of herself, she sat, small and alone, on a monumental sofa behind a tea-table laden with gold plate; while from his lofty frame, on the opposite wall Van Degen, portrayed by a "powerful" artist, shed on her the satisfied stare of proprietorship.

Ralph, carried forward on the blast of his excitement, perceived as in a dream, the frivolous perversity of her receiving him in such a setting instead of in their usual intimate corner; but there was no room in his mind for anything but the cry that broke from him: "I believe I've done it!"

He sat down and explained to her by what means, trying, as best he could, to restate the particulars of Moffatt's deal; and her manifest ignorance of business methods had the effect of making his vagueness appear less vague.

"Anyhow, he seems to be sure it's a safe thing. I understand he's in with Rolliver now, and Rolliver practically controls Apex. This is some kind of a scheme to buy up all the works of public utility at Apex. They're practically sure of their charter, and Moffatt tells me I

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can count on doubling my investment within a few weeks if I buy now. Of course I'll go into the details if you like——"

"Oh, no; you've made it all so clear to me!" She really made him believe he had. "And besides, what on earth does it matter? The great thing is that it's done." She lifted her sparkling eyes to him. "And now—my share—you haven't told me. . ."

He explained that Mr. Dagonet, to whom he had already named the amount demanded, had at once promised him twenty-five thousand dollars, to be eventually deducted from his share of the estate. His mother had something put by that she insisted on contributing; and Henley Fairford, of his own accord, had come forward with ten thousand: it really was awfully decent of Henley. . .

"Even Henley!" Clare dropped her listless arms along her knees. "Then I'm the only one left out?"

Ralph felt the colour in his face. "Well, you see, I shall need as much as fifty——"

Her hands flew together joyfully. "As much as that? But then you've got to let me help! Oh, I'm so glad—so glad! I've twenty thousand waiting."

He looked about the room, checked anew by all its oppressive implications. "You're a darling . . . but I couldn't take it."

"I've told you it's mine, every penny of it!"

"Yes; but supposing things went wrong?"

"Nothing *can*—if you'll only take it. . ."

"I may lose it——"

"*I* sha'n't, if I've given it to you!" Her look had followed his about the room and then came back to him. "Can't you imagine all it'll make up for?"

The rapture of the cry caught him up with it. Ah, yes, he could imagine it all! He stooped his head above her hands. "I accept," he said; and they stood and looked at each other like radiant children.

She followed him to the door, and as he turned to leave he broke into a laugh. "It's queer, though, its happening in this room!"

She was close beside him, her hand on the ponderous tapestry curtaining the door; and her glance shot past him to her husband's portrait. Ralph caught the look, and old tendernesses and hates welled up in him. He drew her under the picture and kissed her vehemently.

XXXV

WITHIN forty-eight hours Ralph's money was in Moffatt's hands, and the interval of suspense had begun.

The transaction over, he felt the deceptive buoyancy that follows upon periods of painful indecision. It seemed to him that now at last his life had disengaged itself from all trammelling delusions, leaving him only the best thing in its gift—his boy.

The things he meant Paul to do and to be filled his fancy with happy pictures. The child was growing wonderfully interesting—throwing out countless tendrils of feeling and perception that enchanted his father but preoccupied the watchful Laura.

"He's going to be exactly like you, Ralph—" she paused a minute and then risked it: "For his own sake, I wish there were just a drop or two of Spragg in him."

Ralph laughed, understanding her. "Oh, the plodding citizen I've become will keep him from taking after the lyric idiot who begot him. Paul and I, between us, are going to turn out something first-rate."

His book too was spreading and throwing out tendrils, and he worked at it in the white heat of energy which his factitious exhilaration produced. For a few weeks everything he did and said seemed as easy and unconditioned as the actions in a dream.

Clare Van Degen, in the light of this mood, became again the comrade of his boyhood. He did not see her often, for she had gone down to the country with her children, but they communicated daily by letter or telephone, and now and then she came over to the Fairfords' for a night. There they renewed the long rambles of their youth, and once more the summer fields and woods seemed full of magic presences. Clare was no more intelligent, she followed him no farther in his flights; but the qualities that became most precious to him were as native to her as its perfume to a flower. So, through the long June afternoons, they ranged to-

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gether over many themes; and if her answers occasionally missed the mark it did not matter, because her silences never did.

Meanwhile Ralph continued, from various sources, to pick up a good deal of more or less contradictory information about Elmer Moffatt. It seemed to be generally understood that Moffatt had come back from Europe to testify in the Ararat investigation, and that his former patron, the great Harmon B. Driscoll, had managed to silence him; and it was implied that the price of this silence, which was set at a considerable figure, had been turned to account in a series of speculations likely to lift Moffatt to permanent eminence among the rulers of the Street. The stories as to his latest achievement, and the theories as to the man himself, varied with the visual angle of each reporter: and whenever any attempt was made to focus his hard sharp personality some guardian divinity seemed to throw a veil of mystery over him. His detractors, however, were the first to own that there was "something about him"; it was felt that he had passed beyond the meteoric stage, and the business world was unanimous in recognizing that he had "come to stay." A dawning sense of his stability was even beginning to make itself felt in Fifth Avenue. It was said that he had bought a house in Seventy-second Street, then that he meant to build near the Park; one or two people (always "taken by a friend") had been to his flat in the Pactolus, and spoke of his Chinese porcelains and Persian rugs; now and then he had a few important men to dine at a Fifth Avenue restaurant; his name began to appear in philanthropic reports and on municipal committees (there were even rumours of its having been put up at a well-known club); and the rector of a wealthy parish, who was raising funds for a chantry, was known to have met him at dinner and to have stated afterward that "the man was not wholly a materialist."

All these converging proofs of Moffatt's solidity confirmed Ralph's faith in his venture. He remembered with what astuteness and authority Moffatt had conducted their real estate transaction—how far off and unreal it all seemed!—and awaited events with the passive faith of a sufferer in the hands of a skilful surgeon.

The days moved on toward the end of June, and each morning Ralph opened his newspaper with a keener thrill of expectation. Any day now he might read of the granting of the Apex charter: Moffatt had assured him it would "go through" before the close of the month. But the announcement did not appear, and after what seemed to Ralph a decent lapse of time he telephoned to ask for news. Moffatt was away, and when he came back a few days later he answered Ralph's enquiries evasively, with an edge of irritation in his voice. The same day Ralph received a letter from his lawyer, who had been reminded by Mrs. Marvell's representatives that the latest date agreed on for the execution of the financial agreement was the end of the following week.

Ralph, alarmed, betook himself at once to the Ararat, and his first glimpse of Moffatt's round common face and fastidiously dressed person gave him an immediate sense of reassurance. He felt that under the small circle of baldness on top of that carefully brushed head lay the solution of every monetary problem that could beset the soul of man. Moffatt's voice had recovered its usual cordial note, and his pleasure in seeing Ralph dispelled the latter's last apprehension.

"Why, yes, everything's going along firstrate. They thought they'd hung us up last week—but they haven't. There may be another week's delay; but we ought to be opening a bottle of wine on it by the Fourth."

An office-boy came in with a name on a slip of paper, and Moffatt looked at his watch and held out a hearty hand. "Glad you came. Of course I'll keep you posted. . . No, this way. . . Look in again . . ." and he steered Ralph out by another door.

July came, and passed into its second week. Ralph's lawyer had obtained a postponement from the other side, but Undine's representatives had given him to understand that the transaction must be closed before the first of August. Ralph telephoned once or twice to Moffatt, receiving genially-worded assurances that everything was "going their way"; but he felt a certain embarrassment in returning

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again to the office, and let himself drift through the days in a state of hungry apprehension. Finally one day Henley Fairford, coming back from town (which Ralph had left in the morning to join his boy over Sunday), brought word that the big Apex consolidation scheme had failed to get its charter. It was useless to attempt to reach Moffatt on Sunday, and Ralph wore on as he could through the succeeding twenty-four hours. Clare Van Degen had come down to stay with her youngest boy, and in the afternoon she and Ralph took the two children for a sail in Fairford's cat-boat. A light breeze brightened the waters of the Sound, and they ran down the shore before it and then tacked out toward the sunset, coming back at last, under a failing breeze, as the blue changed to a translucid green, and then into the accumulating veils of twilight.

As they left the landing and followed the children across the darkening lawn to the house, a sense of security descended again on Ralph. He could not believe that such a scene and such a mood could be the disguise of any impending evil, and all his doubts and anxieties fell away from him.

The next morning, he and Clare travelled up to town together, and at the station he put her in the motor which was to take her to Long Island, and hastened down to Moffatt's office. When he arrived he was told that Moffatt was "engaged," and he had to wait for nearly half an hour in the outer office, where, to the steady click of the type-writer and the spasmodic buzzing of the telephone, his thoughts again began their restless circlings. Finally the inner door opened, and he found himself in the sanctuary. Moffatt was seated behind his desk, examining another little crystal vase somewhat like the one he had shown Ralph a few weeks earlier. Without rising, he held it up against the light, revealing on its dewy flanks an incised design as frail as the shadow of grass-blades on clear water.

"Ain't she a peach?" He put the toy down and reached across the desk to shake hands. "Well, well," he went on, leaning back in his chair, and pushing out his lower lip in a half-comic pout, "they've got us in the neck this time and no mistake. Seen this morning's *Radiator?* I don't know how the thing leaked out—but the reformers somehow got a smell of the scheme, and whenever they get swishing round something's bound to get spilt."

He talked gaily, genially, in his roundest tones and with his amplest gestures; never had he conveyed a completer sense of unhurried power; but Ralph saw for the first time the crows'-feet about his eyes, and noticed that there was too sharp a contrast between the white of his forehead and the redness of the fold of neck above his collar.

"Do you mean to say it's not going through?"

"Not this time, anyhow. We're high and dry."

Something seemed to snap in Ralph's head, and he sat down in the nearest chair. "Has the common stock dropped —a lot?"

"Well: you've got to lean over to see it." Moffatt pressed his finger-tips together and added thoughtfully: "But it's *there* all right. We're bound to get our charter in the end."

"What do you call the end?"

"Oh, before the Day of Judgment, sure: next year, I guess."

"Next year?" Ralph started up indignantly. "What earthly good will that do me?"

"I don't say it's as pleasant as driving your best girl home by moonlight. But that's how it is. And the stuff's safe enough any way—I've told you that right along."

"But you've told me all along I could count on a rise before August. You knew I had to have the money now."

"I knew you *wanted* to have the money now; and so did I, and several of my friends. I put you onto it because it was the only thing in sight likely to give you the return you wanted."

"You ought at least to have warned me of the risk!"

"Risk? I don't call it much of a risk to lie back in your chair and wait another few months for fifty thousand to drop into your lap. I tell you the thing's as safe as a bank."

"How do I know it is? You've misled me about it from the first."

Moffatt's face grew dark red to the

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forehead: for the first time in their acquaintance Ralph saw him on the verge of anger.

"Well, if you get stuck so do I. I'm in it a good deal deeper than you. That's about the best guarantee I can give; unless you won't take my word for that either." To control himself Moffatt spoke with extreme deliberation, separating his syllables like a machine cutting something into even lengths.

Ralph listened through a cloud of confusion; but he saw the madness of offending Moffatt, and strove to take a more conciliatory tone. "Of course I take your word for it. But I can't—I simply can't afford to lose. . ."

"You ain't going to lose: I don't believe you'll even have to put up any margin. It's *there* safe enough, I tell you. . ."

"Yes, yes; I understand. I'm sure you wouldn't have advised me—" Ralph's tongue seemed swollen, and he had difficulty in bringing out the words. "Only, you see—I can't wait; it's not possible; and I want to know if there isn't a way——"

Moffatt looked at him with a sort of resigned compassion, as a doctor looks at a despairing mother who won't understand what he has been trying to imply without uttering the word she dreads. Ralph understood the look, but hurried on.

"You'll think I'm mad, or an ass, to talk like this; but the fact is, I must have the money." He waited and drew a hard breath. "I must have it: that's all. Perhaps I'd better tell you——"

Moffatt, who had risen, as if assuming that the interview was over, sat down again and turned an attentive look on him. "Go ahead," he said, more humanly than he had hitherto spoken.

"My boy . . . you spoke of him the other day . . . I'm awfully fond of him—" Ralph broke off, deterred by the impossibility of confiding his feeling for Paul to this coarse-grained man with whom he hadn't a sentiment in common.

Moffatt was still looking at him attentively. "I should say you would be! He's as smart a little chap as I ever saw; and I guess he's the kind that gets better every day."

Ralph had collected himself, and went on with a sudden jerk of resolution: "Well, you see—when my wife and I separated, I never dreamed she'd want the boy: the question never even came up. If it had, of course—but she'd left him with me two years before, and at the time of the divorce I was a fool. . . I didn't take the proper steps. . ."

"You mean to say she's got sole custody?"

Ralph made a sign of assent, and Moffatt pondered. "That's bad—bad."

"And now I understand she's going to marry again—and of course I can't give up my son."

"She wants you to, eh?"

Ralph again assented.

Moffatt swung his chair about and leaned back in it, stretching out his plump legs and contemplating the tips of his varnished boots. He hummed a low tune behind inscrutable lips.

"That's what you want the money for?" he finally raised his head to ask.

The word came out of the depths of Ralph's anguish: "Yes."

"And why you want it in such a damned hurry. I see." Moffatt reverted to the study of his boots. "It's a lot of money."

"Yes. That's the difficulty. And I . . . she . . ." Ralph's self-command was going, and again his tongue was too thick for his mouth. "I'm afraid she won't wait . . . or take less. . ."

Moffatt, abandoning the boots, was scrutinizing him through half-shut lids. "No," he enunciated slowly, "I don't believe Undine Spragg'll take a single cent less."

Ralph felt himself whiten. Was it insolence or ignorance that had prompted Moffatt's speech? Nothing in his voice or face revealed the sense of any shades of expression or of feeling: he seemed to apply to everything the measure of the same crude flippancy. But such considerations could not curb Ralph now. He said to himself "Keep your temper—keep your temper—" and his passion suddenly boiled over.

"Look here, Moffatt," he said, getting to his feet, "the fact that I've been divorced from Mrs. Marvell doesn't authorize any one to take that tone to me in speaking of her."

Moffatt met the challenge with a calm stare under which there were dawning indications of surprise and interest. "That

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so? Well, if that's the case I presume I ought to feel the same way: I've been divorced from her myself."

For an instant the words conveyed no meaning to Ralph; then they surged up into his brain and flung him forward with half-raised arm. But he felt the grotesqueness of the gesture and his arm dropped back to his side. A succession of unimportant and irrelevant things raced through his mind; then obscurity settled down on it. "*This* man . . . *this* man . . ." was the one fiery point in his consciousness. . . "What on earth are you talking about?" he brought out.

"Why, facts," said Moffatt, in a cool half-humorous voice. "You didn't know? I understood from Mrs. Marvell your folks had a prejudice against divorce, so I suppose she kept quiet about that early episode. The truth is," he continued amicably, "I wouldn't have alluded to it now if you hadn't taken rather a high tone with me about our little venture; but now it's out I guess you may as well hear the whole story. It's mighty wholesome for a man to have a round now and then with a few facts. Shall I go on?"

Ralph had stood listening without a sign, but as Moffatt ended he made a slight motion of acquiescence. He did not otherwise change his attitude, except to grasp with one hand the back of the chair that Moffatt pushed toward him.

"Rather stand? . . ." Moffatt himself dropped back into his seat and took the pose of easy narrative. "Well, it was this way. Undine Spragg and I were made one at Opake, Nebraska, just nine years ago last month. My! She was a beauty then. Nothing much had happened to her before but being engaged for a year or two to a soft called Millard Binch; the same she passed on to Indiana Rolliver; and—well, I guess she liked the change. We didn't have what you'd called a society wedding: no best man or bridesmaids or Voice that Breathed o'er Eden. Fact is, Pa and Ma didn't know about it till it was over. But it was a marriage fast enough, as they found out when they tried to undo it. Trouble was, they caught on too soon; we only had a fortnight. Then they hauled Undine back to Apex, and—well, I hadn't the cash or the pull to fight 'em. Uncle Abner was a pretty big man out there then; and he had James J. Rolliver behind him. I always know when I'm licked; and I was licked that time. So we unlooped the loop, and they fixed it up for me to make a trip to Alaska. Let me see—that was the year before they moved over to New York. Next time I saw Undine I sat alongside of her at the theatre the day your engagement was announced."

He still kept to his half-humorous minor key, as though he were in the first stages of an after-dinner speech; but as he went on talking his bodily presence, which hitherto had seemed to Ralph the mere average garment of vulgarity, began to loom close, huge and portentous as some monster released from a magician's bottle. His redness, his glossiness, his baldness, and the carefully brushed ring of hair encircling it; the square line of his shoulders, the too careful fit of his clothes, the prominent lustre of his scarf-pin, the black growth on his manicured hands, even the tiny cracks and crows'-feet beginning to show in the hard close surface of his complexion: all these solid witnesses to his reality and his proximity pressed on Ralph like the mounting pang of physical nausea.

"*This* man . . . *this* man . . ." he couldn't get beyond it: whichever way he turned his haggard thought, there was Moffatt blocking the perspective. . . Ralph's eyes roamed toward the crystal toy that stood on the desk beside Moffatt's hand. Faugh! That such a hand should have touched it!

Suddenly a question sprang to his lips. "Before my marriage—did you know they hadn't told me?"

"Why, I understood as much. . ."

Ralph felt the blood in his head. "You knew it the day I met you in Mr. Spragg's office?"

Moffatt pondered, as if the incident had escaped him. "Did we meet there?" He seemed benevolently ready for enlightenment. But Ralph had been assailed by another rush of memory; he recalled that Moffatt had dined one night in his house, that the two who now faced each other had sat at the same table, their wife between them. . .

He was shaken by another dumb gust of fury; but it died out and left him shivering at the uselessness, the irrelevance of

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all the old gestures of appropriation and defiance. He seemed to be stumbling about in his inherited prejudices like a modern man in mediæval armour. . . Moffatt was still sitting at his desk, unmoved and apparently uncomprehending. "He doesn't even know what I'm feeling," flashed through Ralph; and the whole archaic structure of his rites and sanctions tumbled down about him.

Through the noise of the crash he heard Moffatt's voice monologuing on without perceptible change of tone: "About that other matter now . . . you can't feel any meaner about it than I do. . . I can tell you that . . . but all we've got to do is to sit tight. . ."

Ralph turned from the voice, and found himself outside on the landing, and then in the street.

XXXVI

He stood at the corner of Wall Street, looking up and down its hot summer perspective. He noticed the swirls of dust in the cracks of the pavement, the rubbish in the gutters, the ceaseless stream of perspiring faces that poured by under tilted-back hats.

He found himself, next, slipping northward between the glazed walls of the Subway, another languid crowd in the seats about him and the nasal yelp of the stations ringing through the car like some repeated ritual wail. The blindness within him seemed to have intensified his physical perceptions, his consciousness of the heat, the noise, the smells of the dishevelled midsummer city; but combined with the acuter perception of these offenses was a complete insensibility to them, as though he were some vivisected animal deprived of the power of discrimination.

Now he had turned into the grimy reach of Waverly Place, and was walking westward toward Washington Square. At the corner he pulled himself up, saying half-aloud: "The office—I ought to be at the office." He drew out his watch and stared blankly at its foolish face. What the devil had he taken it out for? He had to go through a laborious process of readjustment to find out what it had to say. . . Twelve o'clock. . . Should he turn back to the office? It seemed easier to cross the square, go up the worn marble steps of the old house and slip his key into the door. . .

The house was empty. His mother, a few days previously, had departed with Mr. Dagonet for their usual two months on the Maine coast, where Ralph was to join them with his boy on the following Saturday. . . The blinds were all drawn down, and the freshness and silence of the marble-paved hall laid soothing hands on him. . . He said to himself: "I'll jump into a cab presently, and go and lunch at the club—" He laid down his hat and stick and climbed the carpetless stairs to his room. When he entered it he had the shock of feeling himself in a strange place: it did not seem like anything he had ever seen before. Then, one by one, all the old stale usual things in it jumped out at him, and he longed with a desperate intensity to be in a place that was really strange.

"How on earth can I go on living here?" he wondered.

A careless servant had left the outer shutters open, and the sun was beating the window-panes. The atmosphere of the room was stifling. Ralph pushed open the windows, shut the shutters, and wandered toward his arm-chair. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead: the temperature reminded him of the heat under the ilexes of the Sienese villa where he and Undine had sat through a long July afternoon. He saw her before him, leaning against the tree-trunk in her white dress, so limpid and so inscrutable. . . "We were made one at Opake, Nebraska. . ." Had she been thinking of it that afternoon, he wondered? Did she ever think of it at all? . . . It was she who had asked Moffatt to dine. She had said: "Father brought him home one day at Apex. . . I don't remember ever having seen him since"—and the man she spoke of had had her in his arms . . . and perhaps it was really all she remembered . . .!

She had lied to him—lied to him from the first . . . there hadn't been a moment when she hadn't lied to him, deliberately, ingeniously and inventively. . . As he thought of it, there came to him, for the first time in months, that overwhelming sense of her physical nearness which had once so haunted and tortured him. Her

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freshness, her fragrance, the luminous haze of her youth, filled the room with a mocking glory; and he dropped his head on his hands to shut it out. . .

The vision was swept away by another wave of wildly-racing thoughts. He felt it was intensely important that he should keep the thread of every one of them, that they all represented things to be said or done, or guarded against; and his mind, with the unwondering versatility and tireless haste of the dreamer's brain, seemed to be pursuing them all simultaneously. Then they became as unreal and meaningless as the red specks dancing behind the lids against which he had pressed his fists; and he had the feeling that if he opened his eyes they would vanish, and the familiar daylight look in on him. . .

A knock disturbed him. The old parlour-maid who was always left in charge of the house had come up to ask if he wasn't well, and if there was anything she could do for him. He told her no . . . that he was perfectly well . . . or, rather, no, that he wasn't . . . he supposed it must be the heat . . . and he began to scold her for having forgotten to darken his windows. . .

It wasn't her fault, it appeared, but Eliza's . . . her tone implied that he knew what one had to expect of Eliza . . . and wouldn't he go down to the nice cool shady dining-room, and let her make him an iced drink and a few sandwiches?

"I've always told Mrs. Marvell I couldn't turn my back for a second but what Eliza'd find time to make trouble," the old woman continued, evidently glad of the chance to air a perennial grievance. "It's not only the things she *forgets* to do," she added significantly; and it dawned on Ralph, through the gray fog in his brain, that she was making an appeal to him, expecting him to take sides with her in the chronic conflict between herself and Eliza. He said to himself that perhaps she was right . . . that perhaps there was something he ought to do . . . that his mother was old, and didn't always see things . . . and for a while his mind revolved this problem with feverish intensity. . .

"Then you'll come down, sir?"

"Yes."

The door closed, and he heard her heavy heels along the passage.

"But the money—where's the money to come from?" The question sprang out at him from some denser fold of the gray fog. The money—how on earth was he to pay it back? How could he have wasted his time in thinking of anything else while that central difficulty existed?

"But I can't . . . I can't . . . it's gone . . . and even if it weren't . . ." He dropped back in his chair and took his head between his hands. He had forgotten what he wanted the money for. He made a great effort to regain hold of the idea, but all the whirring, shuttling, flying had abruptly ceased in his brain, and he sat with his eyes shut, staring straight into blackness. . .

The clock struck one, and he remembered that he had said he would go down to the dining-room. "If I don't she'll come up for me—" He raised his head and sat listening for the sound of the old woman's step: it seemed to him perfectly intolerable that she should cross the threshold of the room again.

"Why can't they leave me alone?" he groaned out. . . At length through the silence of the empty house, he fancied he heard a door opening and closing far below; and he said to himself: "She's coming."

He got to his feet and went to the door. He didn't feel anything now except the insane dread of hearing the woman's steps come nearer. He bolted the door and stood looking about the room. For a moment he was conscious of seeing it in every detail with a distinctness he had never before known; then everything in it seemed to vanish but the single narrow panel of a drawer under one of the bookcases. He went up to the drawer, knelt down and slipped his hand into it.

As he raised himself he listened again, and this time he distinctly heard the old woman's steps on the stairs. He passed his left hand over the side of his head, and down the curve of the skull behind the ear. He said to himself: "My wife . . . this will make it all right for her . . ." and a last flash of irony twitched through him. Then he felt again, more deliberately, for the spot he wanted, and put the muzzle of his revolver against it.

(To be continued.)

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THE SONG OF LOVE

A PARAPHRASE IN SAPPHICS*

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF SAINT PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS, CHAPTER XIII

By E. Sutton

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and angels,
Hold I the keys of Mystery and Knowledge,
Have I not Love, though I could move the mountains
Yet am I nothing.

Yea, though to feed the poor I give my riches,
Yield up my body to the flame of martyrs,
Loveless, I am an empty sound and brazen,
A smitten cymbal.

Love is long-suffering and dwells with Kindness,
Envieth not, nor vaunteth her of nothing,
Knoweth not Vanity nor Pride uplifted,
For she is lowly.

Love draweth back, nor doth behave unseemly,
Seeketh not self but toileth for another,
Love is not easily provoked to anger,
Thinketh no evil.

Love beareth all nor faints beneath the burden,
Believeth all, her faith is like a pillar,
Hopeth—for Faith and Hope are but her daughters,
Endureth all things.

Love faileth not, though dust are tongues and learning,
Love is the Vision that surpasseth Knowledge,
Love is the Crown, when we are freed from fetters
And done with blindness.

For though we walk now all uncomprehending,
See as through mist or through a glass beclouded,
Then shall we know as we are known of Heaven,
And of the Father.

And here abideth for our help and healing
Faith, Hope, and Love, the Angels of the Highway,
Two are the Wings of Time, one flames Eternal,
Love Everlasting.

* Some years ago Dean West, of Princeton, told his class in Catullus that the finest example he knew of a hendecasyllabic in English was that which could be formed from the first line of I Cor. XIII by omitting the word "of" before the word "angels." To the present writer, ever since, an elusive, imperfect cadence—the haunting ghost of a Greek rhythm—has seemed to underlie the entire chapter.

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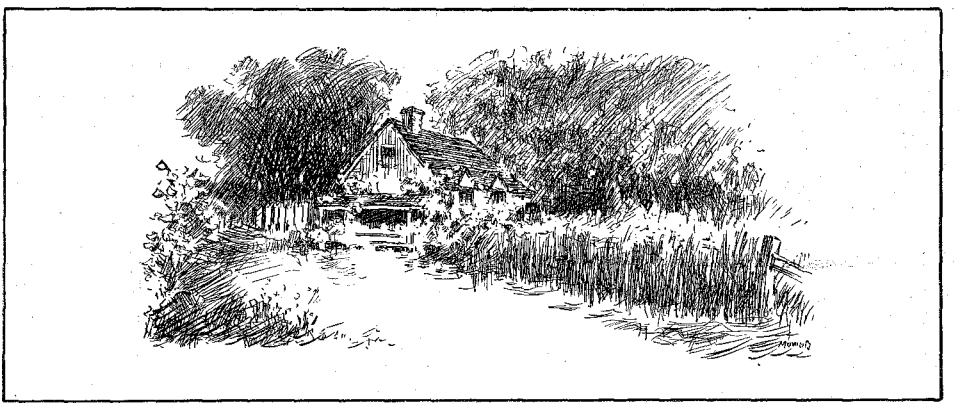

THE LITTLE HOUSE OF DREAMS

By Sylvia Chatfield Bates

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

CHRISTOPHER ARDEN fumed in a solitary, gorgeous convalescence. The great veranda which sequestered him from the brilliant May sky seemed to command the whole of the Atlantic Ocean, and the salt wind blew under the awnings revivingly. At his elbow was a table furnished with magazines, cigars, and an iced drink. Now and then a philosophical butler performed some small service at which Arden scowled.

The situation was apparently ideal for recovering from typhoid fever, and should have been appreciated by a young university professor; but Arden squirmed uneasily in his chair and swore that he would rather hear Barton Ludlow translate "Beowulf" than be condemned to a month's exile in the grandeur of this Ludlow Castle by the sea. Of course, Ludlow Castle empty of every one but a bored-looking butler and a cook was to be preferred to Ludlow Castle plus the stout and generous Barton, but that did not prevent Arden from fidgeting forlornly on the galleries and terraces and sinking into hopeless depression in the huge gay rooms. Magnificence oppressed his simple soul. And as he obediently grew well in the summer home that his friend had insisted upon lending him, he gave himself up to old desires and dreams.

For he had never got over the young habit of imagining things as he would like to have them; and in this Stevensonian "Child's Play," the peaceful and the beautiful became all mixed up with the romantic and the wild, to match the color of his mind, which was both quaint and buccaneering. And up here by the sea he amused himself in his lonesomeness by reviving an old vision.

As Hicks dutifully offered him a superfluous red pillow for his long straight back, or brought him an egg-nog in the middle of the morning, he would catch sight, between half-shut lids, of something so small and plain and pretty that Hicks would have sneered if he could have seen it. For how could Hicks imagine, even in his most relaxed moments, that a person in such favor with young Mr. Barton as to warrant the long list of instructions regarding his welfare that Hicks had received, should long, for instance, to own a little shingled house with a roof all fascinating dormers and gables, a honeysuckle lattice curving over the front door, and a grassy garden full of flowers—sweet-william, and poppies, and larkspur, and phlox, and hollyhocks? It would be set back from the coast—Hicks wouldn't like that either—on an inlet from the ocean. It would have an oak grove near it, and meadow-land about it. Its windows would look toward the sea. There would be a graceful sailboat in the bay, in which one could go adventuring. And—but this

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dream he kept for the sacred climax of his vision—the sweet and graceful woman in the garden would go with him on the high adventure of a lifetime.

But about this dream he was shy even with himself.

As Hicks, this morning, held out upon a silver salver an advertising circular for an Anglo-Saxon grammar, Arden arose with a growl and a backward kick that upset his chair. It irritated him unreasonably to have a ceremony made of even his ridiculously scanty mail. He would have liked to kick Hicks, too, over the veranda railing into the bed of elephant's ears. The elaboration of detail for his welfare maddened him. He flung away, down the steps and out on the great rocks. The wind stirred his hair and his blood. He resolved to do something different, to go somewhere where Hicks could not follow. As he stood on a rock with his back to the Castle and his face to the wide sea, suddenly the vision came so beautifully that he felt, somehow, as though if he believed in it firmly enough, he should find it! In an instant the vividness was gone, but it had left behind a sweet wonder with which to start the adventure.

He returned to the house, strategically, to fill his pockets with sandwiches which Hicks always left in the dining-room to satisfy his ravenous post-typhoid appetite. Then he strolled out with showy idleness that could not fail to impress Hicks, who was putting the magazines in a neat pile on the veranda table. He slipped into his pocket a copy of "Treasure Island," after hesitating between that and "The Quest of the Holy Grail," as suitable to the occasion, and took the path behind the house that led inland toward a country road he had once seen. This way must lie a region where, at least, Hicks could not give him tea with lemon in it!

It was fascinating to follow the gentle road, which soon developed a species of dwarf-oak hedgerow arching overhead in places so that it seemed more like a "play" road than a real one. For two miles Arden followed it and then his post-typhoid legs began to feel very queer. He was hot, and he had not seen a human soul, and he had forgotten all about being on an adventure.

After a long time he came upon a village which he had heard of but never before seen. Rather forlornly he lagged through it in hopes that beyond there would be a stretch of water in sight of which he could lie and rest. He descended a little hill, saw an alluring turnstile, which took him into a green lane even more make-believe in its complete minuteness than the road. And a sniff of salt air around a bend quickened his stumbling feet to go still farther.

And there, at the end of the tiny lane, miraculously, he found It! There It actually stood in the long grass. One might even, on a midsummer night, have dreamed It!

It was only, to be sure, a little gray-shingled house standing back from the lane in a grassy meadow and sheltered by a grove of oaks. Climbing over the porch to the dormer windows—which looked toward the sea!—was a honeysuckle vine, and up the old stone chimney—to the gabled roof!—climbed early pink roses already beginning to bloom. Neglected plants were choking each other in the garden, among which Arden recognized his hollyhocks, his sweet-william, and his phlox. The windows of the little house, not a pane of which was even cracked, were blank, and in the yard by the grape arbor was a sign which read, "For Sale"!

Dropping down on the grass by the side of the road, Arden gazed at the little house and his heart yearned and sang over it. He grew peaceful and quiet and happy. After the ponderous luxury of Ludlow Castle, yes, after the dusty pavements of a lifetime, it looked very cool and sweet. It seemed to him no small miracle to have found it. For he had learned already that the counterpart of dreams may not be found in every lane. He forgot his troubles. He forgot everything. He only thanked God that he was poor enough to live in the little house during the part of the year he was free. With an imaginary bill of sale already signed and in his pocket he sought the biggest tree in the tangled yard and quietly went to sleep.

When he awoke it was noon. He rolled over to look at his new property with a sigh of satisfaction. A startled brown thrush flew shudderingly up from his very side. In the arbor two neigh-

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borly pairs of chewinks were pipingly talkative. But for that the stillness was far-reaching. Arden felt rested. He sat up and ate two sandwiches.

Then he remembered that he was adventuring. Very gravely he scanned the one-time beautiful garden and the stout hoary little house; and he knew that he had found them because he had believed in them. Then another thought came—one which made him, all alone, grown man as he was, blush red there in the garden. So, believing, he swore himself to a quest. He felt that now he could wait, if need be for years, quite happily.

Still in a state of delicious wonder he started back to his temporary magnificence, his head full of charming schemes of ownership. In the village he learned the name of the foolish man who had left the little house for sale and gone to the city. Planning to write to him that night, he took a branch road that they showed him, and finally came out upon the familiar rocky shore half a mile below the Castle and near the other end of the row of expensive summer homes, empty thus early in the season. As he passed this one, however, he noticed that one window was open, and a bathing-suit hung on the line.

The thought of going back so soon to Hicks was intolerable. His eyes sought a small peninsula that he had seen once on his walks and that Hicks had told him became an island at high tide. At once the inspired idea flew into his head that it would be an utterly new sensation, worthy of this remarkable day, to walk out to the widest part of the peninsula and there be marooned for an hour or so. Investigating his sandwiches he found five left; he could live on those for a time. A searching look at the tide told him that it was more than half in. His mind was made up. The fascination would lie in the impossibility of getting back until the slow, tremendous ocean willed. And he hugely enjoyed the idea of worrying Hicks.

He scrambled over the rocks, grinning like a boy, and with the queer little tingle in his blood that dallying with the inexorable sea will give. The sea end of the peninsula had a high, rocky ridge across the middle, dividing its outer ocean-facing side from the side that faced inland. Not in the mood to breast the strong sea-wind, Arden found a nook in the sheltered side and settled himself to watch the process of his cutting off. He delighted in the appropriateness of opening "Treasure Island" with which to beguile the time.

In an hour the water swirled between him and the mainland. He was at sea on a desert island! So naturally he decided to skirt the coast in search of treasure.

Having rounded the rocky ledge, with his fourth sandwich half-eaten in his hand, he halted. For a moment he was more violently startled than ever before in his life. For there, sitting in a crevice of the ridge, back to back with his own nook of a minute ago, was a young woman, looking gravely out to sea.

After a long moment she lifted her eyes and saw him, and was startled a little herself. He stumbled apologetically nearer, feeling called upon to account for his presence. She smiled, and he saw her looking at the sandwich he held in the air, from which a generous half-moon had vanished. Then they both laughed.

"Are you the young man at the Castle?" she asked.

"Yes," he nodded; "Ludlow Castle. Barton asked me up."

"Then I know quite a lot about you. You're very cross and very hungry, but one must be patient, because you've been very sick."

He threw back his head and laughed joyously, above the breakers. He liked her. She was good to see. He thought she might have been painted by Burne-Jones, for she had the slim, graceful body, long neck, and sweet, pointed face the artist loved. Her large gray eyes had purple tones; they would easily become grape-color. In spite of a body of lines that might have been languid, and the soft eyes, he caught at once her upflaring, valorous vitality, her almost visible soul. She was city-pale and even thin, but she seemed an unquenched torch. One guessed at a refining flame, and was himself kindled.

He saw all this at once, he did not know how.

Having laughed, he turned severe.

"I came here," he said, "to be alone."

"So did I," she answered.

"But I won't go back to my side until I know where you came from."

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Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

Now and then a philosophical butler performed some small service at which Arden scowled.—Page 378.

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"You must have walked by my house—that great grotesque, plastered-up thing?"

Arden nodded. "Do *you* belong *there?*" he queried.

"Not really," she said very quickly. "Oh, indeed no, not really!"

And half in fun he asked, looking down at her thin hands, "Are you a charity patient, too?"

She turned her eyes up to him, very far up. He was smiling, he did not know how warmly. Neither did he suspect that the wind, blowing his brown flannel shirt and his old corduroys, revealed how superbly nature had cast him.

"Yes. Isn't it funny?"

Then he sat down, uninvited, and they marvelled over the strange circumstance: that two very grand houses, one at each end of the august row, should contain two people who were not grand in the least and who chafed at the luxury.

"Do they make you lie abed in the morning," asked Arden, "by carrying off your clothes?"

"Worse than that!"

"Do they bring you things before you want them, and threaten your brain with atrophy? Do they dog your steps?"

"All that and more."

"Did you come here to escape?"

"Oh, I was horribly afraid you were Pinkham!"

"Pinkham," said Arden with conviction, "has a relative called Hicks."

Then an idea suddenly struck him. What if she did not know about the island? Would she mind being alone in the midst of the sea with him? Would she, perhaps, be afraid?

"You do look hungry," she said suddenly, scanning him with a critical eye, "and pretty thin yet. If I were to invite you to lunch, would you stay?"

Arden laughed, thinking of the channel.

"I might."

She rose, and going to another rocky crevice, took out a luncheon basket from the shade.

"See, I planned to stay myself. Let's go around to your side, out of the wind, and see what Pinkham gave me."

But when she saw the swirling channel she stopped.

"Oh!" she remarked, biting her lip. "Oh!"

"Pinkham should have told you."

She looked up at him like an earnest child.

"We can play desert island, can't we? You haven't forgotten how?"

"I think," replied Arden, for the second time that day blushing like a boy, "that I can remember, if you will help me."

A better meal was never eaten on desert island, nor did simpler, happier talk go on. It took very little to make them laugh.

"My first name," said Arden, over Pinkham's salad, "is the name of a saint; my second, a forest."

"Then will you have a biscuit, Peter Sherwood?"

Of course, on a desert island with a salt breeze blowing over it, that was very funny indeed.

"My first is in 'The Tempest,'" she propounded; "my second *is* a tempest."

They both "gave up."

"It's Christopher Arden."

"It's Miranda Gale."

There really must have been something intoxicating about Pinkham's devilled eggs. Under this influence they found out much about each other. It developed that Arden was extremely fond of ballads and babies, while Miranda was devoted to lambs and lanes. They both loved gardens. Contrariwise, they had a thirst for the sea, and the word "armada" gave them a thrill rivalled only by "offing" and "poop." And each had written a song.

It was, indeed, a wonderfully short hour that the tide stayed up; but it had a great deal in it. Afterward Arden thought that he had never before known an hour to contain so much. Perhaps that was not strange, for did it not hold Miranda and her incomparable laughter? She had such a simple fineness that she seemed fragile without any real lack of health. Yet, withal, went that never-dying energy, like the streaming of salt wind over flowering lowlands. Before the hour ended, even before it had well begun, she was part of his life.

Once, as she turned to smile, he remembered the little house on the cove, and his head went rather dizzy, but he kept on helping her build a canal, content with the present.

"Why did they send you up?" he asked later, balancing a large stone.

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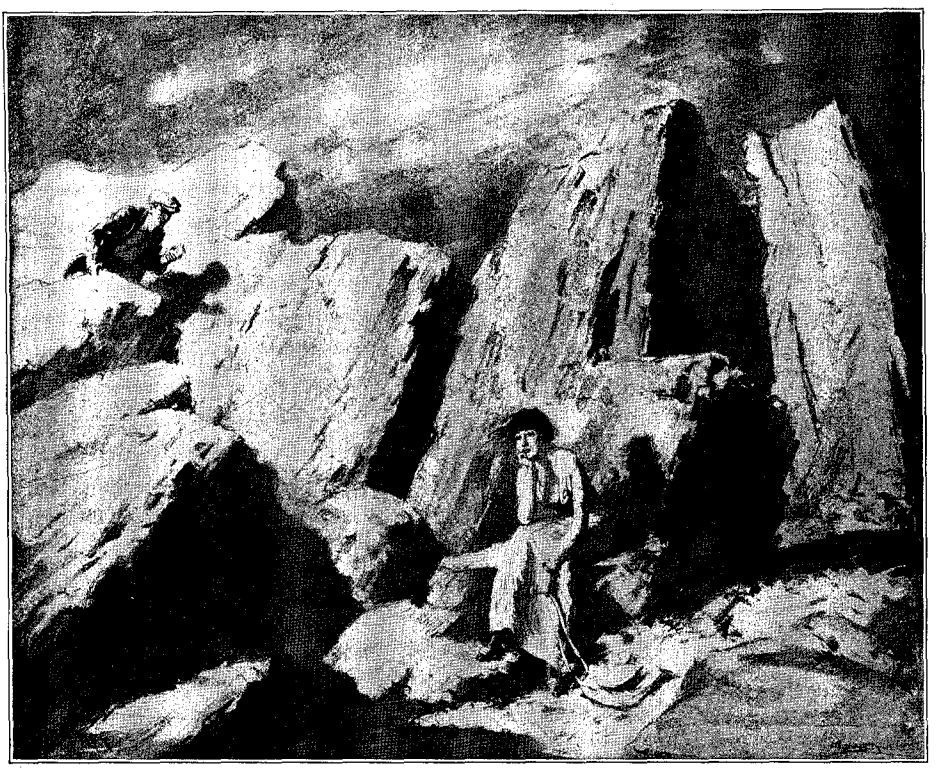
She looked rather startled.

"Who?"

"The people who own the plaster house —with those terrible lions!"

She looked across the lessening channel to the distant towers and chimneys.



Having rounded the rocky ledge, with his fourth sandwich half-eaten in his hand, he halted.—Page 380.

"I was tired," she said, "just—dreadfully—tired."

"Poor little girl," said Christopher Arden.

And as he left her at the door of the big house, she offered further:

"It's the daughter who sent me. She's a nice girl. I know her best."

She was part of his life. He did not try to deny it. Before this he had never believed in such things as latter-day miracles. He was ready to believe anything now. Having seen what a little faith could bring him, he lifted his eyes to dim, sweet, solemn distances where a veil still hung over the chalice of life's sacrament.

A cutting fear did come once in the exquisite days which followed. What if he were just a fool of circumstance, believing wild, beautiful lies, because he was still a little sick? But an untaught wisdom made him drive it out of his heart.

So each day was brighter and better than the last. On each one they met, sometimes on the island—of course named "Treasure Island" now—sometimes at the house where she was staying. Windanspray was its name. Miss Wright was her benefactress. But though they walked and read and drove, he never took her over the winding road down the make-believe lane to the little house of dreams. Something as subtle as instinct kept him from it.

But he went himself. And he wrote to the man who had gone to the city, and talked to his agent, and received a letter, and wrote again. And the little house was his!

And there came one night when the low sun made the world all lavender and gold. They sat with their faces seaward. Miranda, with her deep, sweet eyes on the hori-

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zon, talked to him of many things as deep and sweet. And it was on that night that Arden knew that even to a visionary there is one thing dearer than a beautiful dream —that is a more beautiful reality. In the distance he made out that the reverent veil stirred. A touch now would part it.

It was at seven o'clock the following evening, while he was smoking on the rocks before Ludlow Castle, that he saw Miranda coming down the path from Windanspray. At a glance he caught a difference about her, a vague change that emphasized the fragileness. At the bottom of her eyes lurked a frightened look it somehow hurt to see.

He was before her in a moment.

"Miranda! What has happened?"

But she laughed her laugh that was a little chime.

"Funny boy! I've merely come to meet you, and——"

"And——?"

She twirled a button on his coat.

"How would you like to come to the island, to-night, for high tide? It's up between nine and ten."

"I'd like it, funny girl. Look out there! I don't believe Hicks can sew!"

But the button came off in her nervous hand.

"Oh!" she cried almost violently. "I should *love* to sew it on. Let me!"

She slipped it into a tiny pocket in her shirt-waist—Arden had never seen her in anything but little plain white linen suits —and they walked together toward Treasure Island.

She wished to go to what they called Her Side, facing the sea, and to sit where he had first found her. There they watched the sun go down and a wonderful afterlight come over the water. The sky was unreal and stately, hung with faint green and pink and gold, in which the horizon line was invisible. Miranda said she could not tell why, but it reminded her of the word "Avalon."

Neither could Arden tell why. But he knew exactly what she meant; and that was wonderful. Because nobody else had known, ever.

So the darkness came, and then the lesser light. And obediently the tide rose, cutting them off from the shore.

By and by Arden walked around a bit to stretch his legs, going beyond the ledge that hid the land from their sight.

He stopped suddenly, gazing back toward the mainland.

"Why, your house is all lighted up, Miranda! What does that mean?"

She crouched back queerly.

"I—I told Pinkham to give a—party."

"Pinkham—giving a *party!*"

"Would—would you mind coming back this way, out of the moonlight? I'd a little rather they wouldn't see you."

"I hear shouting! Miranda, come and look! They are out with lights as if searching for somebody. Perhaps they don't know that you are safe."

He raised his hand as if to signal.

"Christopher! Come back!" she implored. "Oh, don't let them see you, please, please don't! Come back! I'll tell you—everything."

He stood before her again beside the sheltering ledge. She was shaking and white. Her beautiful eyes looked very black.

"What is it?" he asked, unconscious of a deeper note in his voice.

"They came to-night, at eight o'clock. And I ran—away."

"Who came, child?"

"You're so far above me. Sit down. I can tell you better."

He knelt beside her.

"A—a woman, and a man, friends, too, of the family." She motioned with her head toward Windanspray. "The man —wants me. They have urged and urged it, and now they are trying to force me. I am a kind of connection, you know. And oh, it would be a fine thing for a poor girl like me! They make it so hard. I never dreamed they'd follow me up here. I ran away. The daughter helped me. But you see they did. And now that they've followed me I have run away again. This—is as far as I can go! I thought, to-night, we could hide here while the tide was high, and perhaps they would be so angry that they would go away again by the last train. But if they should see us, they'd wait."

Arden soothed her fluttering hands.

"They won't see us."

She quieted then, and he watched her with a beating heart.

"What sort of a man is he, Miranda?"

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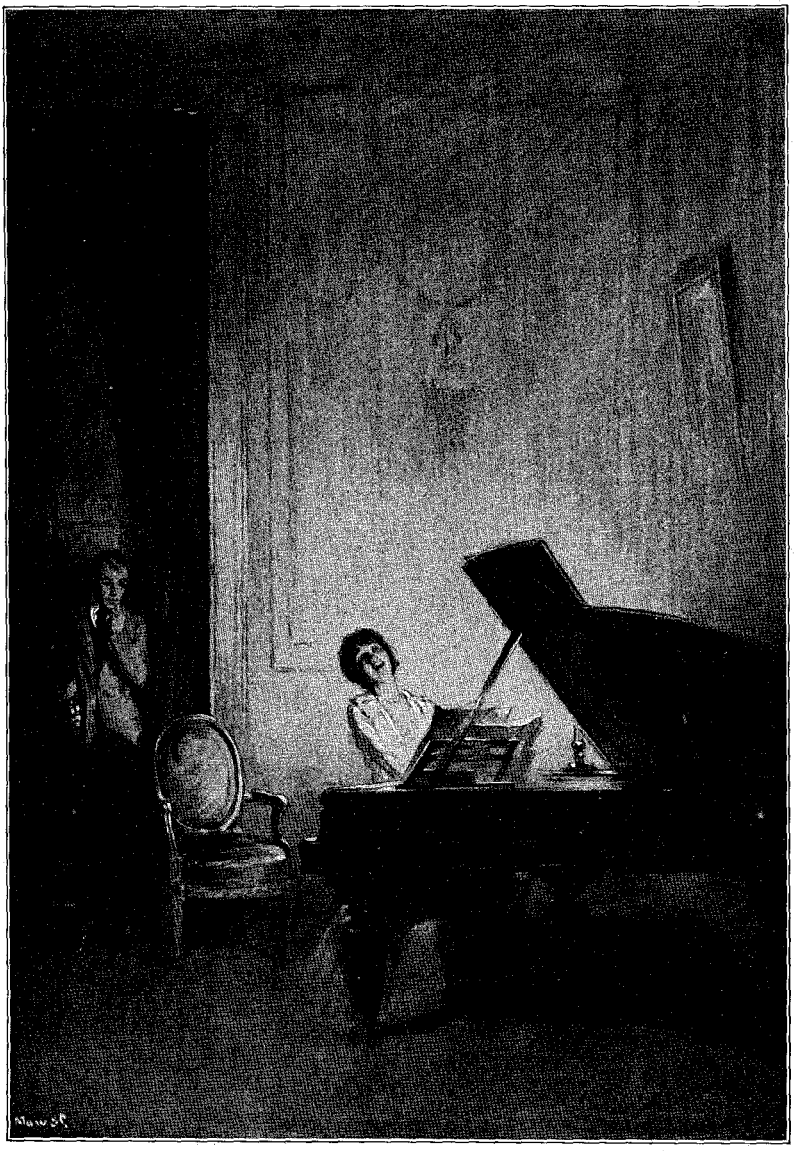

The next thing he knew he was standing in the doorway of the music-room.—Page 386.

"Dis-disgustingly rich and grand and—stupid," she sighed.

"Poor little girl! Sweet, wise little girl!"

"Don't let him get me!"

"Dearest," cried Arden, gathering her up, "let me keep you myself!"

He rocked her back and forth, baby-fashion, whispering, "I love you, love you, love you——"

She wriggled comfortably and put up her face.

"So do I," she breathed, "love you."

They were quiet then. Occasionally a halloo sounded above the surf. Pinkham by this time must have assembled aid. They smiled gleefully at the thought that possibly Hicks and Pinkham were ramping wildly up and down the shore together.

"Then you don't mind very much being poor, dear?"

"Funny boy," she whispered; "is this being poor?"

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"We're safe!" he cried, kissing her.

The silent night seemed to hold no sound but their own voices and the pebbly gush of the waves washing around the island. The halloos had ceased. It was only to begin again, however, with greater vehemence.

"Child," said Arden, "I'm afraid you have botched it."

"How?" she cried, panic-stricken again.

"Why, instead of being so angry that they'll go back, they may be so scared they'll stay."

"What shall we do? Think!"

"I believe they are down near the channel now, from the sound."

They could hear voices.

"I guess, dear, if you really want to make 'em mad you had better go around to My Side and—er—intimate by your gestures that you are here from choice."

She left him alone.

At half past ten the noise had subsided and the great house was dark except for the hall light. The tide was now so low that by crossing on stepping-stones, dearly familiar, they reached the mainland.

Arden's heart was full. From the moment that he had known that she loved him, he had been longing to tell her about the little house. And yet he wished to surprise her. It was best, after all, to wait. One miracle was enough for to-night, and he would take her to it to-morrow. At the steps of the great dark house they parted.

He met Hicks in the hall of the Castle. The man looked actually excited and very curious. For the first time in their acquaintance, he became talkative. And Arden thought it was well to see how much he knew or suspected.

"A very exciting evening, sir," he ventured.

"Yes?" Arden lingered at the foot of the staircase. "How so, Hicks?"

"Now, didn't you hear all the noise, sir? They certainly made a great clamor."

"I was near the water. The surf drowns noise. What's happened?"

"They've always said she was queer." Hicks shook his head sorrowfully. Arden thought he looked tired. "But this beats it all."

"Who's queer?" Arden spoke sharply.

"Runnin' away from her own aunt, an' a millionaire, they do say he is. Goin' to that blasted island, sir"—Hicks was speaking naturally at last—"an' just as all on us had made up our minds she was drownded, and you with her for all we knew, a-showin' herself as calm as a lake an' wavin' us back, so—" The man made a haughty gesture. "An' her aunt an' the stout gentleman so mad they went straight back this very night. She's a queer one. But just you wait, if I may say it, sir. She'll have the Iron King himself up after her next."

"The—who?"

"Her father, sir."

"Are you speaking, H-Hicks, of the young lady who has been staying in the last house in the row, the s-slim young lady?"

"Miss Miranda Gale Wright," said Hicks with local pride, "the heiress."

Arden rushed past the man, almost knocking him over, and out of the house again into the night.

It was the same marvellous purple and silver night. The surf was hushed to a whisper. The moon swung gently along her shimmering path. The same night!

He ran down the walk toward Windanspray, with only one thought in his mind. She must know of his simple ignorance, and then he would give her up.

The big house crouched on the rocks like some expensive monster. The windows and doors had all been thrown open to let the moonlight in. There was no other light, now, except a very faint glimmer from a great wing.

Arden mounted the steps. And just then from the wing where the glimmer was —it was candle-light, he guessed—there rippled out the opening movement of a sonata. The utter tranquillity of it, united with its long rhythm, as of the motion of the spheres, the unsullied purity, calmed him. He leaned against a pillar and shut his eyes, while the notes of the piano floated over the water into space, mingling with the moonlight.

The next thing he knew he was standing in the doorway of the music-room. Miranda, still in her lawny white, was seated before a grand piano upon which burnt tall cathedral candles. He thought she looked like some slim duchess. He had been wrong. She was made for a setting of intricate richness, of the patrician vistas of stately rooms. She was the rare gem

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that should be set in platinum. Enamoured of simplicity she had been mistaken in herself. If it ever became her it must be the conscious reserve of art, not the plainness of poverty. There was something priceless about her very presence.

Her fingers, loitering on the keys, found other chords presently. And without looking up, unaware of his nearness, she sang, in a wistful soprano. And as she sang, Arden was dazed with the wonder of what she sang.

"Oh, little house with windows wide,
A-looking toward the sea,
How have you come, why have you come
To mean so much to me?

"Your walls within my heart are raised,
And, oh, how strange it seems!
My hopes but measure to your roof,
Oh, little house o' dreams.

"Oh, little place where friends will come
The tangled world to flee,
Brave little nook where peace will bide,
And hospitality!

"Pray where's the magic hand I need
To touch your slender beams,
And change you to a home in truth,
Oh, little house o' dreams?"

As she played the last high chord delicately, she saw him, and smiled! He went to her.

"Miranda!" he whispered, gripping the edge of the piano with his fingers. "Have you seen it?"

"Seen it?"

"How—do *you* come to sing of—such things?"

"Why not I?"

"I know—now. They told me. It was your aunt. And your father may come. You're Miss Miranda Gale—Wright! . . . Good-by!"

"And if I am," she cried so loudly that her voice echoed in the big room, "don't you love me? Because I've lied to you a little, won't you believe me at all? How do *I* come to sing of small, sweet humbleness and beauty and peace? Because they're everything in the world to me. Oh, Christopher, I thought—I thought—I had found 'the magic hand'!"

She clung to him sobbing and laid her cheek in his palm.

As he held her, only the miracle of her song stood out. For she had not seen the little house on the inlet; she had not known. In her own life there had been dusty pavements. She too had longed.

"Miranda," he whispered, "I have something wonderful I want to show you. Will you go with me, to-morrow, to see it?"

SONNET

By R. Henniker Heaton

"We are betrayed by what is false within."—*George Meredith.*

"We are betrayed by what is false within."
Then let us cease for pity's sake to prate
Of gins and snares and foes that lie in wait
To stain our milk-white souls with deadly sin.
Can you not see the list'ning Devil grin
At our fools'-talk of Destiny and Fate.
He knows that no man's love and no man's hate
Dare even touch a soul to God akin!

Like unto like! Was there no answering chord
Within our secret Being softly played,
In vain were evil's panoplies arrayed,
In vain the onslaught of the fiercest horde.
But we—and we alone—know who betrayed
The soul's grim fortress to the fire and sword.

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THE PROGRESSIVE IDEAL IN SCHOOL MANAGEMENT

By Francis E. Leupp

LESS than a half-century has passed since the whole body of students in a leading New England college went out on strike because the faculty had enacted a rule which seemed to them unjust. They absented themselves from all scholastic exercises till they had received satisfactory assurances that the offensive decree would be reconsidered, but no violence or other sensational feature marred the dignity of their demonstration. Nevertheless, the incident was so astonishing that it filled columns of space daily in the newspapers throughout the country, and furnished texts for bushels of editorial comment, uniformly condemnatory of the action of the students, and breathing dire apprehensions of what was likely to happen when this brood of young rebels should come to fill the places of the better-behaved generation from whom they were descended.

A few months ago a large American city was the scene of a revolt by twenty or thirty thousand school-children, because the local board of education had refused one of their demands. The infection of upheaval spread to other places, where a like petty drama was enacted on a smaller scale. There were parades and rioting, destruction of property, and a little bloodletting, and police squads had to be detailed for special service. Yet this outbreak of small boys and girls, with all its disorderly accompaniments, excited far less criticism than was called forth by the wholly peaceful protest of a body of young men, mature enough to know what they were about, in the late '60's. Why? Because in the interval the spirit of self-assertion has so permeated all classes of our population that even the babes and sucklings brought under the Montessori method are showing its influence, and the rest of us are calmly taking its phenomena for granted.

New conditions call for new policies and new measures. Hard as it may be for old-fashioned people to face the fact, the child of to-day is not the child of a generation ago. The blood of a hundred forceful ancestors united in his veins is not nearly so powerful a factor in his making as the environment amid which he finds himself as soon as he begins to think. We can almost measure his normality by the degree to which his conduct is swayed by the social instinct. From the day he begins to play with other children, their preferences weigh more with him than all the admonitions of his elders. In the era when children accepted both instruction and discipline on authority, it was a comparatively simple matter to govern a school. But now that it is the educational vogue to make every child analyze every subject of study and form his conclusions for himself, is it not natural that he should carry the same principle into the domain of conduct, and insist upon his right to decide how he ought to be governed?

The fact that, willy-nilly, we must reckon with this changed condition, will explain the interest I have felt in watching the operation of a system of self-government established in the last of all places where a casual observer would look to find it—a boarding-school for girls. I shall not identify the institution further than to say that it is in the heart of a city; that it is owned and managed by a woman in the prime of life whom we may call for convenience Mrs. Sperry, a college graduate who has made teaching not only a livelihood but a serious profession ever since she received her diploma; and that it was started in the face of many discouragements and has been maintained at its original standard in defiance of the advice of a multitude of good friends who were sure that that way lay disaster. It was folly, they said, to require an entrance examination, not of the prospective pu-

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pils but of their parents, for "it will not do to solicit their patronage, and then dictate terms to them as to matters which they consider within their exclusive jurisdiction." "I shall not solicit their patronage," answered the brave little woman; "I shall tell them what I have to offer, and on what terms they may obtain it. A minister does not ask his congregation what doctrines he shall preach, nor does a lawyer distort his advice to suit the fancy of his clients. Is not my calling as responsible as either of theirs?"

Accordingly, she advertised her school as open for pupils, but reserved the right to investigate the antecedents of every girl applying for admission, and to reject any who seemed unlikely to fit into her scheme of things. Rich and influential parents who were resolved that their daughters should have certain luxuries and recreational privileges not permitted to the other girls, or be subjected to a kind of surveillance which the principal deemed unwise, or be prepared for "society" rather than for life, she courteously advised to seek in a "finishing" school what they could not find in hers. When the reason for rejection lay deeper, and touched the character of the girl herself, she never fell back upon the conventional euphemism that there was "no vacancy," but told the truth frankly and faced the consequences. A girl described by a former teacher as never having been caught at anything bad, but being one who would "bear watching," was declined, to the indignation of her family, to whom it appeared preposterous that she should be excluded while another girl, widely known as "troublesome," was taken in. The ground of the discrimination was that the shortcomings of the troublesome girl lay all on the surface. It was true that she had been expelled from her last school; but what interested Mrs. Sperry in her was the fact that she gave no signs of a furtive disposition, but had confessed her crowning misdeed and taken her punishment without a wry face. Her parents were plain people, who were in despair over their failure in management and expressed only a hesitating hope that the new principal might be able to do better. "I'm not afraid to try," said Mrs. Sperry. "In spite of this record, Mary looks to me like good raw material to work upon." And so it proved.

Her independence, as was to be expected, gave more or less offence to several worthy persons, and resulted in gathering into her school, for the first stage of its existence, an undue percentage of unpromising pupils. Although these made life anything but easy for her, like a healthy athlete she grappled every new difficulty with a sort of joyful zest. What she did find irksome was the reproachful urgency of some of her friends, who pleaded: "Why persist in a thankless struggle? You have made your name and place as a teacher. Drop theorizing now, and run your school on business principles. Give the public what plainly they want, raise your prices to correspond, and retire presently on a competency." "Surrender all the ground I have gained by hard fighting?" she inquired cheerfully. "You don't know me. If I had not intended to see this thing through, I should not have gone into it."

It cost Mrs. Sperry two years or more of unremitting toil to establish completely her mastery of the situation. Then, the school having reached a point where it began to have well-recognized customs and traditions, she entered with her whole heart upon the second part of her programme. This was the conversion of the discipline of the institution from the usual system of concentrated authority and blind obedience into one of tactful leadership and voluntary co-operation. In other words, into this company of about a hundred half-grown girls she carried the order of self-government. Again arose the chorus of protest. "You are inviting anarchy!" cried her doubting friends. "The experiment has not always worked well even among older and more womanly students; what can you hope from these fledglings?" "Possibly," suggested the unterrified innovator, "it would have worked better among those older students if they had been broken to it during the plastic age."

Every mother who is rearing a family of children, and has the courage to require them to bathe and dress themselves as soon as their little hands are capable of such work, discovers that their efficiency in toilet-making acquires a sort of pro-

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gressive momentum. The first learners are slow at it, and waste many tears and complaints; but their pride later in teaching their younger brothers and sisters bears fruit in better records for themselves, till in due course the whole group are operating like a series of cog-wheels of divers diameters, the rapid ones moving the slower, and these in turn the yet slower ones, till the speeding-up of any of the series quickens the revolutions of all. So Mrs. Sperry felt justified in believing that if she could once bring the wheels of her school discipline into proper co-ordination, the machinery would largely run itself, leaving her more hours and energy to devote to other interests. But she realized that she must move gradually and with great care.

As soon as practicable she organized a students' association among the girls, and turned over to it the choice of a small body of proctors, who should supervise the conduct of the other pupils during the study-hours, preventing disorder and seeing that they stuck to their work. At the start, the pupils accepted this responsibility very grudgingly, being suspicious of a novelty which they could not reconcile with anything in their experience. Teacher government they could understand, because it followed the rule of the world that the stronger shall dictate to the weaker. What subtle design could be lurking behind a proposal of the faculty to abdicate a part of their authority and let the school discipline itself? The association worried over this question at its meetings, and changed its attitude almost from week to week. Mrs. Sperry did nothing to force the issue, merely advising the doubtful contingent to consider both sides well before acting, and thus bringing them face to face with the alternative between pupil government and teacher government, of course with the result of a decisive vote in favor of the former. For some time she saw the chairmanship of the association, as well as the proctorships, go begging, especially since, as one upheaval settled itself after another, she turned over to the girls additional duties, including several which, from their point of view, their teachers had been hired to perform and could evade only by shirking.

Little by little, however, the atmosphere cleared. The girls who got a real taste of self-government began to take an interest in it; and when not only were the proctorships filled cheerfully, but an occasional request would come in that the association might be allowed to assume this and that item of authority hitherto reserved for the faculty, Mrs. Sperry knew that the worst of her battle was over. Then she made a new step forward, in the interest of mixing humanity with justice. She began taking the "old" girls, meaning those who had passed a year or more in the school, into partnership with her in looking after the "new" girls. Confidential consultations were held from time to time over the cases of those novices whose temperamental peculiarities, or homesickness, or defects of earlier training threatened to interfere with their progress. Her amateur assistants responded to her overtures most warmly; all their feminine sympathies were stirred; activities of their minds which, unguided, would probably have run into fruitless gossip, were thus given play in a line of really useful endeavor, and their social consciousness was awakened.

Meanwhile, the pride of the old girls was stimulated in knowing and preserving the traditions of the school. Such and such things "are not done here" became their favorite formula in admonishing newcomers, and was received with a deference seldom accorded to an arbitrary mandate from an instructor. For this reason among others, the girls fell into the habit of preferring for proctors those of their number who were best acquainted with school precedents and understood how to use them in place of mere commands. And back of all these guides and sanctions, now well rooted, stand the constitution and standard rules adopted by the students' association. In that compendium, printed in a neat little pamphlet, we find laid down the duties of the elective officers. One of these is a warden, who rings the bells, has charge of the school registers, takes the roll at meals, and the like. The proctors divide the oversight of the dormitory buildings, one caring for each. They inspect bedrooms and bathrooms, enforce the rules generally, report on the conduct of the girls, and go through the houses the last thing

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at night to see that all hands are in bed, the rooms in order, and the lights out. Warden and proctors are elected monthly. On the last Friday evening of the month the association holds a meeting to nominate candidates for these offices, and the election is made the following day by ballot, the pupils dropping their written votes into a box set up for the purpose. At the outset, most critics of the plan were ready to prophesy that only those proctors who courted popularity at the expense of strict fulfilment of their obligations could hope for re-election. Experience proves the reverse to be true. So keen is the general sense of justice, now that the pupils have charge of their own superintendence, that the proctor who holds the girls in her jurisdiction to account without fear or favor, but in a reasonable way, receives a rare meed of respect from her associates, and is apt to be elected again and again. But this tribute does not lapse into a perfunctory form. All the girls take a lively interest in the canvass which always precedes an election, and now and then they will temporarily retire a highly successful proctor in order to "try out" another girl, who has never held office, but who, by the part she has taken at the meetings of the association, has given indications of marked capacity and character.

Indeed, as the system has been working for some years, the girls exhibit a genuinely democratic spirit. They are quick to appreciate traits of real leadership in each other, and to manifest this sentiment practically on election day. There seems to be no "playing politics" or "trading" among them, doubtless partly because they are at the age of idealism, and partly because they enter and leave school within a brief span of years, and have no time to become indifferent, like their fathers, through over-familiarity with the elective franchise. Nor is it an insignificant circumstance that those girls who pass from our self-governing school to college are promptly discovered by their new companions and pushed to the front there, taking a prominent part in the collegiate activities, heading important committees, and, by their poise and their cultivated sense of responsibility, making themselves felt in every way as a positive influence for the common welfare.

The rules betray their juvenile authorship by an occasional slip in syntax, and some are deliciously characteristic, voicing a sense of the proprieties evolved from the girls' own experience. Thus:

"No girl may go down-stairs in a kimono except at the end of the evening study-hour, and not at all on Saturday or Sunday.

"No girl may wash her hair or do laundry-work in the bathroom, during study hour.

"A girl must take her baths at time indicated by the bath schedule, and must report immediately before going to the bathroom.

"A girl must not act in an undignified manner in the classroom, in the dining-room, or under chaperonage."

Mark well the lines of reservation: nothing here against pillow-fights in the dormitory halls, or ducking a lazy girl to wake her in the morning. In suitable places and at suitable hours, why shouldn't girls be girls? Again, among the liberties specifically granted under the rules, note this evidence of compromise between faculty preferences and schoolgirl cravings:

"Each girl is allowed to have in her own room crackers, fresh fruit, prunes, figs, dates, and olives. Every Saturday a girl may have candy, cake, or nuts in any proportion or combination so that the whole amount will not exceed a pound in weight. This food must be disposed of by the following Monday morning inspection."

But since proctors, after all, are only human——

"If a girl becomes proctor for the afternoon or evening study-hour or for overnight, and knows beforehand that someone has forbidden food, the food shall be confiscated and no demerits given."

The girls have so framed their rules that the pervading spirit everywhere is one of respect for the authorities they have themselves constituted; for example:

"No girl may argue with the proctor, nor question her decisions.

"No girl may be impertinent, defiant, or disobedient to a proctor.

"A girl who considers a warden's or proctor's decision unjust may take her case first to the committee, second to the head of the school."

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Lest the effect of this final provision be misinterpreted, it should be said that scarcely ever, since the self-government system has got into thorough working order, has a girl carried her appeal past "the committee"—a standing body composed of the warden and all the proctors, which serves as an intermediary between the association and the faculty. In the rare instances, at an earlier stage, when the principal was called upon to settle a mooted point, she almost always found that she could, in good conscience, support the committee. This fact had three important bearings: it indicated that the elective officers of the association were uniformly temperate and just in their judgments; it reduced frivolous appeals to a minimum, and reacted upon the general conduct of the girls by making them more careful not to offend needlessly in the hope of escaping punishment by dilatory proceedings; and, finally, it convinced the pupil body that they were actually governing themselves, and not merely reflecting the opinions of the faculty. Since the paragraph just quoted was enacted, a court of equity has been established, before which are argued cases where a literal application of the rules would not fit some peculiar exigency.

In order that a proctorship shall not be regarded as an empty honor, its responsibilities are compensated by sundry privileges not granted to the rank and file of the school. A proctor "may break any rule to enforce one," although if she breaks a rule without such justification she ceases, *ipso facto*, to hold office, and a proxy whom she has previously selected succeeds her. She "may be five minutes late for breakfast," and may keep her light burning fifteen minutes after the last bell at night. She may extend her journeys in the city beyond the bounds set for her fellows, and visit at will some places which are forbidden to them except during certain hours; and when she has held office eight times she enjoys thereafter all the privileges and immunities ever given to any one.

Not simply in the constitution and rules is the self-government idea planted in Mrs. Sperry's school. The association has somewhat the character of a social club, and questions of apparel and etiquette which schoolgirls are wont to gossip about are taken up at stated meetings and debated to a finish. For instance: ought a jumper—eminently suitable as a working-garment—to be worn outside of the skirt at table or in any semi-public place? Is it decorous for a pupil to come to a recitation with her sleeves rolled up? Should young girls plaster their hair tight to their heads and drape it in thick wads over their ears? Are such and such recent fashions modest? On live issues like these every pupil has notions of her own, that she does not hesitate to express when the association thus undertakes a canvass of public sentiment, for there are no teachers present to curb anybody's freedom of speech.

Now and then the principal observes among the girls an unfortunate tendency in dress or manners. Instead of issuing an edict of prohibition, she calls up the subject at her next conference with the standing committee, and they thresh it out together candidly, keeping always in view not individual tastes or aversions, but the welfare and good name of the school. Whatever conclusion is reached at such a conference becomes in due time common property. The members of the committee, being saturated with their subject, are naturally the best equipped contestants in the debate which precedes any action by the association as a body; and whatever the association votes is recorded as the sentiment of the school. Sometimes it is formulated in a rule which the proctors are bound to execute; oftener it is left to operate as a moral force, just as the deliberate judgment of the community is used, in the broader life outside, to accomplish results which formal statutes are powerless to compass.

Into the same general scheme falls naturally the commercial side of the school management. Mrs. Sperry is resolved that no girl who comes under her care shall be warranted at a later period in excusing slovenly business methods with the plea that she has never been taught better. The school maintains a bank, which was planned and started by a professional accountant. In this, at the beginning of a term, is deposited the money a girl's parents wish her to have, either for her necessary expenses, or for her private purse,

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or for both. She receives a pass-book, and a check-book with stubs, just as if she were opening an account with an ordinary bank of deposit. No minimum is set upon the amount for which checks may be drawn, so that she can not evade on that ground the payment of her smallest debt, but she is not allowed to overdraw so much as a dime. There is also a school store, where text-books, stationery, and similar supplies are sold at current prices. There a girl may, if more convenient, run up an account; she may do the same for laundry and other extras; but she is expected to settle her bills weekly. If she overlooks this requirement, the itemized memorandum is footed, and the bare total appears as a "bill rendered" at her next settlement, all dispute over details being barred by her neglect. She may not open accounts with outside tradesmen; every purchase made at the city shops must be paid for at the time or on delivery.

All reports, financial or disciplinary, all memoranda, and all communications, must be written either on one of the printed forms provided by the school office, or on a clean, smooth, perfect sheet of paper. This rule is designed to overcome the habit into which many girls drift, of scribbling on any rough scrap that happens to be at hand. For like reasons, the big blotter which overspreads every girl's desk is to be kept clean, the blotting of letters, etc., being done with a loose sheet. The overloading of bureaus and bathroom shelves with all sorts of toilet knickknacks—bottles, and boxes, and tubes—is actively discouraged. The furniture in the bedrooms is of the best, and the girls seem to take more pride in caring for it than if it were cheap stuff purposely provided to meet the hard usage of a boarding-school. Not more than eight framed pictures are permitted on the walls of any room, and no pennants; nor may any decorations be pinned to the window-curtains. Although this is not a domestic-science institution, every girl is expected to air, make, and otherwise look after her own bed. Thanks to these regulations, it is not difficult to distinguish the rooms of the girls who have longest attended the school, by their freedom from trash and their generally restful appearance.

Announcements for the day are made at the morning assembly, and posted on a bulletin-board in the main corridor, after the custom at colleges. Study and recitation periods are forty minutes long, and quiet is demanded while they last; but between these periods are intervals of relaxation, during which the girls may run about at will and make all the noise they wish. In the school office are kept registers, on which every girl is expected to record her whereabouts whenever she is changing them for any appreciable time. By this means it is possible to locate any girl at any hour of the day, so that, if it is necessary to reach her speedily with a telegram or what-not, there will be no delay and no commotion.

Early in the history of the school there used to be hung on every girl's closet-door a printed list of "Rules and Regulations," which, in time, gave way to a corresponding list of "Household Regulations," modified later into "Regulations for Students." These in turn have disappeared, and such parts of them as experience has proved of permanent value now figure as an appendix to the constitution of the association, under the less didactic title, "Customs of the School." This series of changes is typical of Mrs. Sperry's whole evolutionary system. Her self-government programme, as we have seen, was not proclaimed arbitrarily at the outset, but was permitted to develop gradually, with the idea of impressing upon the pupils a sense of having earned various liberties which, being concessions to merit rather than native rights, are liable to revocation if abused. Indeed, the only penalties imposed for misconduct are temporary curtailments of privilege, which have sufficed for their purpose since being decreed and administered by a disciplinary mechanism in the control of the pupils themselves; and, albeit the girls do drop into mischief now and then, the tradition of truth-telling is so honored among them that but one case of falsehood has come to light in several years.

Among the requirements which the proctors have to enforce most rigidly are the precautions against fire. To every girl is given, on entering school, a little red-covered book containing definite instructions about the use of matches, inflam-

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mable substances, the lighting apparatus in the buildings, what to do in emergencies, and how to turn in alarms. The organization of the school fire-brigade, and the duties of the chief and her staff of captains and lieutenants, are also described in detail. In order to be sure that the girls understand these things individually, fire-drills are held from time to time, every officer making for her post at a given signal, and every other pupil performing the part assigned her for the common defence. Once a year, after the autumn opening of the school, the whole pupil body takes a day's outing in the country, combining a picnic with an afternoon's practice in putting out fires with portable extinguishers. The last task of a proctor every night throughout the school year is to visit the rooms in her building and see that no girl has neglected, before going to bed, to put in place her "fire-coat" and slippers, so as to be ready to act on the instant in case of a sudden alarm.

Of course, no school for girls can ignore instruction in deportment; but here again Mrs. Sperry's policy has been to let the girls work out their own problems as far as practicable. The faculty contains a teacher who has made this branch her specialty; but the way Mrs. Sperry went about interesting her young charges in the subject was characteristic. One Saturday evening she seated herself, as if quite accidentally, beside her *arbitrix elegantiarum* on a sofa in the drawing-room, and remarked to one of a bevy of pupils gathered in the adjacent hall: "Laura, I'm tired of visiting you girls in your rooms; suppose you come in and call on me, one by one."

Amused by the suggestion, Laura sailed into the room like a ship in a choppy sea.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Sperry, holding up her hands in mock horror, "is that the way you would enter the parlor of one of your mother's friends? No, no —go back and try it again."

Laura joined in the laughter her companions set up at this, and did try it again. Her gait was better than before, but still left much to be desired.

"Janet," Mrs. Sperry called to another of the group, "what was the matter with Laura that time?"

Janet made an essay at criticism.

"Can any of the other girls improve on what Janet says?" persisted Mrs. Sperry.

Others tried, and in a few minutes the game was in full swing. The mistress of deportment would throw in a question now and then, and the merriment over the attempts and comments drew down a number of girls from the story above. By bedtime every one was keyed up to a fine pitch of competitive enthusiasm, and eager for more of the same sport on the next free evening. Thus the new course was launched.

This sketch would be incomplete without some reference to another feature of the school which keeps it in touch with the spirit of the age. The religious observances are few, all simple in form, all of a practical as distinguished from a transcendental order, all sounding the strong note of human brotherhood. Once in a while the Sunday evening chapel exercises are varied by reading aloud a story by John Galsworthy or some other eminent exponent of the new social order. Moreover, Mrs. Sperry has convictions about the fair working-day and the living-wage, and carries them into the administration of her own servants' hall. Her pupils thus pass their most impressionable years amid evidences of consideration for those less favored of fortune than themselves; and it would be strange if their after lives were not influenced by the experience, as all of us are affected in our later careers by the atmosphere we breathed continually in childhood.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

"Expatiation" in Education

SOME attention has been attracted, in one of the suburbs of Manhattan, by the publication of a letter from a citizen, setting forth his indignation at the tasks imposed upon the pupils of the public schools. He gave a list of twelve essays required to be prepared by a girl of fifteen between two school days, including such light and frivolous inquiries as "the probable effects of the completed Panama Canal on the trade of (*a*) North Atlantic States, (*b*) Gulf States, (*c*) Pacific States" and "In what respects are the British and German Empires commercial rivals? Explain fully," and he closed by asking, "After a year or two of this monstrous nonsense, what can that girl possibly know about anything?"

The question looks reasonable. It is hard to imagine how the theory and practice of smattering could be more effectively stimulated than by imposing such requirements upon an immature and unfurnished mind. It is true that the school in which the requirements were made was not an elementary but a "high" school. True also that it does not follow that requirements of similar absurdity are made in other high schools. That, one may say, is part of the pity of it. At least it is a pity that not only the curriculum but the actual and detailed instruction of the schools of a State should not be standardized. There is a theoretic means to that end, in the commonwealth immediately in question, in the existence of the University of the State of New York. This more or less astral body was projected by the wisdom of our ancestors, not at all as a teaching body but as an examining body. The purpose of its institution was precisely to standardize public instruction, whether of common schools, of academies, or even of colleges which were chartered by the State, as well as of professional schools. It was intended that an A.B., for example, from any college in the State should be of exactly the same value as the like degree from any other. It is true that in those days all educated men knew just what an A.B. meant. Does anybody pretend to know now? It is true also that in technical education "the Regents," as the examining body has come to be known, exert an influence which is both good and considerable. You may have reasonable confidence in the dentist or the druggist to whom you intrust your teeth or your life if he have passed "the Regents' examination." But it seems that in general education, primary, secondary, and "higher," the local authorities have full sway. The local authority is a "Board," and, as Jeremy Bentham justly observed, "Boards are screens." The members of the local board are not commonly men of much education, or of much interest in education; at least men of those qualifications are extremely unlikely to be in the majority. The quality of the schooling is in the hands of the local superintendent. If he be a man of some force of character, he "runs the Board." If his energy be greater than his circumspection, his cerebellum better developed than his cerebrum, he may run it into strange courses. If he prefers that his pupils expatiate and smatter, instead of concentrating and really learning, expatiate and smatter they generally will. There is a temptation upon him to commend himself to the members of his own calling, rather than to the members of his "board" or the parents of his pupils, both which classes are apt to be ignorant or careless of what he is doing. In that case wild work results if he happen to be given to "fads" and whims and unverified theories, instead of plodding on in the ancient ways. One of the "educators" of this class capped the climax of whimsicality when, in some pedagogical convention, he waxed exceeding bold and proposed to denominate the three R's as "fads," instead of the novelties which he desired to substitute for them.

In the State from which my text has been taken there is excellent ground for hope in the appointment to the place of State Superintendent of Education, and organ of "the University" in its superin-

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tendency of the same, of a scholar and teacher who commands far more of the respect of the learned than any of his predecessors who have held that office within the memory of man. It was not from representatives of that commonwealth that there came the bitter cries in Congress not long ago of representatives whose candidates for West Point and Annapolis had been rejected by the authorities of those institutions. It seems that not only was the result of the local schooling of the candidates unsatisfactory to the naval and military "snobs," but also that the medical snobs of the army and navy had rejected candidates whom the local doctors had passed. It is well known that the mental requirements for entrance to these academies have been purposely made elementary—some think absurdly elementary—for the very reason that the representatives of the "back districts" remonstrated against educational exactions which those districts were not in a condition to meet. The "snobs" merely insist that the elementary requirements shall be fulfilled, and that the candidate shall really know what he is required to know. It is obvious that nothing can more militate against his really knowing anything than an educational policy of expatiation and smatter.

HUMAN nature abounds in perplexing qualities, traits for which there are no reasonable reasons to give. We are continually puzzled by our own manifestations or by those of the people whom we know; and perhaps there is no attribute more difficult to explain than shyness.

Shyness

To be sure, it is only the shy folk themselves who have trouble with their analysis. People who are not shy understand the matter perfectly. Egotism: that is the one word with which they state their explanation. Self-conscious vanity: thus they elaborate it. If the shy person, they continue, severely glad of the chance to express their disapproval—if the shy person would only stop thinking about himself, would forget himself and lose himself in his neighbor, his difficulty would be at an end and he would act and speak without embarrassment. In other words, it is all his fault. He deserves no consideration for a state of affairs which he has brought on himself and which he could at any moment terminate. He is perverse.

Now, of course, when the shy person is criticised thus, he feels himself to be, colloquially, in a hole. If he defends himself he justifies the charge. There is nothing for him to do but keep still, listen to all the advice, and then turn away, smiling to himself.

Smiling, mind you! The shy person simply has to take himself humorously or he is lost. An amused appreciation of his own absurdity is his one means of inner self-defence, his one chance of triumphing over a cruel fate. If he can laugh, really laugh with enjoyment, over the awkward and solemn vagaries which his temperament induces in him, he has scored something, defeated something, he is not wholly abject. Nor is this satisfaction merely the desperate makeshift which it might seem to be. There is a brave and pungent delight in wringing amusement out of depression.

But the depression is there; there is no doubt about the depression of being shy. Perhaps the self-confident person thinks that anybody would remain shy if he could help it! In the first place, there is an uncertainty about the situation which is fairly maddening. Shyness is a demon, a devil; and it has all the whimsical inconstancy of the nether world. It is not always active; it knows the value of contrast, the effectiveness of the cat-and-mouse method of occasional release. So sometimes it flatters its victim with a complete suspension of hostilities. That is glorious! Finding the paw miraculously removed from his back, the shy person shakes himself, gathers himself together, and plunges headlong into a veritable abandon of self-expression. There is no one like him for letting himself go when he has a chance.

We have all of us had experience of this reaction with the shy people we have known. Once, on an ocean steamer, I spent many fruitless moments in trying to win the confidence of a recluse of a young man. He was shy to the vanishing-point. He had wistful, thoughtful, intelligent eyes, and he piqued my interest; but he would have nothing to say for himself and nothing to do with his fellow-passengers. Steamer life is hard for shy people, it is so crowded, so hail-fellow-well-met, that it puts to rout the bashful. I felt sorry for my young man;

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but I had to give him up at last and let him go. Then, late one evening, as I was reading alone in a corner of the library, he suddenly appeared before me and began to talk. He did not sit down; I was at first too startled to remember to ask him to do so, and then too fearful of upsetting his spiritual equilibrium by even a hint of change. I held my breath, and he held the back of the chair in front of him, bracing his feet to meet the roll of the steamer, and talked and talked. It was an exciting episode. We neither of us knew (and we knew that we did not know) how long the opportunity would last, how soon the cat's paw would descend again; and we gave ourselves over to a sort of race. I have never heard a man talk so fast, and seldom so engagingly. In two minutes he had carried me deeper below the surface of things than the rest of my fellow passengers in hours of intercourse. He was shrewd, penetrating, direct, he wasted no time, he went right to the point; but he was also illuminating, he embellished the themes which he touched. The most charming quality of his discourse was its confident frankness, its lack of reserve; he had an air of taking the cover off his mind and holding it for me to inspect. Moreover, though he monopolized the conversation, I understood that this was not due to any lack of consideration for me, that he would have been very glad to hear what I might have to say, but that he simply did not dare to stop. There was whimsical apology mingled with the suspense in his eyes all the time he faced me. Then—ah! then, the cat got him again. Somebody entered the room; he paused, hesitated, murmured a few incoherent words, gave me a funny, pathetic, despairing glance, and vanished from my sight. And not once again, during the whole course of the voyage, did he vouchsafe me so much as a word or a look.

That was the worst of it: that, having been so expansively confidential, he should retire so much farther than ever within his shell; and this inconsistent withdrawal, this ridiculous shutting of the barn-door, constitutes the most annoying element in the curse of shyness. One is never safe from it. One may achieve a series of intimate colloquies with some beloved friend, and then, at the fifteenth session, coming glowing and eager for intercourse, one may find oneself suddenly locked away, fettered, defeated, of no more use for friendliness than a wooden post. In all genuine meaning, one is no more present in this perfectly obvious drawing-room than Jonah was present in Nineveh during his three days' eclipse.

Shyness is eclipse: that is precisely the word for it. It snuffs out the spirit like a flame, and leaves the inadequate candle to embarrass the candlestick. An unwieldy, conspicuous thing—an unlighted candle! It stands very much in its own way and in that of the world. If it will not burn, it might at least wholly disappear, like the unfortunate Jonah in the figure above. But the more completely shy people obscure the only interesting part of themselves, their vitality, the bigger the rest of them bulks and looms, oppressing the earth. A big man at his ease takes up very little room; but a small, shy man is under everybody's feet, including his own. He can not help it. He has so completely deserted his body—fleeing, fleeing, that he has no longer any control over his members. He is very polite about the inconvenience he causes, but he is hugely *de trop*.

The shy man's politeness is one of the worst features of his pitiful case. It is so deceptive. If he frankly shows himself to be shy—by shrinkings and blushings and silences—the world understands what is the matter with him and makes allowances. But that is not real shyness which displays itself. Rather, it makes all possible haste to disguise, not only its victim but itself, beneath layers upon layers of elaborate humbug. One of the shyest people I know has, on shy occasions, the very grandest manner I ever marvelled at. Through some good scientific work he has done, he is something of a celebrity, and he is frequently invited out in his capacity as lion. Head erect, bearing composed—rather nonchalant—he looks his host and the other guests firmly in the eye. He talks almost as fast as my steamer acquaintance, but with this unhappy difference, that he says nothing at all. It is incredible what a flood of commonplace twaddle can proceed from the lips of a man who really has original ideas. The weather, the latest novel or play, suffrage, the iniquities of the gas company—all the stale old topics he rehearses in their same stale old phrases. He is quite hideously polite. If any one disagrees with him on any of the vastly important subjects which he has chosen to discuss, he at once defers to the different point of view and yields the argu-

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ment without a struggle. He is so punctilious in his deportment that he seems to have been brought up on a book of etiquette.

Now, of course, politeness is the last thing the world desires of celebrities. It wants its lions to roar and shake their manes. My friend is constantly disappointing his hosts and hostesses by the dull conformity of his manners when he visits them. Other distinguished guests do charmingly picturesque things: the kind of thing that proper geniuses do. He, on the contrary, is exact in the observance of every custom, in his response to every summons. He would rather perish than be late to breakfast, and the world waits and hangs upon him in vain for eccentricity.

He understands his shortcomings and is amused by them. At an evening reception I once observed him bowing, smiling, holding himself very loftily, conversing with animation. I avoided him, for I knew all too well the kind of stuff he was talking, and I saw no reason why I should be bored to death. But by and by I saw him disappear, with a casual, majestic step, into a little book-room which opened off the drawing-room. I lifted the curtain just in time to see him confront himself in the mirror, smiling broadly as one who shares a good joke with a comrade. All his magnificence dropped from him. He shook his head and fetched a sigh of fathomless relief. "Oh, Lord!" he said when he saw me. "Come here and let me tell you what I have been talking about. The 'uplift'—I tell you, I heard myself use that blamed word seven times!—the uplift of a good thought chosen as a motto for the day. I think I have even promised to help some woman or other to make a collection of inspiring words."

We both laughed. Then I said: "Why do you do it? Why do you come at all?"

"Because I am not sure," he answered promptly. "I am never sure that I may not have the time of my life. It all depends. A few nights ago I had a glorious talk with a woman who is going into the woods camping next summer. She is here to-night, by the way, but I haven't dared speak to her. Yes, I know—" he acquiesced humbly, as I pondered. "But on my honor I assure you that I can not help it."

They can not help it, these shy folk: that is the ultimate truth of the matter. The world may as well stop railing at them and try to understand them. It is surprising how many faults of manner can be covered by this same cloak. A person may even commit real sins through sheer diffidence. He perjures himself continually, making embarrassed haste to say things which he does not mean at all, expressing tastes which are really abhorrent to him, tying himself up in hopeless meshes of impossibility. He looks with forbidding coldness on people toward whom his heart yearns tenderly, and remains stupidly speechless before a view or a picture which sets his inmost thoughts exulting wildly. There is no perverse self-contradiction of which he is not capable. Yet, all the time, he can not help it; and Heaven, who created him so, must surely know how to make allowances for him.

As for the mysterious reason for all this absurd infelicity, is it, indeed, to be found in egotism? Is a person conceited because he chokes in the presence of the hero whom he reveres, because he can think of nothing to say that shall worthily flatter the august ear? Thinking of himself? Well, of course! Intercourse implies two terms, and if the hero is one, the admirer is the other. But people who think of themselves deprecatingly can hardly be called vain. Moreover, it is a fact that the final effect of shyness is not that of self-consciousness, but rather that of self-annihilation. The shy person's ego vanishes, turns tail, cuts and runs, is gone beyond the recovery or even the knowledge of its supposed possessor. Far on invisible, inaccessible heights it sits and ignores the discomfort which its desertion has caused. It achieves this retreat so suddenly that there is no waylaying it, heading it off. The shy person may supplicate his soul in vain, it will not answer him.

All this may sound very abject to self-reliant, self-possessed people. What business has any one to hold his soul in such an insecure tenure that it can escape him? But souls can be independent creatures, and though some of them learn docility, others always insist on having a long rope. It is well not to meddle too much with them—save always to try to keep them in the paths of righteousness. They know their own affairs.

The next time you meet a person whom for any reason at all you do not like, consider him long enough to make sure that he is not merely shy; and if he is, forgive him, for his innocence is deep.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Portrait of Jan Lutma.
From an etching by Rembrandt.

PRINTS AND PRINT DEPARTMENTS

I

"PRINTS"—engravings, etchings, mezzo-tints, woodcuts, lithographs, and, in a certain sense, drawings also, have been counted, even by those who love, cherish, and collect them, among the minor arts; and I shall not readily forget the counsel which one of my best friends—himself a print-lover and collector of international fame—gave me when he learned that Harvard University was to have a course of lectures on the history of engraving, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, a new curator in its print department. "You must remember," he wrote, "that you are a minor officer in the museum, and in a minor department." I have maintained, and shall continue to assert, that the department of prints is by no means a minor one, but, on the contrary, vital to a true understanding and appreciation, not only of graphic art, but of art in many forms. "Prints," in their origin, are but multiplied designs by great artists—and if, in an engraving by Pollaiuolo or Mantegna, we have not the actual drawing, we have that which is hardly less valuable—the essential essence of the artist's thought, expressed

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in his own terms, and in a medium hardly less free or autographic than the silver-point or reed pen. It is this individual note which, in spite of obvious technical shortcomings, makes the earlier prints, whether of Italy or Germany, so peculiarly fascinating. There is an absence of self-consciousness about them which later work, abler work in many respects, lacks; and there is no better or surer way, save by the study of original drawings (available for the most part, and to the majority of students, through reproductions only), of entering into the artist's inmost thought, and speaking with him when he is most truly himself. It should be needless to repeat, at this late date, that which is self-evident—every museum, worthy of the name, should have a Department of Prints and Drawings—yet, in America, how many have even planned for one? New York, with its unsurpassed collection of modern prints—the Avery collection in the Public Library—has not the material, as yet, for a systematic study of the history of engraving; Chicago points with pride to its acquisition, in recent years, of Mr. Howard Mansfield's magnificent collection of Meryon's etchings, but has not pursued a policy so wisely and brilliantly begun; Pittsburgh is reported to have a plan—but no prints to speak of; while Minneapolis, the youngest sister to undertake the erection of a granite mausoleum of fine arts, had not even indicated on her plans, when last I saw them, any print-room of any kind whatsoever! The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, which, to quote Dr. Bode, "alone has made a good beginning," claims therefore a certain share of attention. Established in 1872 with a gift of *one* print, it remained stationary at that unit for two years, when, in 1874, by the bequest of Charles Sumner, the collection was swelled to eighty-five prints. Its further history is told by Mr. Francis Bullard, in his article, "The Print Department of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston."* The collection now numbers over sixty thousand prints, and illustrates, by examples of all the great masters, the history of engraving and etching. Thus much has been done. Thus much, by an expenditure of money under expert guidance—and in the course of time—could be done again. The material is there; the vital question is: how best shall it be used? First and foremost, the museum aims to make itself a living influence in the community—not merely a repository of the records of people dead and gone. To accomplish this it must be a place of joy—a *pleasure* as well as a *treasure* house—to which all are made welcome, and in which all may feel that they have a part.

The Assumption of the Virgin.
Florentine engraving, in the broad manner, after a design by Botticelli.

* "The Print Department of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston." *The Print-Collector's Quarterly.* Volume II, number 2, April, 1912, pp. 185–206.

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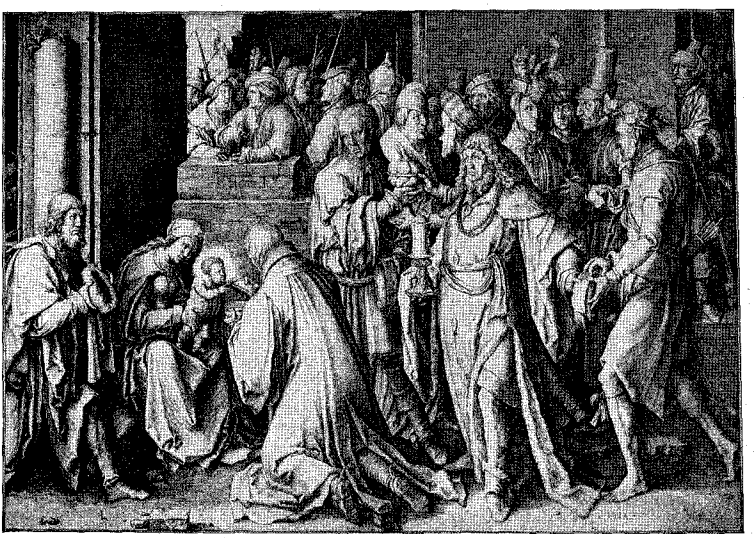
The ideal curator is not an official safely guarded from intrusion in an inner office, but a friend to "meet and greet you on your way"—to answer your questions and help you to apprehend the significance of the treasures, not only in his particular department, but in the museum as a whole. Nor do his opportunities end here. Among the sixty thousand engravings in the department of prints, and the twenty-five thousand in the Japanese department, expert guidance is necessary, since none but the most courageous and time-free student can hope to study them all in the hours at his command. It is here that the pleasurable labors of the curator and his associates become doubly delightful. It is their privilege to lead the student by gradual steps to a point from which he can survey the history of the art of engraving as it unfolds itself through nearly five centuries, and if the curator be a true print-lover, and the student sympathetic, there are few keener pleasures than in this mutual helpfulness. But a collection of prints—even a great collection—and attendants whose joy is in their work (none others count for museum purposes) will be of little real profit to the country as a whole, or to the individual citizen, unless its treasures be freely shown to the casual visitor (in contradistinction to the special student) and he be made acquainted with the variety and resources of the department. Informal talks will do much, exhibitions will do more, but in the last analysis both of these presuppose the presence of the visitor. The problem is how best to attract him, how best to acquaint him with the variety of artistic treasures which are his for the asking? Here practically every print department, in nearly every existing museum, has been seriously handicapped and cheated out of its fullest usefulness. The Museum of Fine Arts and Harvard University are singularly fortunate in that, so far as I know for the first time, a great museum and a great university have joined hands. The curator of prints at the museum has been also appointed lecturer on the history of engraving at the university. The collection of prints at the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard, especially rich in examples of the early Italian and German engravers, is always available to the student, and to supplement this and round out his study, there are the sixty thousand prints at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Furthermore, in *The Print-Collector's Quarterly*, which for the past two years has been issued under the imprint of Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co., of New York, but which in future will be published by the Museum of Fine Arts, there is a periodical already widely known, the only magazine in English, here or in Europe, devoted exclusively to etchings and engravings, which



The Adoration of the Magi.
From an engraving by Lucas van Leyden.

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may serve as a missionary to make known to print-lovers throughout the country the treasures in public and private collections, and thus become in time the organ of a club of national scope—The Print-Lovers of America.

II

In this workaday world, even in museums, Mr. Gladstone's advice of forty years ago still holds good: "Young man, if you want things to turn up, *you must turn them up!*" Museums are for all time, but in America they must look, in the future as in the past, chiefly to the munificence of private citizens for their more important acquisitions (since their budget is, in most cases, mainly expended for the necessary expenses of maintenance); but to "sit back and wait" for one or another public-spirited fellow citizen to shoulder all the burdens is neither true sportsmanship nor good business. As regards print departments in particular, much may be done—and inexpensively done—if only a well-considered plan be determined upon and steadfastly pursued. Ideals need not blind us to conditions as they are. America, the youngest in the family of nations, is potentially the greatest, but only by realizing her limitations can she fulfil her manifest destiny. So far, a mere handful of museums have entered seriously into the field of collecting, but there is every indication that ere long there will be twenty competitors for every work of art of real importance where now there are but two or three. Keen competition between private collectors already has forced prices far beyond the wildest dreams, and, where the supply is so limited, no one can foresee the end. This fact must be squarely faced by every museum. If the museum is really to serve and inspire the student, it must adapt its policy to existing conditions. There is a wide-spread prejudice—not wholly without reason—against "reproductions" in any collection, and in print collections in particular (though in substantially every museum that most chilling of all reproductions—the plaster cast—is plentifully represented), but unless we call upon the reproductive arts, how can any print collection in any American museum, save by a series of miracles in the way of gifts or bequests, ever hope to show, in the near future, any adequate representation of the work of the early Italian and German engravers, for instance, many of whose prints are forever held in the all-too-safe keeping of the great European museums? For years to come such prints as these can only be represented in any American print department by facsimiles—or be omitted altogether. Between the two the reproduction is the lesser evil; a temporary makeshift, but none the less of real value, and, in the case of original drawings, the only alternative. It would be well, therefore, for every print department to supplement its collection of original engravings and etchings by all available adequate reproductions, and, as occasion offers, gradually weed out poor impressions and facsimiles to make room for originals *of fine quality* (a poor impression from a retouched plate is of little value to the student), keeping the prints thus withdrawn as a "lending collection" for museums less fortunately situated. Friendly rivalry there must ever be—without some such stimulus the game would lose half its fascination—but every museum should feel itself part of a national movement, and be willing to do its share according to its ability and opportunity.

Is it too much to hope that within a few years the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, may find itself in a position to send out a series of carefully chosen collections of prints, illustrating the history of engraving and etching, and the various processes whereby prints are produced, to museums, libraries, or clubs that may wish to borrow them under certain simple conditions, and may furnish, by way of docent service, with every such collection an authoritative, adequate catalogue giving all necessary information regarding the artists represented and the individual prints shown; and, furthermore, in the case of collections of more than usual importance, the material for an illustrated lecture with special references to the collection then on view?

We are all dreamers—but sometimes our dreams come true!

FitzRoy Carrington.

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Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

A PRIMITIVE SPEARMAN.

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